

Slept

Richard Buckner

Awake tonight,
I'll fall away to sometime until we meet.
& how will you be to me
while the passers go & the awhiles grow?
W/ no rings to repay, no ghosts on the phone.

my second sleep story:

I ran down the stairs & onto the street
(of course, the chase was sheap).
But, here she walks again
on bent-up promises
(Hear that whisper shake out, "Honey, where've you
been?")

There's nights I still fall:
I track down the grate & head straight for the light
& raze the ride.
But, should the road ever slow.....

Would you ever go home when you waltz off & over?
Or, will you stay & lie awake tonight?