

Once

That was the one time I ever sleepwalked.
When you wake up, you're a little boy
halfway down some hall of a huge hotel
with far too many rooms, endless many.
You're only half dressed, half weeping
already. When someone finds you this way
how will you ever explain. What will you do
when no one finds you. Your family sleeps soundly
in no room whose number you know, so you say
to yourself, it is this one, pounding the door
till the rhythm of the act makes you certain
this man wincing through the careful opening
must be your father. The exhausted stranger
looks almost afraid. Security takes pity.
Security is a clerk who knows every mystery
and so asks nothing, only leading you back
in the odd hour, hour of numberless things
that might be forgotten, a hand on your shoulder.

—*Tomas Unger*