

SLEEP IS RAINING DOWN FEATHERS...

Sleep is raining down feathers.
My fogbound head
joggles through minutes, muttering
What will the ship be? Where was the music?
Sometimes a madcap thought overplays its hand, and
I come to my senses.

Sleep barrages my head with bubbles
blown by familiar voices.
One floats close to my ear until
I can hear the words that are in it;
it spins in place like the earth
and pops—I'm alone.

Time to be off. At last there swim in my eyes
comforting bodies, known and imagined,
aroused with signs of surrender,
assuring me there's no evil done in dreams.