

curated by\_  
Abigail Solomon-Godeau

## SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Mitchell Anderson/Joseph Pitruzzello  
Daniel Eisenberg  
Juan José Herrera  
Thomas Israël  
Birgit Jürgenssen  
Anne Lindberg  
Julian Palacz  
Sally Potter  
Eric Vernhes  
ao.

**And finally there was the sleepless night  
When I decided to explore and fight  
The foul, the inadmissible abyss,  
Devoting all my twisted life to this  
One task.**

- Vladimir Nabokov (from Pale Fire)

## Sleepless Nights

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
For then my thoughts—from far where I abide—  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.  
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
for thee, and for myself no quiet find.  
William Shakespeare, Sonnet 27

Sleepless nights: they may be singular, they may be circumstantial, they may occur chronically, randomly, or periodically. Like pain or pleasure or any other corporeal or mental state, such conditions can be described and observed, but contained within the body or mind in no way can they be fully experienced by another.

It seems likely that for those artists who have taken as their subject various physical or psychological sensations, the central problem is that of representability, and it is perhaps for this reason that there exist far more works taking sleepers as the subject rather than the sleepless. (Although Ferdinand Hodler's *The Night* might be said to represent both, albeit in the form of the nightmare as is also the case with Henry Fuseli's *The Nightmare*.)



Ferdinand Hodler



Henry Fuseli

Sleeping subjects are readily found throughout the history of art, ranging from classical antiquity, as in the sleeping Endymion or the Borghese Hermaphrodite; from Christian iconography comes the apostles asleep in the garden of olives, or the Roman soldiers sleeping before the tomb of Jesus. Sleeping women (rarely men, drunks excluded) are not uncommon in Dutch 17<sup>th</sup>-century painting. Sleeping female *nudes* - venuses, nymphs and the like - have, needless to say, been a staple motif in Western art since the Italian Renaissance when the type was invented. For many reasons, this motif has flourished – demythologized – ever after (e.g., Gustave Courbet, Félix Vallotton, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso and so forth). In more recent art, a partial list of sleepers includes Andy Warhol's paradigmatic over five-hour film *Sleep* (1963); Chris Burden's 22-day performance

work *Bed Piece* (1971), Laurie Anderson's *Institutional Dream Series* of the same year, John Lennon and Yoko Ono's 1971 *Fly*, Sophie Calle's *Les Dormeurs* (1979) and most recently, Tilda Swinton's 2014 re-performance at MoMA of an earlier collaboration with Cornelia Parker, *The Maybe* (1995).



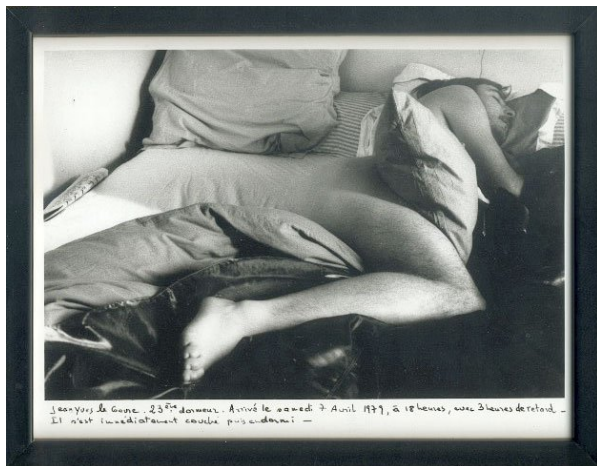
Andy Warhol



Chris Burden



Laurie Anderson



Sophie Calle

All of which is merely to observe that it is sleep rather than sleeplessness that is better adapted to the requirements of [visual] representation. Nevertheless, there are exceptions, for if sleep constitutes a physiological norm (the healthy mind in a healthy body), sleeplessness is typically a condition of disturbance, of unquiet, of anxiety, even of anguish. And, as is well known, sleep deprivation is one of the most venerable forms of torture, notoriously employed by the American military in Iraq's Abu Ghraib prison. But much more significant, sleeplessness or chronic insomnia has a lengthy association with literary and poetic creation and famous insomniacs (e.g., Marcel Proust) abound in world literature. Furthermore, they are found throughout historical time and in all literary cultures. Shakespeare's Sonnet 27 is as recognizable a description of insomnia as any to be found in contemporary literature and poetry. But where Sonnet 27 expresses a yearning erotic longing that provokes the poet's sleeplessness, in the work of other writers and poets who have dealt with the subject the causes of insomnia are as various as its miseries.

