

Sunday 4:00 p.m.

In the afternoon there is painting. There was reading and playing cards and now the soothing escape of the late sunshine nap for those who do not paint. The fingers of the wind licking at him to move. Unsuccessful, the wind turns to the crisp red leaves, like postage stamps, waiting. The sun lingers, sending quills into the sleeper's face. A bell rings. He rouses. Macaroni is worth the effort. The wind is subsiding.

Monday 8:00 a.m.

The sanitizer, eggs from the passing nurses color-washes the grey morning room. The sleeper will soon get away from this place. Mondays they show a movie and attention is focused, who will see him dream? The hand with the bony fingers feeds him too slowly. His own.

Tuesday 1:30 p.m.

The calm afternoon of pumpkin pie golden trees settle, rearrange. I wonder how long I wait until the dreams consume, the sleeper considers slouching through the dusty glass window. There was a time he would not have cared, but now time is measured and dreaming. He continues to stare out the blank window, blank. A fly caught in the screen cries, struggles. What do you desire? he wonders as he leans forward to behold the pearl bottle. The painter knows the color but he cannot find the word, iridescent. He plucks at the screen where there is already a hole. A whisper is repeated without movement.

Wednesday 10:00 p.m.

Over the black plank mounds of recline, a sliver of grey rests empty on the walls. A glimpse of such silver, a shadow, shallow vacant promise. The fly is gone. And in its place a spider. And one sleeper in the time for sleep, is dreaming, wakeful. Why?

Thursday 5:30 a.m.

The spider within windows, alone, without protest pressing on the dusty glass, palms out. The sleeper pulls gently, frail hands. The screen will not come off. Would the spider ask? Some may, the sleeper wheezes. It comes slowly when it's wanted. The nurses are not up yet. The painting isn't dry. And some must wait. The spider may not dream to pass his life. Such is the luxury of man.