

Sleeping In

I open eyes that seem
To no longer recall
The meaning of light,
Or color.
It bothers me little.
I turn over,
And I listen.

My neighbors stir
Around me.
The old man
To my left yawns.
The young woman
To my right screams.
She'll get used to it.
It bothers me little.

I extend
And touch my world.
My sky is dark.
Made of wood.
My earth is soft,
Made of silk.
Creatures scurry
Above and around,
In and out of me.
It bothers me little.

Suddenly, my ears seize
Upon a steady pulse.
Someone strolls above
My ebony clouds,
Each footfall giving birth
To an echo before it dies.
But it bothers me little.
I smile
And flick my tongue.
The dew is sweet this morning.
I turn back over,
And I sleep.

--Marieke Davis (2013)