Sleeplessness nonetheless is a particularly intractable subject for the visual arts, although less so in time-based media such as video, film or hybridized forms. These account for more than half of the works in *Sleepless Nights* and insomnia features in dozens of Hollywood

movies as well as independent cinema. Certainly, this resistance to visual expression explains the disproportion between the vast archive of literature on the subject and its relatively few artistic representations. However, even within this latter category, there is a distinction to be drawn between visual art that is the product of insomnia, such as Louise Bourgeois' *Insomnia Drawings* of 1994-95, as opposed to work that literally, symbolically or emblematically attempts its visual depiction. But as this exhibition demonstrates, while by no means a frequent theme, sleepless nights and/or insomnia have in fact been treated in contemporary visual arts. This might be linked to the characteristically postmodern interest in embodiment whose artistic sources derive from conceptualism, feminist art practices, and performance art. As for those works that refer to labor, such as those of Tehching Hsieh or Daniel Eisenberg, the circumstances of sleep or sleeplessness are approached as aspects of material life and as such, are understood as shaped by social and economic determinations. Sleepless nights are, of course, the norm for night workers, those whose working days are others' nights, from office cleaners to medical staff, from factory workers and taxi drivers to truckers and sex workers.

The theme of the various exhibitions produced under the aegis of *curated by\_Vienna* is *The Century of the Bed*, encompassing a broad range of issues and phenomena. These include the effects of social media as well as the way new communication technologies in the service of contemporary capitalism liquidate the spaces between public and private and the boundaries between leisure and labor. Nevertheless, it seemed interesting to shift this theme into a different register. In other words, one axis of *Sleepless Nights* is oriented more to psychological than sociological realities (which is not to say that these are unrelated), but where the artistic problem revolves on issues of representability – its limits and its possibilities. Like Sigmund Freud's notion of the dream work, itself akin to the work of visual artists, representability is the heart of the matter. But as is the case with dream and artwork, signifier and signified may be closely or distantly related. The other axis is that of nighttime activity, as in the title and content of Eisenberg's film focusing on nighttime Chicago where whatever goes on is "something other than sleep." While consideration of length makes it impossible to discuss all the work included in the exhibition and my essay requires reference to work not included within it, the prevalence of insomnia in human life and its rich literary tradition makes it a theme worth considering. It prompts some reflection on the strategies invented by visual artists to variously depict or symbolize varieties of sleeplessness in their contemporary manifestations as well as the diversity of the meanings and significance they impute to it.

In all these respects, Jeff Wall's *Insomnia* 1994 might be taken as one point of entry to the discussion. Wall's work and formal procedures are well enough known to require little description. In *Insomnia*, as with all his other works, the subjects and their environment are elaborately staged and enacted, employing all the devices that Roland Barthes famously characterized as "the effects of the real."<sup>1</sup> And yet, the very accretion of detail in his mis-en-scènes, no less than the robotic effect produced by his protagonists' enactments, foster the ultimate *irrealism* of his tableaux.

In one sense, Wall's *Insomnia* is only notionally a picture of its eponymous subject. What it depicts, and what it might mean, as with all works of art, is not identical. What is pictured is a somewhat disheveled middle-aged man, lying open-eyed under a table in a shabby kitchen at night. Without the title, it could as well be identified with drunkenness, abjection, or physical injury. But inasmuch as the figure fills most of the available floor space, the sense of claustrophobia and confinement triggers a train of other associations, including those attaching to the cheap fluorescent lighting, the dingy walls and grubby cabinets, the crumpled paper bag and general atmosphere of *misérabilisme*. Why then the title *Insomnia*? For while the title authorially "directs" the viewer's reading of the image (as would equally be the case if

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<sup>1</sup> Roland Barthes, "The Reality Effect," in Barthes, *The Rustle of Language*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill & Wang, 1989)

it was entitled, for example, *Epilepsy* or *Delirium Tremens*), its meanings are necessarily open. It would seem, therefore, that what the viewer is given to see signifies some form of malaise that exceeds (but includes) the misery of sleeplessness, as opposed to its equally recognizable *misérabilisme* that in turn mobilize the signifiers of class. Which is to say that Wall's depiction of insomnia is closer to an allegorical, emblematic, or even sociological reading than to a clinical or psychological one.



