

# Come to Bed + Three

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By

*Will Sandberg*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... 'Should I kill myself, or have a cup of coffee?' I can only imagine it were these sorts of contemplations that caused Camus to choose Philosophy over the Hospitality industry. Will Sandberg opens with similar existential sensitivities in 'Come to Bed' "Nothing matters..." I confess, he addresses the incidental in such engaging images, rhythms and plain language. 'Stuffed Peppers' is delightfully juxtaposed to 'Come to Bed.' Their sentiments appear to synchronize the past and present as if they coexisted simultaneously. 'Counterfeit' is no less similar "It's like when I pretend to look busy at work. Or when / she likes you, but only as a friend." And, in 'Linked' "Time passes" like "dust on the top of a book." Is he referring to a bygone lover or his former self? It appears to me that Sandberg is possessed of that X factor whereby language inextricably melds with evocation. (Spacing is poet's own.) HS*

## *Come to Bed*

Nothing matters, so I'm contemplating suicide. It's easier said than done, though. I wish that I didn't feel pain as if it were someone else's problem. My flawless diamond, I never see any flaws in you. Demons in my head, they speak to me in tongues. A voice at the end of the line, blurring the lines. A train passing by with graffiti on its boxcars. Our dreams are long gone. Hands in my pockets, half-hoping for the Second Coming of Christ. Black scorpion. Hand grenades. Taking a sick day. Broken down on the side of the road. I don't want to die alone. Falling asleep in front of the TV every night. Life is precious, I know that, but I can't help myself. It's who I am. I'm sorry.



## *Stuffed Peppers*

We just finished a dinner of stuffed peppers that you cooked, and man, was it delicious. Instead of using breadcrumbs, like the recipe called for, you used rice. The rice was good because it soaked up all the juices. Cooking is one of the many amazing things that you do. I really love you. We've been dating for a year now and it's getting serious. We're standing in the tiny kitchen in my apartment. It's warm from the oven and we're sharing a bottle of wine. I look at you, and you smile. I can't wait to see what the future holds for us.

## *Counterfeit*

It looks just like the real thing. Unless you've been trained to spot a fake, you'd never know the difference. It's like when I pretend to look busy at work. Or when she likes you, but only as a friend. When things aren't the same anymore and when someone comes back from the dead. A ghost in the machine. Faces blurred out to protect their identities. Telemarketers calling from familiar-looking phone numbers. Smoke a pack a day. What's your ETA? A fake Rolex. Placebo effect. (I'm starting to feel it.) Say you don't believe me. Why would I lie? (I've kept my fingers crossed behind my back all this time.)

*Linked*

Time passes. Sand flows through the hourglass.  
I thought I had forgotten about you- erased you from  
my memory. But bits remain- little, leftover fragments;  
dust on the top of a book. You are everything. A desert  
wind blows, a candle burns, shadows dance on the  
walls. I can barely keep my eyes open I'm so tired.  
Dark circles under my eyes. Wake up! Nothing can  
keep us apart, so I find you. I see your reflection in  
a mirror. I reach out and take your hand, leading  
you through the mirror into my world.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *In poetry, you can experience things that are emotional and comical. Poetry is like a puzzle that I find great joy in putting together. I love listening to music while I write too!*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Will Sandberg graduated from Flagler College and lives in Florida. He loves his wife, PC gaming, and watching sports.