Touch the Sky

Connie Padera

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol30/iss1/56
it is unfortunate that i seem to write best
and encounter most my inspiration
as i drift off to sleep
my body lies slack against the mattress
submerged in the scent of slumber
all the same, thoughts invade my mind
and i am forced with a decision to make:
to choose to let sleep take over my body
and consume these thoughts,
temporary, quotidian,
typical, six-hour, eight-hour-at-best respite
in the land of unconscious, disconnected thought
or to reach over and jot down what in all likelihood are
muddled, incoherent musings,
destined to be mottled with innumerable
grammatical and spelling errata
of which no one will likely lay eyes on,
but as i am my biggest critic,
would provoke a slight sense of embarrassment nonetheless
and i—left to hope that my revising and editing skills
will prove me worthy of eventually unveiling to the public
this potential essay, writing, composition or what have you
sans shame and unease,
all the while entirely aware that if i decide in favor
of the former course of action,
i will be left to bemoan the inevitable death
of these reflections when i wake—
yet i continue to lay, immobile
my breaths already becoming steady,
my muscles already relaxed