

Adrift

His beloved's even breaths
And the dog's long exhale
Lay down the dragging night's pulse.
He wafts on in wakefulness.

Where does the mind go
When the hour is late
When color has flown
When all is still and slow?

The faint light from beyond,
The curtain's edge guilded
By porchlight keeps at bay
That which makes the night worse.

Comforted, or disturbed? Kindled
He rises to wander the house
Traipsing the hallway, the kitchen
The living room, the study

The stairs, the extra room
The stairs again, the sunroom
The stairs again, again
The stairs, the stairs

To rise and fall while
Adrift in upright reverie.
Not dreaming,
Embodying its breath

Chest lifting and lowering
A bashful billowing as
Night-quiet air takes flights
Stepping into what's real.

His meditation on drifting
In and out
Draws him back to the bedroom
To lie in the dim.

The sheets now cool
He echoes his climb
Rising and falling to reach
The aethereal destination

A realm without form
Frameless
Where one can wander,
Unburdened by stairs and walls,

Borne up, and reborn
Tucked in a gauzy haze
That, inevitably, disperses
As he muses, "Am I adrift?"

What does it mean to float
Over the fantastic
Rising, yet falling
Ever more behind on rest?"

There must be a unique moral
For a tale that does not end.
To be adrift
Actual or not, consumes

The sleepless
The inquisitive
The anxious
The weary