

Down that Tree-lined Lane
December 5, 2021

I will walk down that tree-lined lane,
along the running stream,
with eyes open, ears acute.
I will follow the path of the stepping stones
through the overgrown garden to the inviting pool
coaxing with curling fingers of vines.

I will sleep here.
I will drop off into the dream I've been seeking.
Blinking slowly, lazily.

Rest, finally, resting amongst these flowering friends.
My pillow is of ferns and poppies and a lilac scent.
Butterflies on my eyelids,
jasmine and gardenia kisses on my forehead.

Breathe. I breathe deeply and let my head fall back.
Nighttime wraps me, holds me.
I put on and pull up my starry blanket, nestled and secure.
Now dark and alone. Take me home.