

FEVER DREAMS LIKE POPPIES

Something about a cold
Fever makes my mind race
Makes me think about being old
Red runs over
Like lines of age
A flush like time
Across my face
Heat in flashes and cold like lashes
Whip me from dialectic extremes

Wild dreams
And apparent seams
Of life and consciousness
To fall redeemed
I live dangerously
And close to the line
Been some time
Since I felt so bent
It's good for the soul
To lose control
To feel the sickness
Run the show
And have some days in darkness spent

—Daniel McNulty