

## POETRY

# Snooze

By Ethan Badr

Alone I stand on the high street  
the sky a pale grey  
the wind a gentle suggestion  
the tree branches *rattling*  
(Snooze)

An empathetic rain  
begins gradually, randomly speckling  
the warm dry pavement  
A crow, tired of his tree  
leaves in a *flurry of fowl language*  
(Snooze)

My feet carry me forward  
down off the high street  
a forest of brilliant yellow  
and of the deepest red  
consumes me  
(Snooze)

Shadows sing across  
the padded forest floor  
asking and not answering

Squirrels talk politics  
over afternoon tea  
heard, but not seen

A bear lumbers silently across my path  
he glances dreamily into me  
then disappears into the—

**9:07**

**3 missed alarms**

**(Snooze)**