

Daylight Savings

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The body wakes at erstwhile 7:00,
late for work. It isn't hungry
at what Congress declares *noon* and 6 *p.m.*,

and can't sleep until past midnight.
"You have insomnia," Congress declares.
"Your appetite's bullying you."

The brain's resistance starts to break.
"I could be wrong," it thinks.
"Maybe I'm hungry after all."

Like a man blindfolded and spun,
its bearings fly off and roll away.
It is relieved by Congress's

brochure explaining everything.
Only the body isn't fooled.
Yes, it gets used to early meals,

premature risings and goings to bed.
But it knows better now than any brain
that the President can smile

and still tell lies. That the crucified
don't rise. That the Ten Commandments
came, not from heaven, but human

expediency, and the cop's sole
authority to flash his bloody light
pokes out of the holster at his side.