

*How Strange to Wake*

after long illness.  
Your dog of eighteen years  
out back in a grave  
next to a tree  
not yet planted.

Under a blue moon  
the drive north  
through Blood of Christ mountains,  
hauling the *other* body – your own body – in the back of a red Subaru

How strange to wake after all that...

A small door in the brain opens into color.  
Surrounded by darkness – inside –  
*that's* where we lived  
all our lives  
in that tiny Technicolor room  
inside the inside of the dreamer's head.

