

To Sleep...To Dream

She sleeps

He dreams

It felt that way, coming upon you, today, in the light.

Onomotopoeia and rhymes.

As if...as if...

The songs of butterflies, so easy on the air.

As if the world were luminous, and night overcome

Like waves. Wave upon wave, depths and surfaces, float and drown. Something remembered.

I forgot. I entered the room and forgot. I was coming up out of the darkness, the thick, what our night had been, even in fire, I was approaching so tentatively, as prepared as I could muster to be...words

Washing to and fro in echoes, echoing tones, whispering the flocks, flocks of birds

I opened the door to speak and entered this, this you, this expansion and swell, not glow but glare, emanation, the quiet and void of a slate entirely cleaned...

Swoosh it goes, crows and ocean, swirl and swarm, a plunder, a drowning, evoke

stammering my whispering - you - I, last night, we are, we, oh you, I am sorry and glad, remember before now, when this, this, what this?

a heavy pressing down, drown and tumble where the breath has gone but air from the wings and the spin, under, beneath, below, yet farther and higher up, atmospheric plenty, this absence

Remembered, we. But I can not advance, stock still in annunciation – “It is you! I am chosen!” the bright silent shout exploding the space and you so quiet, curled, folding in yourself

Forgotten altitude. Birdsong and butterfly shriek. The colors, the searing colors of your hands, your voice, your body, where are you – what have you done? What are you doing?

I kneel to your level, watching your gown for breath. No breeze, no sound, only light, and so much, how can you sleep? I never -

I would toss if I could, would struggle, would flail. Held under, in dream, a mouth full of water, thin air, I cannot hear what you say, must say, the storming of butterflies wings

There is no way to tell – this miracle – of light and sleep, out of darkness – where we have been, where we are now, who it is that has gone there, has come

such pain in the belly, it wrenches, collapse, what do you do, where are you? Who is what is entering me as if filling fire and fuel, a billion crows and burst cocoons, the sea, the sea

I am here, I whisper, right here, now, in morning. We are out of the darkness, the blind, we are resting, are warm, we are in

and it flows the turbulence, the gentling; dashing then cradled; crashing then drift, something has happened, long journey, 'no traveler returns,' I am injured and weightless

this otherworldly light. I remember "sore afraid," but why, why this fear of angels? I know, how well I know - you, there, lying on stone, on floor, the counter, the bed, oh -

What was it I heard of this light? "Don't go there, love! Don't go!" This 'pale cast and sicklied over.' But the blackness? The war? Return to the bodies of ravens and crows? The pangs of vultures and carrion, 'whips and scorns'? No, higher, deeper, farther, more

where have you gone and what is near now? All we do not know, know why, what, or where, it is just as difficult to see in this glare as it was in the rage of the black - wake up and hear me - wake up!

if only, to reach the edge, to slip over, give way, disappear. The wings of butterflies and birds, the vortex and the vertigo, but just beyond in the reach, in a plenum and void

In this blaze you are cold, this horribly swollen stillness like a damaged birth, I shake you, I call, I repent and I moan, where have you gone, where are you going? Wake up!!

a world of sighs, whispering river streamed from the sea, to flow, to flow out, to float like feathers in breeze, like papery wings, let me, I am going...to sleep...

from this dream – how can this be? 'To be, or not to be'?

.. 'and by opposing, to end it...'

'What dreams may come,' what nightmares

softly now, 'an undiscovered country,' beyond, above, and further on...

to forget, unknow, 'lose name,' 'give pause,'

the 'currents turn way,' shuffling, who, no more, the thousand shocks of sea, to fly

away, she sleeps, away

[She wakes]

[He sobs]

(all quotations in single ' ' from Shakespeare's Hamlet)

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