Mow static fills the screen like lazy rivers. They zig and zag. They crackle and snap. It's nice to take a swim.

The Rest is Silence

A commercial comes on for a cushion with gels.
The man with the cushion is satisfied.
To him, sitting is a pleasure.
He is a man content with his cushion.
He is a man content with life.

Commercial Break

I flip through channels.
I cross great westerns.
I ride Route 66.
Here I am the detective.
I am Cannon. My name is Gunn.
Sniveling cowards are everywhere,
and everywhere they are out to get me.
Sweat and static runs down their nervous faces.
They are afraid because they know
outside of channels they are forgotten.
They are afraid because they know
outside of channels they are forgotten.

Tonight's Episode



Late in the night I watch an episode of Night Gallery.

It's the one where I haunt mirrored rooms in a creaky mansion.

The rooms are mirrored and there are no lights

but the lights that stain stained windows.

Everywhere I go returns me to the same room.

The mirrors are endless and the episode goes on forever.

Vight Gallery

Please recycle to a friend.

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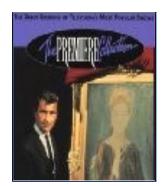
Cover art: The Web

Origani Posmy Project™

Midnight Television Patrick May ° 2013



Midnight Television



Patrick May

I Want to Report a Dream

In the quiet of midnight I sleep and watch television.

I watch Kojak as he sucks down lollipops and hides his baldness in hats.

A mad bomber is on the loose. He blows up buildings and writes cryptic notes to newspapers.

Crocker wears a gaudy tie.

Stavros sweats.

I fall asleep. I wake up.

A maniac killer is on the loose. He is a maniac and a killer who only knows how to dream in death.

Kojak hunts him down to an old box factory.

The wallpaper in the factory is the same color as Crocker's tie: he disappears into it.

I fall asleep. I wake up.

Kojak stares out into the night, a sleazy New York City night that will go on forever.

Time freezes.

I fall asleep. I wake up.