

*Most Mornings*

I woke slightly out of breath. Winded from the ghosted run  
between the land of living and the country of my death. I'd drag my dreams behind  
me, from bed to desk, write poems of sleep and ink and newsprint.

Ah sleep. Sleep and summer smoke.

From its cage, the fan purred a noisy exhale.  
The mocking bird outside our bedroom window  
sang in all the local tongues and dialects.  
Your car, leaving up the graveled drive  
made for a lonely sound  
and a relief.

The dog would rest his head on cagey front paws  
make an effort at patience. The appliances would be truly patient  
though full of curiosity  
about what might come next.

The doorbell might have rung  
if we'd had one.

We'd listened to the forecast. Sony by the bed and bath.  
Bose above the compact discs and art books.  
Radio news unleashed and born again.  
Thank god, we'd say, for the "on" and "off" switch.

Then one night a voice from dream announced,  
*In one or two weeks there'll be a catastrophe.*

Winds were driven. Waters rose. Levees broke.

*What will you take with you?* the dream  
asked. *Myself,*  
I said.

