

4 AM (Eat Your Heart Out Allen Ginsberg)

Zach Roth

∞

How can you ever forgive the intermittent buzz of the digital alarm clock, tearing sleep from the corners of your eyes, interrupting your favorite dream, the one in which you sink through your fine linen sheets, your ancient, lumpy mattress, the boxes of unmated shoes on the throw rug hidden from view, the freshly-lacquered faux-hardwood floor, past wires red, blue, black and green, pink insulation, particle board, antique mouse droppings, asbestos ceiling tiles, the lazily rotating fan with one burned-out bulb, the fleshy, veiny, tissuey brain heart liver spleen intestine kneecap mess that is your neighbor below, cotton shirt, denim jeans, leather shoes, kitchen tiles, plummeting effortlessly through a concrete foundation, brass sewage pipes, rock, pebble, limestone, snake, dirt, clay, standing water, bedrock, fossils, trace amounts of petroleum magma ferrous phosphorous carbon, roasting in the heat of the Earth's very core, steaming, sticky with thick sweat, sweltering, cooled-down poolside, floating listlessly on your neon-blue seahorse-print raft, a can of grape soda artificial purple fizzling in its inflatable cup holder as you dip your feet in lukewarm water in Boulder, Colorado, where you watch the clouds form overhead, first as cotton candy wisps, gleaming crystalline threads of particulate, smoke and soot, then as skyborne dust bunnies, clustery clumps of white gristle gleaming, gleaming, gathering and growing, spiraling and burgeoning, fluffy as a freshly-laundered oxford, tufty puffs of ludicrous comfort punctured by glass and metal skyscraper precipices that grind up against the threshold of the horizon, and you begin to reach for a cloud, to tug at a strand for yourself, your fingers tickling the florid tendrils of cumulus just out of reach and you reach and you reach until you've grasped something with substance and you know that once you've moved this cloud, all that remains is blinding redeeming radiance and your fingers claw at the golden salvation bleeding through beaten egg-white peaks and you yank and unravel and it explodes, escaping, filtering, pervading, overtaking, a deluge of fluorescent cacophony and anarchic beauty throbbing shrieking light sound cracked lids bed sheets dark red buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz?