



**Comfort**  
Marie Gamboa

## Damnoen Saen-um

Luke Sawczak

You laughed, you laughed in your sleep.  
What, O ice cream truck driver, in dream,  
did you find riotous?

When night fell, even  
cool dark rivers of mind seemed funny,  
and the coin of light you see when you close your eyes  
was like the moon reflected in a still pond  
you spotted in your boyhood,  
rising to catch up, running after  
the sweet taste whose fleeting,  
whose faint faraway air  
makes colder, more delicious  
that melting ice of sober joy.

Whatever secret joke you held  
within that sleeping mind,  
you laughed without waking  
for two whole minutes nonstop  
while your wife woke by you, giggling at first,  
then elbowing you and chiding, "What? What?"

before she shook you, pulled your eyelids up  
to empty white, and pounded on your chest;  
you roared and wheezed  
she wept and pleaded  
but could not keep you here,  
could not bring you back to this sad world,  
nor would be admitted where you went.

Like a baby who burbles at nothing,  
like siblings after nine at night,  
needless gladness seized you  
and you were carried off punch-drunk  
in its strong arms.



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