

A Shouting Dream

rips the door off sleep, drops me
blinking into the long hallway of
another blind night, the kind where
nothing nothing ever changes. I want to,
but too late and tired.

Other sounds draw me out
under whispering star gaze
where I hear trees bending boughs,
knock and hum, the bass chant
of stones, and air rustling its wings—
each joining in singular voice
over all the world

as if they'd once been
where I am now
and had left all that
and their skin and bones
for their first forms.
Returned to themselves,
reborn.

And I wonder
what am I to do
with this new breath?

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