

In The Realm Of Sleep

The day has erupted in the welter of activities,
Its cacophonous rhythms have squeezed the last drop of delicious energy,
Now the longing to withdraw overtakes agenda.

The world is not our design,
But life must follow it to survive;
Still, the heart has its own life.

In supine folds of evening
Sensuous seeds of sleep sprout,
Intoxicating even before the arrival of the charmed dancer.

All planned activities must come to an end,
But unplanned phenomena spiral into a mysterious unknown;
Take your world but give me the nectar of sleep.

Suffern, N.Y., 5.6.11

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