

## Alteration

### Dan Champion

Iowa, USA

jecdrc@earthlink.net

**F**rom lack of sleep we've ceased to be ourselves:  
One way that illness cushions sufferers.  
Exploring unread books that grace our shelves  
we're taken where the fanciful occurs.  
At least until our concentration wanes  
we're elsewhere, other, favored with fresh cares,  
which, being not our own, relieve our pains.  
We venture where no healthy person dares,  
believing in impossibilities.  
It's possible we've never been more real,  
our true selves stand revealed by our disease.  
But no. That thought's dismissed without appeal.  
We've crossed and recrossed all the lines and bars  
of worlds enough. This wakeful one is ours. ■