

Man, 27, Dies Sleepwalking

Count Zero

(AP) Silence throws its spread across this April dawn.
Its cotton coating soaks up dyes of the morning dew.

Sunlight shows its head to choirs of water drops.
Its wealth of hours warming this cold and golden morning, reass
uring and informing,
"No white wind will be storming for a long time."

Spider sews his thread atop this leaf, his lawn.
He crawls, a big and black umbrella with his legs open wide.

And you wish a closer viewing, but your six short legs aren't m
oving.
Now the spider's silk is spooling over you.
Why do you shudder?
Don't you feel a thing anymore?
Don't you feel yourself shudder?
Don't you? Don't you feel?

Siren crows, "He's dead!"
Throughout these concrete crops, winds slowly to a stop at his
six-story drop.
The tired city clears its eyes of the morning dew.