

## NIGHT JOURNEYS

### 1. ROUGH SAILING

The lampshade, sail of my raft of dreams,  
collects the winds of night and spills them out,  
a swirling, moiling storm around the bed.  
The book still lies heavy on my mind.  
Half awake, I cannot navigate,  
but toss, sea-anchored to the images  
and words that blow me far off course. I find  
no friendly current that might help correct  
my heading toward tomorrow, or even sleep.

### 2. SMOOTH SAILING

I drift among my dream images,  
eager for tomorrow, when I will learn  
to fly or walk on water, and leave this craft  
that transports me safe through passages  
and miracles the day will never see.  
All things now are possible; no thing  
is unlikely; everything is light;  
the world's gravity does not apply.  
I wake and don't remember it at all.

### 3. LAND HO

Morning will come, as it always does.  
Someday I may not know when it arrives;  
I think it will happen anyway.  
And I do not know if that day  
will end a night of smooth or rough sailing,  
on a long reach toward a happy harbor,  
or tacking against fierce contrary winds.  
But always, I anticipate the dawn,  
to strike my sails and glide home safe to port.

WHY WE SLEEP

Every night it's a rehearsal,  
deciding to do it again,  
to let everybody and everything  
slip away into the darkness  
with some assurance they'll be back.  
Alone there, in the quiet not yourself,  
waiting for the last spark to flicker out,  
a momentary flare: what goes away--  
you, or what you no longer know?

William James, pragmatist  
(philosopher for those who sleep?)  
would say it doesn't matter;  
the consequence remains the same.

But if one day things don't return,  
after all, who will be responsible?  
That unadmitted doubt,  
that little fear that someday  
you might become the ultimate ass,  
is enough to make you  
want to practice, every night.