

An Ode to 4:15 (AM)

Camden Whitlock

This is an ode to orange lights! Imprint my eyes when morning's night. Direction no color, the template is bare. At 4:15 you find me there. Awake is the body, asleep is a mind. Celsius®! Sleeper releases the bind. Remote control weapon, I fumble, hands stony. On Samsung, on Samsung, on Samsung, on Sony. Run over rowers and fire up tablets. I speak to myself (pure exhaustion and habit). Fat black batteries flung to the floor. One blue light, two blue lights, three blue lights, four! Turn on the console, wait for the beep. Pray for an hour of action or sleep. Move to the treadmills, in standstill, they wait. Find hidden button and up lights its slate. Down down down down, to tread decks I drop. Soaking-wet wipes awaiting the slop. Of dust, sweat, and hair, the new holy trinity. Knees chasing dirt, the grime soaking into me. Back to my station, in mic I pop bunnies. The battery-makers for energized phonies. Mic screen of black foam, coated in slime. Yelling, demanding with no water time. I skulk to the door and unlock the bolt. To put on a show, I hope that they won't. Show up to this party I put on for dollars. Compass my moral, they hoot when I hollar. There's nobody else, a studio empty. They ask, *Who are you?* The orange lights sent me.