

On this empty Sunday night  
of this great blue planet,  
having eaten so well for lunch and supper  
and having dined on simple jazzy music,  
waiting for the crack of an inspiration,  
I ask myself  
of where shall I go,  
and how to avoid the boredom that is me.  
And how to avoid the wishing  
and looking forward to  
and the planning for  
tomorrow.  
I will fight, fight, fight  
against sleep,  
for I believe it to be wrong to fall asleep  
for lack of something better to do.  
It is wrong to go to sleep  
lacking fulfillment,  
lacking the knowledge that something  
at all  
today was achieved.  
I read some T.S. Elliot,  
it appears that he did not like this world,  
I hope the one his is in now suits him better.  
I wonder why he had such bitter feelings  
about love and sex.  
This night is as quiet as the whole universe,  
I sit in a capsule of it  
in my bedroom.  
The silence is so vast  
my pen makes a racket.