

My Dream

unfolding between
twilight and midnight
fitful waking
dozing
not present to my body,
my dream.

Stroking the sheet, imagining
what it would feel like
to fold into ocean and
float away on moon-brushed currents,
away from tasks and lists
away from life for a day,
a week,
a month.

Falling into my mother's dreams
I'm jarred by school girl cowering with friends
covering ears moments before
glass covers worn Oxfords
bombs' minor key etched in memory.
i glimpse my father—
approaching a young woman in the dance hall,
evening lazes into wee hours,
he sees her home on a bus
taking them into their future.

Floating in an amniotic ocean
i am nourished by each smile
dropped on my cheek,
held fresh and new in my mother's arms
long awaited gift.

Sleep comes
deep and fresh
full and lush.