Jeff Wall

Within *Sleepless Nights* there are, however, a few works that seek to represent insomnia in a more literal, visceral manner. Mitchell Anderson and Joseph Pitruzzello's *Insomniac*, is a highly condensed and funny narrative of a zoned-out 20-something whose hapless attempts at relief (coffee, dope, pills) end only with his final collapse into unconsciousness. Made when the artists were in film school in California, they were interested in the relation of insomnia to creativity and with the formal problems posed by representing a disturbed subjective state (including hallucinations) simultaneously with its "objective" and entirely banal external circumstances.



Mitchell Anderson/Joseph Pitruzzello

But Sally Potter's video, *Passion, Obsession, and Insomnia* is perhaps the most literal and recognizable evocation of insomnia (at least mine), beginning with the protagonist's initial address to the camera ("Morning. It's about 5 am, I've been awake for an hour"). Her face is

doubled, overlapped, made spectral as the camera pans the room, showing the view from a window, the kitchen, and a coffee table. The impression of fogged or dimmed vision, and the whirling movement of the camera mirrors the protagonist's internal state - "my mind is going round and round" - just as the visual overlaying and overlapping is paralleled by the aural montage.



Sally Potter

This consists of an interior monologue in which she "obsesses" on her ongoing film project ("work," she mutters, "movement, image, voice" "sound," "continuity," "rehearsing," etc.). While the wit of using the film's formal devices to parallel the narrative (the device of the *mise en abyme*) the passion and obsession associated with "creative" work may be directly linked to insomnia itself. And while insomnia is by no means a gendered affliction, this doesn't mean that women in overwhelmingly male professions (like directing) are not more likely to be besieged with doubts about their competence and ability to cope ("Get up time to work,...get up Sally" "This is your job. You're a director. Not your job complain" she exhorts herself). Doubtless it is of some significance to note that Sally Potter is a pioneering feminist filmmaker whose first film *Thriller* (1980) is one of the first and most influential of second wave feminist films, but this appears to be one of the few artworks on insomnia in which it is implied that gender is an element in the nature of the suffering.

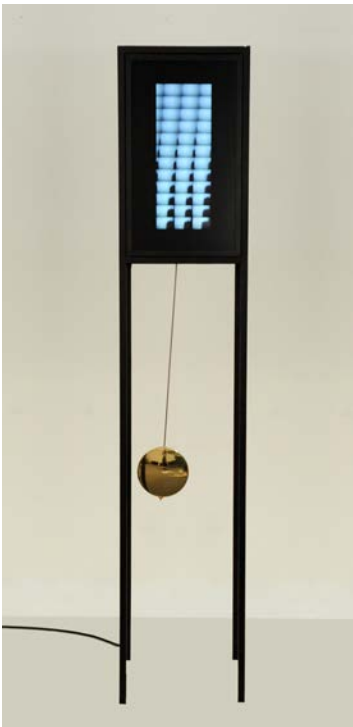
Unlike all the other works in the exhibition, and departing from the tenor of most art exploring insomnia -- Eric Vernhes' mixed media *Ses nuits blanches* approaches wakefulness as a form of elegiac memory (his grandmother's and his own). These, however, are contained within a construction that "frames" her reveries with reference to passing and past time (the pendulum, the family snapshot, photography itself) and, implicitly, to mortality. "As a child," he writes, "I asked my grandmother why she couldn't sleep at night. She replied that when you're old you move less, and so you need less sleep. At the same time, you have more memories. And so, during her sleepless nights, she loved to relive the cherished moments of her past."<sup>2</sup> Proustian in its affect, mortality and temporality are formally and psychically linked ("Time is there, or at least our idea of time."<sup>3</sup>) Nevertheless, intentionally or not, an older familial "division of labor" is evident. The images from Super 8 Film included in the work were made by his grandfather, operator of the apparatus, the machine of memory,

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<sup>2</sup> Vernhes, artist's statement

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.*

while it is the grandmother who makes them talismans for her love of her family and the artist's for his love of his grandmother.<sup>4</sup>



