

KATIE HARTSOCK

The Buried in Sleep and Wine Hotel

Wake-up calls come as ghosts
whose death wounds, fresh along their flanks,
are little monsters, open enough to show
they are full of nothing inside.
These phantoms mean to announce
the city under attack, the insidious tricks
it fell for, how it even feasted its own demise
and rang with song and bedpost-banged walls
and now sleeps more deeply than its dead.
There is no pain like knowing the polis
is doomed. And so the shades
pontificate to terrify, convinced that terror
can't fail to get the dreamers on the move.
The great end of any dream is
the self-assurance none of it was real,
and the closing of eyes once again
to the hum of hallway ice machines,
distant and discrete from the burning walls.