Sleeping in Through Class
Jason Paul Fox

A tingling bird whistle lights
this grim blizzard's decay
as students roll from troubling nights
and into the dazzling day.
Each wrinkle of my sheets lit
into cirques and aretes
horns and gaping
crevasses I fall through
to cardboard facsimiles
of remembered triumphs.
This stuccoed moonscape entrances me,
whispers staccato messages
through my reddening palms:
"God is dead," over and over,
a coded message with all the answers,
frigidly cryptic in its repercussions.
My mouth tastes of leather and
damp wool folded in thirds.
Perhaps the passing roar is
God's whispering death rattle.
Perhaps a truck.
Class is over and I'm
out of luck.
(Why don't I give a fuck)