

Thomas Lux

Sleep's Ambulance

takes me to a quiet room down the long hallway, into the golden elevator,
which whooshes me beneath—the wheatfields are stripped
but the hayfields green—down to the many streams, estuaries
like the veins on the back of a hand, flowing to the fingers' tips
and draining into the air beyond.

Did someone turn a soothing siren on?

I think I hear a siren. The factory whistle—Father's home
for supper before the evening shift? It's something of a squeaky song.
Happy little mice, I think, eating through a sack of bones.