Way Past Midnight:
Haiku
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that lone mosquito
has come for me

In the bedroom

I refuse to eat

more than a sliver

full moon

my creaking bed—

we don’t listen
to one another

way past midnight

still up but so

is my muse

the Milky Way

taps my forehead

the morning star

through the blinds

without a clock

the Milky Way
to keep me up

Robert Epstein