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Visit

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The Visit

Mary Dengler

The moon hit full force, breaking through
the night and window to
my dreams, confronting me with
truths that light
is really dark and death
becoming life and I
ought not to be fooled to wasting time
in sleep;

my flesh a weightless cone
of gauze, transparent
over unsubstantial bone,
my hair like Roderick Usher's gossamer web,
afloat above my head, my bed
a barge adrift the planets in a tiny drop
of space, my life a fitful mass of shifting dreams
from dawn to dusk among what seems,
alone.

My pupils shrinking, drinking
in the light, my heart expanding
from the force of breath, assured
my bed had landed squarely on the wood,
I sat up wide awake, now, full of hope
and dread to say, "What is it?"
Even wondering if I should,
With Samuel's word
In mind ask
What—
Is it Lord?"

In answer, night's cool breath blew
sanely round me in a room
so dark, I hardly knew
if I, like Keats intoxicated with a song,
was back or flew
the prologue of another dream.
Then let down from my fleeting vision, I
fell back a dull and weary age
to sleep in time.