

Sleep

Not because of tired body or of world-weariness
That I often long to sleep.

It is not to turn the switch off of my brain,
Or to change the scene of my existence,
That I need to sleep.

To sleep is to cross into another realm,
Where the subliminal kingdom reigns,
Thoughts and fantasies, present and past,
Meld into one coherent abstraction,
Diffused but definite,
Unhampered in its journey,
Unmindful of its purpose.

Give me an hour of sleep for an hour of wakefulness,
An outlet for an anguished spent state,
To reconfigure the map of the life-journey,
To realign the compass of my soul.

The creativity furnace of sleep,
Synthesizes new visions and new emotions,
New understandings and new energies,
Out of basic elements of existence.

Organized thought for too long may smother the birth of a new vision,
A dream has more power than a thousand reasons,
Sleep is the unhindered flow of fantasy.