

The Origin of Sleep

Autumn Tears

I am a little girl
chasing butterflies
remembering all that was
yet still I sleep in mother's arms
why can I not wake?

I am a baby
dreaming of birds and thistle
flowers and stone
and creatures of the earth
I remember many years from now
yet still I sleep
cradled in mother's arms
why can I not wake?

I am a woman
asleep by the river bed
I speak to myself
for so very long now
I'm so very cold
so very still
lungs rife with stagnant air
why can I not wake?

mother hold me
cradle me close to you
and kiss me goodbye
lay my body to the ground
that I may bloom
to seed the soil

I am a little girl again
running through poppy fields
dancing through misty meadows
chasing butterflies
chasing myself to sleep
remembering so many years ago
cradled in mother's arms
and again.... I sleep

I am a baby
sleeping again
in mother's womb
remembering all that was
fading now... I am awake