

## INSOMNIA (3)

My husband doesn't hear the nightingale  
outside our window, chirps and trills that take  
me back some thirty years to midnight oil  
and coffee, pizza, Smith Corona's clack  
of intermittent inspiration. "Back  
in Black" kept us from four to six awake,  
then sunrise panic. Oh, a lass, a lack  
of a final draft was all that I could say.

Back then, I held to hopes for greater things  
(what were they? life in Europe? some big prize?  
a studio of well-received designs?  
can't even recall). Tonight, that self-same song's  
a dirge to rêves perdus. O Morning Star,  
this turning fifty thing is looming large.

- Moira Egan