

work to home and back again, forcing yourself to stay upright. Your body is bruised from falling asleep unexpectedly, which should jolt you awake but has the opposite effect, catapulting you into dreams where your feet are molasses, and try as you might, you can never run fast enough. Your therapist asks if you're afraid you might hurt yourself. You're not. *Why*, she asks, pushing her tortoiseshell glasses higher up her nose. She's slim and efficient, pretty and poised. Perhaps if you had another therapist, a messier one, they'd be able to fix you.



"You don't need fixing," says the Dragonfly.

She's whirring near the lamp in your bedroom, her mesh wings spinning madly.

"Thanks. I wish . . ."

"What? What do you wish?"

"For donuts," you say aloud.

Even though there's so much more you want—friends, a lover, to not feel so tired all the time.

You're still hungry even though you ate three helpings of fried chicken for dinner, washed down with a bottle of Pepsi. There's more food on the dining room table—spaghetti and meatballs, strawberry shortcake, pancakes and sausage. Not your table. This is another dining room, in another house, but the food is all for you.

"Go on, dear," says the dragonfly, catching a fly, then spearing it with her knife sharp mandible.

You slow walk over to the table, but the food has disappeared and when you open your eyes, you're lying in the hallway of your apartment building, groceries spilling from the bags you dropped.



Sleep is a nest of sparrows chirping softly, a cave in the woods where elves untangle your hair, a trap for unwitting flies.