

VITAMIN ZZZ

40 WINKS



HIBERNATION

I feel the Mid-West gray of winter
deep in my chest,
the innocence of snow
blackened by city smog
burdens my breath.

Sleep pulls me deep into
intoxicating, soothing blankets,
long after most of the neighborhood
has had its second coffee.

I force myself from delicious warmth,
walk into the cold dark of my living room.
Trying to find a rhythm,
I lift my heavy arms into textured air,
reaching for peace with movement.

Something presses hard
against my right shoulder blade.
Bone shifts like sand with a forceful tide,
pierces like platelets scraping in my back:
an earthquake of pain.
A pinched nerve floods my body
with a reason to surrender after noble effort.

Back to my beckoning bed,
to sleep until spring.

Kristin Bryant Rajan

KRISTIN BRYANT RAJAN currently lives in Atlanta, GA but wrote this while living in Cleveland, OH. "This piece was largely inspired by the long, dark winter days in Cleveland. Sleep is a gift to me and always has been. When out of balance, sleep teaches me. When it's in balance, sleep nourishes me. Of late, I've been practicing the hugely rejuvenating 20-minute power nap, not yet a competitive sport."