

Restless Nights of Youth
(in the Red Room)

Ghastly shadows overtake
all reference points;
they shift with each passing car,
leaving me floundering for recognition.

I hear footsteps;
motion from motionlessness.
The printed-paper, seamless,
now distinct on the blood-red walls.
Patterns emerge into representations
of torture, suffering.

In desperation
I create a known quantity
underneath cover,
but anxious, still,
of what lies beyond-

I lie awake until dawn.

—*Michael Pracht*