

WIDE AWAKE, HALF ASLEEP

There's a place between sleep and dreams
Where the world is more alive, it seems.
There are armies of shadows on the wall
And phantom faces, large and small.
There's a monster tearing at my chest
Who kindly devours my heart with zest.
I'll scream and cry and bleed and die,
Or laugh and smile and dream and fly.
Everything makes so much sense here—
So real, intense, and unclear.

—*Rachel Schade*