

No One Traces the Dreams

Daybreak enters the room
roughing up the edges
of what was a calm night.

No one stomps answers
into the welcome mat.

No one traces the dreams
along our eyelids.

The willows supply the morning with echoes
and defiance (This is not how we would have
shaped things) yet we make ourselves comfortable

in the sky
that refuses to ask us
our names.

This makes sense for a while
until the sun belches out
its answer

and it isn't pretty.

The surface of the leaves recount what they see,
A well wisher with downcast eyes whisks past.
Stars blow holes in the apostrophes.