

My sleep burrows me a chain of monochromatic rooms
that jangles in the day and recalls a samey drone
Day has drawn out from the night
what's been lacking in its wage
reviving eyes that choked the light
with no extraction for the page

I can not seem to remember my dreams lately

If the moon defines the night and illuminates
without direction
could the obscured that steered my life illuminate its
intervention?

I fought so long for an explanation
planting
the seeds that took root in my mind
explaining
into dust what was a lucid situation

And I can not seem to remember my dreams lately