

Awake in the house of sleep
as I walk
on shivering dark clouds
repellent
like the north pole
for the south

The world turns
regardless
as I yawn
a new night
and the birds in the windows
shimmer as echoes
from a shallow distance
and the soil that
planted me
in the first place
makes up space
for a funeral
yet to be experienced

As if in
a wakeful dream
I wonder
as I wander
through starstrewn havens

if the dream I'm living
must come to an end
Quiet tears
reside
where mongrels dwell
in soft dimensions
torn between the sacred
and the spoiled
the space between which
is narrowing
and the stars sing
with their white voices
like sirens
I'm on an odyssey
torn and worn
I fall
asleep