Sleepwork

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College of DuPage

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Sleepwork

by Maureen Tolman Flannery

Sleep light and faithful
in the misted night place of your thought making,
my dear dream-believing daughter,
unsquandered repository of the possible.
Craniumed potency there, in the egg of your resting head,
uncracked and gestating, bides its enlivening time.
Crested rivers of robin-breast hair
flow into seas of air beyond the bed where you lie
busy with dream-learning that turns you womanward.
Despair sulks beyond wide-thrust range
of these innocent, fate-trusting days
where birds of a destiny soar together
and kindness calls its kind.
You, safe inside why-not? the night through
concoct a balm for world abrasions.

What white-steeded youth
with half-moon truths in his metaphysic
will woo you out of grace and into wakefulness?

What dark-curled campesino
with spiced-hot thoughts in his fire
will court you with country matters,
salsa you off the floor and into a counting house?

What tempest-tossed prince
of wayfaring charm
will disarm you bravely with promises of lost new worlds?

What emboldened bashful boy
knowing nothing
but the lust-crusted logic of his own unbridled love
will speak golden
and offer you dark earth to grow homeward into?

Sleep lightly in the hard-turning night,
my beautiful craver of justice,
on your unconscious way
to change and be changed.