Sleepsong

We are travelers in someone else’s time
And space, you and I,
Permanent guests in a foreign world,
Just passing through this borrowed life.
We starry-eyed stardust,
We live in the in-betweens,
In the number before infinity,
Slipping through the cracks
Where night and day meet,
Vacillating from cold to hot
To cold again (and again),
Running from past to future,
Old enough to know ourselves
But too young to know we are
More than just ourselves.
Always headed our separate somewheres,
We are never actually anywhere,
Every moment, every movement,
Every breath
Chasing the one before.
We carry our baggage with us as we go,
Just the clothes on our backs to show for it,
Huddled together atop a stiff
Mattress on a cold hotel floor, knowing
We could really be something
If we only had the time.
I see change even in your stillness,

Shadows dancing across your face
Like moonlight on the surface of a pond,
Waxing and waning to the celestial rhythm,
One body mirroring the many,
Filtering through your skin,
Flickering,
Gone.
In this particular nothing
In this particular nowhere,
I feel as though I see you—
Really see you—for the first time,
And that to me is everything.
So even as drops of dawn trickle
Through chinks in the curtains,
Sleep a moment more, my dear,
Linger a while longer in your
Ineffable, ethereal dreams
As I wonder what wonderful worlds
Exist within your beautiful mind.
I have much to learn about this
Stranger beside me in bed, but
In this moment, our paths converge,
And we belong only to each other.
You’ve earned your rest, love,
So take your time.