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Rising Late

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We become the silence.
Two...three...four minutes since
It filled the house, dripping down the walls
In creamy whiteness -- an uncertain sort of nightfall,
A timid creature,
Disappearing at the thought of sharply angled words.

I am awake now.
Can you tell me how
The moments of the vivid dream took place?
And whose expressions spread themselves across my face,
As I laughed convincingly,
Remarked about the government and bowed to every
Other point of common courtesy -- no more,
No less. No matter now -- like every dream before,
It gathers up its things and wanders far away.

You're looking well today,
As on any other day for me, which is
Of course, the same to you. The wishes
Bound together by a mere
Eleven years,
Still hang upon your lips and wash your eyes
In happy tears -- a soul is always wise
To mind the tears before the smile.

We feasted once upon fantastic thought:
Do you recall? How soon the mind is caught
In drudgery -- the endless run to catch the bus,
A fervent prayer to ward away the rust,
The burning need to scrape the dishes clean,
While meaning gathers dust unseen,
Unheard, unsung...
Except within the spirits of the young.