

Driving Insomnia

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Dreams are like mosquitoes
bouncing against our faces
at 4 o'clock in the morning
while we evaporate
in Mexican heat.
We snatch at the unattainable
taunting us
and once they detect
safe landing they latch
on and suck blood
till their bellies are just
about to burst,
drinking the ambition
to perfect the language,
sing with the vigor of
a true chanteuse
and take the time
to finally learn guitar,
leaving us light-headed
and agitated
by the itchy bumps
of evidence left.
Should we catch them
in our desperate hands,
unless we're careful,
we'll pull back our fingers
only to find them lifeless
smeared colorfully
across the palm.
Because only once
we seize them, can we know
how truly gifted we are.