Greg Little (falls asleep)

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Class of 2009

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Keywords
creative writing, poetry

Author Bio
Alexander Englert comes from Littleton, Colorado and enjoys the rugged aspects of life. He is a philosophy major with no idea of what the future holds. In life’s pursuit he prefers the uncertainty of questioning over the discovery of an answer. In his words, “life is a beautiful mess.”

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Greg Little (falls asleep)

Late at night, Greg Little was (is) not asleep.
(A wire string noose hangs from the room's ceiling fan; his eyes
are wide open.) Sobbing,
he heard (from years back) his mother and father whispering
and felt the carpet under his chin. He had slipped from bed
(slips his head through the loop) and eavesdropped on his belly.

“He has a fat, pot belly,”
his mother said. The T.V. was asleep
so Greg could hear them. Bed!
he thought, shut your ears and eyes!
Dream, dream, dream! The whipping whispering
continued to thrash his ear. Sobbing

and crying onto the carpet. Sobbing
(from a home-made noose) sorrow stuck in his belly
and his father was whispering:
“Please, honey, he may not be asleep.”
(Crying eyes are always crying eyes.)
His father murmured, “Let’s go to bed.”

“No! Shut up, let me finish!” A bed,
his bed, would absorb his sobbing.
Greg sniffled and wiped his nose. His eyes
could not shut; deep in each one's belly
the tears would not stop sprouting. “Asleep,
please, let me be asleep,” he was whispering

because Mommy told him God listened when you were whispering.
God did not answer so Greg snuck back into bed
(tightened the noose). He fell asleep
to a home-made Lullaby, sung by his sobbing
mother: “Little Greg is fat and hopeless. His belly,
have you seen it? He has such pretty eyes

but what good are eyes?”
His father said, “I wish you were whispering,
Sarah.” Greg did too. In the belly
of the house came ghostly footsteps. (His bed
is made.) He was sobbing
(his steps on a chair) and waiting to fall asleep

while his mother passed his room; Greg’s eyes
shut hard (he steps off) and he pretended to dream in bed.
Wounded and alone, Greg Little fell (falls) asleep.