

The Dream and the Waking

Be'lakor

Silent but distant,
Real but not seen
Here but not happening,
Forever has been

Into this absence,
Two had but strayed
Retracing in circles,
They surrendered, dismayed

Behind them, darkness
Ahead, the unknown
So they stood, uninvited
...But the roots had grown

An error, a tangent
A curious mind
An instant, a lifetime
A secret to find

The dream and the waking
Occurring together
Realising, then
That it mattered not whether

Imagined movements
Near shimmering webs
The Nightfall descended
To rest by their heads
Their feet planted firmly

'Neath four darting eyes
With pupils dilated,
They counted the sighs

Their legs fading into
A curding moss
Their lungs slowly filling
With decades of loss

That scent from the forest
Not taking, not giving
They knew only this –
Not buried, not living

Their stagnating veins
Now hidden from view
In skin for the willow
And bone for the dew

The dream and the waking
Ending together
Understanding then
It had not mattered, ever