

# **FROM A DEEP SLEEP.**

**By dadio**

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**Bonnie opens her  
Eyes; she feels as if  
Sheâ€™s woken from a**

**Deep sleep. She gets out  
Of the car and stands  
Looking around her.**

**Oddly, there are men  
Walking about, but  
They seem to ignore**

**Her, walk by, look the  
Other way as if  
Sheâ€™s annoyed them, or**

**Pissed them off. The sounds  
Are muted, as if  
Every sound is**

**A long way away.  
She looks up and down  
The road, trying to**

**Get her bearings, to  
Find out where she is.  
Looking back at the**

**Car, she notices a  
Multitude of deep  
Bullet holes, the wide**

Open doors, the smell  
Of smoke and gunfire.  
She moves closer; then

Something hits her: she  
Sees her double in  
The car, leaning still

Against Clyde, her just  
Leaning there, silent,  
Dumb, bloody, holes in

The body. She thinks  
It's a dream; she shakes  
Her head, pinches skin,

But she feels nothing,  
Just a sense of her  
Being there, the car,

The bodies, the men  
Going back and forth,  
Their talking, a sense

Of excitement, of  
Some big deal being  
Put through and done. She

Walks away from the  
Car, hoping to wake  
Up from the dark dream,

Wishing Clyde would wake  
Her up, touch her, kiss  
Her. But he doesn't,

The only Clyde lies  
Dumb, still, silent, dead,

**Bullet holes in his**

**Head. She sits on the  
Grass verge watching the  
Scene, listening to**

**The words, hearing short  
Snatches of the men's  
Conversation, birds**

**Singing again, and  
There in the shot up  
Car, her double leans**

**Against her Clyde, both  
Motionless, as if  
In a deep sleep, both**

**Sharing the same  
Dream maybe, she sits  
Musing, her wide eyes**

**Watching, hearing and  
Sensing an oddness  
Of space and peace like**

**Drifting on a sea.**

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