

Circadian Rhythms

We have these
Endogenous metronomes,
Dark drums,
Short rhythms, and long beats.
A cadence,
The body's bounce and pulse.
We wake, we rest,
We rhyme in our sleep.

All animals produce the day,
Unseen clocks whose circumference exceeds
The marked twenty-four, mandate
Our ardor, our hunger,
Our bedtime.

I wish that I lived in a cave,
Eluding the bidding of day.
Curled among bats
With their pocket-sized heat,
The conversation in my dreams matched
To the murmur of their wings.

Yet, we must keep
Our insides in-phase with the light,
The dark, the seasons. all life.

Who gifts the hours?
Wretched guardians?
Sun gods?
The rising Pleiades?

Above,
A lilt and warble wakes,
The coffee never seems to kick in.
Our cells themselves are free of mind and yet
They beat,
As if bidding their time.

Heidi McKinley is a student of journalism and psychology at the University of Iowa. She lives Bilbao, Spain where she teaches English, drinks too much coffee, and gets lost a lot. Her work has appeared in Kawsmouth, Typehouse Literary Magazine, and 2River View.