Eric Vernhes

*Ses nuits blanches* is unusual for its elegiac cast and concern with the processes of memory. But other works explore forms of expression that similarly link them to poetic and literary traditions. Anne Lindberg's ethereal suite of prints, *Insomnia* (2008), and her earlier sculpture *Sleep* (2005) consisting of pillowcases on which she embroidered poems all operate on the register of allusion or evocation as does Birgit Jürgenssen's *Going to Bed without Sleeping* (1986), Juan José Herrera's video *Insomnio* of 2011 and Thomas Israël's tableau video *Insomnie* of 2012. In Lindberg's *Insomnia* series, the rumpled sheets on a bed function as a kind of landscape upon whose surface is overlaid a delicate skein of penciled scratches, hatches, and markings. As the only image depicting an actual bed, these works bear the closest literal relationship to the theme of *The Century of the Bed* (notwithstanding Jürgenssen's witty *Mattress Shoes* of 1973 and the pillows in Herrera's *Insomnio*).



Anne Lindberg

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<sup>4</sup> "My grandfather filmed most of the images with a camera he designed with his team, a Crouzet ST8, the first lightweight camera with automatic exposure." Vernhes, artist's statement



In Lindberg's works, however, the sheets and the pillowcases are sites of inscription, textually in the *Sleep* work, and in the act of drawing itself in the *Insomnia* series (in keeping with her sense of drawing as both noun and verb). Where the *Insomnia* work registers drawing as a more or less automatic rather than descriptive activity, the lines from the poet Theodore Roethke's *The Waking* are hand-embroidered on the fabric of the pillowcases of *Sleep*. With its refrain "I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow," it signifies neither sleep nor sleeplessness, but rather, a liminal space between thought and feeling, consciousness and unconscious, as well as an awareness of mortality ("What falls away is always.").



Anne Lindberg

Accordingly, in Lindberg's work, as with these other more elliptical works, there is no attempt to "figure" insomnia, and indeed, only Israël's work employs a human visage. In this latter, projected on the wall as a ghostly medallion-like image, a woman's face metamorphoses from closed eyes to wide-eyed and silent cry or howl. Its material frame, made of wood and paper, suggests something leafy or sylvan (the artist's references include that of William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). As Israël describes it, "the idea was to create a representation between sleep and our deepest subconscious fears, the ones that crawl in the night in this state between sleep and awakening. To express the fears we can have in the dark, fears that are self-created and self-inflicted by our own mind."<sup>5</sup>



Thomas Israël

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<sup>5</sup> Thomas Israël, artist's statement

In contrast to these works, it seems that most artists treating the subject consider it as an affliction, a recurring dark night of the soul. For most of those who suffer from it, wakefulness is a form of existential hell. And while one aspect of insomnia appears to overarch time and space, this does not say that either sleep or sleepless are in any way outside of historical contexts and determinations.

In this respect, Tehching Hsieh's *One Year Performance (Time Clock Piece)* (1980-1981), Daniel Eisenberg's *Something more than Night*, and the Canadian collective that created the multi-media, multiplatform, interactive project, *A Journal of Insomnia* have in various ways reflected on how contemporary life, including the economic order of late capitalism and its constitution of subjectivity, play their own roles in the body's rhythms or disruptions.

Daniel Eisenberg's *Something more than Night* is not in any direct way "about" sleep, sleeplessness, or nighttime labor as such. Feature-length, and programmatically non-narrative, as it gradual unfolds there is only one shot, about 15 minutes into the film, where the camera lingers on a sleeping subject -- an American-Asian boy of about eight. At more than an hour in length, this contemplative and quiet film is not ideally suited to an art gallery space. Nevertheless, and like Chantal Akerman's 1993 *D'Est* (to which it bears a certain formal resemblance), it properly belongs as much to the domain of contemporary art as it does to the category of "independent cinema." In the context of this exhibition, and with specific reference to the disjuncture between circadian<sup>6</sup> and socio-economic rhythms as well as the disparity between bourgeois professional and working class labor, it seemed an important work to include.

