

Dream Analysis (a sestina)

The night is pushing me underground
with its quiet fingers poking my head
my eyelids are slipping
shut, brain shutting down.
thoughts settling—a stagnant puddle
drifting in and out of sleep.

No, I cannot go to sleep
although my brain is buried underground
inspired by the dried up puddle
no longer rippling in my head.
I proceed to look down
as my eyelids start slipping.

as my thoughts begin slipping
away, drifting off into hazy sleep
I just want to lay down
like being buried underground
my dreams, a sloshing puddle

as I float along that puddle
memories, some just imagined, are slipping
through my deep snuggled head
slowly digging through sleep
as if burrowing underground
Peeling back layer upon layer, heading further down

but the mind is too thick to get down
far enough, as I struggle to wade from the puddle
of aesthetics, digging to the past deeper underground
but getting nowhere, only slipping
in useless circles around my own head.

Ah, I cannot escape my head
strewn forever down
submerged in empty sleep
drowning in this rancid puddle
the last trace of rationale slipping
past my muffled screams, echoing underground.

dreams forever lost underground, down
deep within the head, sanity submerged in puddles
of unconscious desire, slipping in & out of restless
sleep.