

marge piercy

BETWEEN, NEITHER SLEEPING NOR AWAKE

Between sleeping and waking
no door opens. I struggle
toward the surface where light
lies on the heavy wet dark.

The tendrils of a dream still
entangle me, try to draw me
back down. In a moment I'll
remember none of it, only

a murky sense of something
lost. In dreams I revisit rooms
that never held me. Bodies
are faceless. Heads float.

The dead give orders. Now dawn
pours in through my eyes
I sit up, stand and break
through the skin of this day.