



Photo: Brian Buchanan

### **Wrapped In Sleep**

*How we are all wrapped  
in sleep  
and once out of the covers  
the gauze of day begins:  
we have to pay to stay in this place  
we have to make our face  
find a voice for our voice*

*The gossamer of ourselves  
comes cascading in  
and swaddles  
us:  
a glove caressing a tree*

*And Oh how this soothing numbness  
is ripped away only  
by the beautiful ineptitude  
of honesty out of control*

*We spin in a dream  
as it unravels us  
and there we are for a moment  
between sleep and the day  
naked.*

*Pete Conlin*