Although by no means a documentary, accompanied only with ambient sound, it is structured as a compilation of approximately fifty takes made at different times and seasons of Chicago. Eisenberg has referred in some remarks to the history of cinema, recalling "the special relation cinema has to daily life, to work, to labor. Daily life defines cinema, and daily life is itself more and more defined by cinema. It's a dance that has been played for 120 years."<sup>7</sup> Although he does not make the specific reference, one could think here of the Lumière brothers' first film, *Exiting the Factory* (1895) and other early documentary footage of workers. But where mainstream cinema developed progressively toward narrative forms, there is an equally long tradition of non-narrative or anti-narrative cinema, especially within various avant-gardes. *Something more than Night* belongs to this tradition, for even in the editing process, Eisenberg sought to minimize any narrative progression: "In using the night as a matrix, there was a great deal of attention paid in the editing to avoid a chronological sense of time, so that the rhythms of the diurnal were not to narratively drive the work... So many sequences and passages were edited and re-edited until the time within the image maintained some priority; until it was disrupted by the next image."

Despite the impression the film gives of a random, ambulatory, *flâneur*-like gaze on nighttime Chicago, in its non-didactic way what emerges in the film is actually a demographic, racial, and socio-economic portrait of a particular city. Viewed at a discreet distance from the subjects on the streets or other public space, his subjects unaware of the camera, the film nevertheless yields a considerable amount of information. Fore example, outside of private space (i.e., domestic space), nighttime Chicago is a city of working class people of color. Maintenance, factory, and other forms of manual labor are done by Afro-Americans and Hispanics. Those seen queuing in bus stations, check-cashing establishments, dozing or waiting in the train station, those in pool halls, video game arcades, or basketball courts likewise are people of color. Only private gyms or a tennis court, theater patrons and customers at Whole Foods are largely white. In their relative absence, one assumes that at

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<sup>6</sup> Circadian rhythms, like its related concept, the circadian time clock refers to those biological processes that are effectively encoded in organisms (including human beings) according to a 24-hour cycle with reference to day and night

<sup>7</sup> Daniel Eisenberg, artist's statement

night the more affluent white population are either in cars, homes, restaurants, or the spaces of leisure (e.g., movies, theater, concerts, etc.). Police cars appear in several shots, several of the industries of Chicago are depicted, all punctuated by recurring shots of highways, parking lots, a few shots of the EI, a suspension bridge, the late-night airport (one of the largest in the U.S.), skyscrapers, the extremes of Chicago weather. In contrast to that avant-gardist filmic tradition that can be characterized as urban pastoral (cf., Paul Strand and Charles Sheeler's *Manhatta*, Walter Ruttmann's *Berlin: Symphony of the Metropolis*, etc.) Eisenberg's representation of metropolitan night is as resolutely unromantic as it is spatially and affectively distanced.



Daniel Eisenberg

Where Eisenberg's film employs, in a certain sense the visual rhetoric of realism, other work that reflects on the disjuncture between the putatively natural boundaries between day and night, sleep and wakefulness approaches these physical conditions. I refer here to Tehching Hsieh *One Year Performance (Time Clock Piece)* of 1980-81.



Tehching Hsieh

In this yearlong performance the artist punched a time clock every hour on the hour for an entire year, photographing himself each hour that he punched in. During the year of its making, he could never sleep or leave his studio for longer than an hour. There have been various exhibitions of this performance based on his self-documentation, including a recent large-scale presentation of the work in Sydney's Carriageworks in 2014 and previously, in 2009, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Although more to do with sleep deprivation than sleeplessness (and thus a bodily and mental mortification), there are aspects of this

performance that link it to themes in *Sleepless Nights*. The uniform that Hsieh designed for his performance resembles that of a factory worker or prisoner. Insofar as Hsieh's sleeping and waking was governed by the time clock, the uniform suggests the former more than the latter, but in either case, neither workers nor prisoners have free choices about when they sleep or wake. Moreover, the rationalization of time in modern life, and its various forms of temporal categories (the working day or week, for example) is not the same as circadian rhythms or biological time such as life span, or astronomic time, as in the orbit of the earth or moon. Hence, Hsieh's *Time Clock Piece* (a term that is also used for a clock or watch) has particular implications in post-Fordism, late-capitalist societies, relating as it does to one of the central themes in *A Journal of Insomnia* as well as in the several theses in Beatriz Colomina's *The Century of the Bed*.

