

## **Recurring Nightmare**

Looking through a haze i lie here br oken A child it seems,

Or maybe a garbage truck. Nothing is clear now.

i hear it before i see it,

Turning to run, but gaining no ground. Why does it always have to be like this?

i wish, i wish, but nothing.

i keep running.

In one fatal leap it catches me, Sha king me violently as i do nothing.

All i can do is look on.

The disgusting haze clings to me Like oil.

i begin to fade,

Slowly at first, then very rapidly. Why does it always have to end like this?

Inskeep, Cherie. "Untitled." The Cornfield Review 17 (1999): 22. Available online at http://cornfieldreview.osu.edu. Copyright held by the author.

22