

Night float

I'm a bat,
my cave, dark
except for walls lit by white light—
letters and figures
from a computer screen
growing every moment
until they consume the room.

There's a bed in there
protected from the cold.
But awakened every hour by chirps,
bells, phones ringing,
I stalk the night hallways
fitting from screen to screen.

I'm an accountant,
a bad one—
to keep the outs
always greater than the ins,
a Promethean task.

Somewhere in a room
a gentle alarm rings and I walk in.
The hiss of the stout mechanical dwarf
beside the bed, pumping bellows,
keeps me company
as I try balancing my budget.

Then I notice a pair of eyes
from under the covers
following my every move.
We're both awake. We're creatures of the night.

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Illustration by Jim M'Guinness

