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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.