*A Journal of Insomnia* (*Journal d'une insomnie collective*), the last work I want to discuss, is a complex multi-media, interactive, multi-platform installation with an autonomous web-based existence. Produced by Hugues Sweeney, and created by Bruno Choinière, Philippe Lambert, Thibaut Duverneix, and Guillaume Braun for the National Film Board of Canada. Its creators call it a web documentary, and its production involved a collaboration with a Montreal-based web design firm, Akufen. It was premiered in 2013 at the Tribeca Film Festival's *Storyscapes* section for transmedia. In one of the several videos on the web describing the project *A Journal* (which is a journal only inasmuch as participants describe their experiences) the rolling text states that "in developed countries 30 percent suffer from insomnia". And, as it continues, "Looking at the phenomenon of insomnia is like looking at a snake biting its own tail. The more economically productive we become, the less we manage to sleep...Rather than increasing, the market value of time is decreasing...We sleep more and more poorly. In a hundred years, we have collectively lost two hours per night." One of the goals of project is, in the collective's words, "to situate the viewer in the mental place of the insomniac." But in fact, as an interactive site that invites an international web-based public to participate by recording their own experience of insomnia, one might say it operates to address (or possibly construct) an "insomniac community," although certainly not in a rehabilitative or ameliorative approach. In fact, the site does include bibliographies, references, help-lines and other information, but it would be a misreading to consider it as an internet-based "therapeutic" initiative. In some quintessential postmodernist sense, it eludes conventional definitions of "art" -- certainly in its more familiar incarnations. But at the same time, it claims some kind of space that nevertheless returns to what might be termed the "work" of the work of art. Which, among other things, however tentative, unachieved, or unrecognizable as such, affirms that it is the task of artists to invent languages of expression and symbolization, a particular kind of thought, that attempts to address - give material form to - the conditions of contemporary life, whether those be material or immaterial, collective or individual. Considered overall, therefore, the intention of *Sleepless Nights* is meant as a [necessarily] limited sample of how entirely unrelated contemporary artists, each from entirely different national and artistic formations, working in different contexts and different media, have taken on, so to speak, the work of artistic representation of an individual condition that is itself a symptom of our shared postmodernity.

Abigail Solomon-Godeau (2014)



Birgit Jürgensen



Birgit Jürgensen

## *Insomnia*

Undressing the cold body  
you lie down at dusk, blue shine

on the windows and the sun  
husked for winter night. Tight-lipped

and longing to embody sleep,  
to devour the white lion

sleep, you watch the room slowly  
steep itself in shadows, steep

itself in the wine-flushed darkness  
of another night. Silently

you confront the blue-rimmed edge  
of outer dark, those crossroads

where we meet the dead, knowing  
their first street calls will rise

and nuzzle against your chest  
like tiny inexorable animals

or the blunt edge of a knife  
about to descend. And all night

you're left sitting at a desk  
frightened, thinking of the skull

under the smooth skin, how we  
return to our lives as animals

engulfed in soft fog, exposed  
to the wind against our fur

and denied warmth, denied rest,  
denied earth's sleep and granite.

- by Edward Hirsch

*Acquainted with the Night*

I have been one acquainted with the night.  
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.  
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.  
I have passed by the watchman on his beat  
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet  
When far away an interrupted cry  
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;  
And further still at an unearthly height,  
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
I have been one acquainted with the night.

- by Robert Frost



Julian Palacz

'I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day'  
By Gerard Manley Hopkins

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.  
What hours, O what black hours we have spent  
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!  
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.  
With witness I speak this. But where I say  
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament  
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent  
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree  
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;  
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.  
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see  
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be  
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

Source: *Gerard Manley Hopkins: Poems and Prose* (Penguin Classics, 1985)

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*Line Written at Night During Insomnia*

by Alexander Pushkin

I can't sleep; no light burns;  
All round, darkness, irksome sleep.  
Only the monotonous  
Ticking of the clock,  
The old wives' chatter of fate,  
Trembling of the sleeping night,  
Mouse-like scurrying of life ...  
Why do you disturb me?  
What do you mean, tedious whispers?  
Is it the day I have wasted  
Reproaching me or murmuring?  
What do you want from me?  
Are you calling me or prophesying?  
I want to understand you,  
I seek a meaning in you ...

- translated from the Russian by D. M. Thomas



*The Waking*

By Theodore Roethke

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.  
We think by feeling. What is there to know?  
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?  
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,  
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?  
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do  
To you and me; so take the lively air,  
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
What falls away is always. And is near.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

## NOTES FROM YOUR SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

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