

Dreaming of Trodden Midnight Streets

Poems

By

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Honors Thesis


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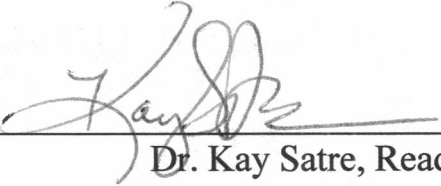
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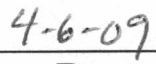
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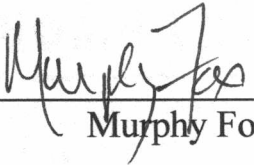
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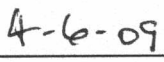
Dr. Kay Satre, Reader



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Murphy Fox, Reader



Date

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Abstract

This collection of poems was born out of a desire to honor and preserve those moments and people, that in the past four years, have inspired me, taught me to love, broken my heart, and pushed me to be a better and truer person than I ever dreamt I could be. Most of these poems focus on personal relationships I have had, including those with family, friends, and romantic partners. Human beings are largely defined by the people they share their life with, and if we did not have such people to bless our lives, in both good and bad ways, we would hardly have motivation to keep breathing every day. Producing these poems became a therapeutic act that helped me heal many wounds, but these poems were not written for myself. I wrote these poems as tributes to those remarkable individuals, ones present and gone from my life now, who had the courage to become a part of my life and give pieces of themselves to me, which I will carry in my heart forever. The intensity and passion exuded by these poems is a reflection of the deep emotions that these people instilled in me. My one hope is that these poems demonstrate my love and gratitude to these people, as well as encourage others to let the people most important to them know just how valued they are.

Acknowledgements

To my director, Dr. Ron Stottlemyer, for devoting so much time and effort in reading through and evaluating each of my poems with me. There were days when I spent over an hour in your office and only made it through the first two stanzas of a poem; however, all of them are much stronger now thanks to your careful consideration. I have truly come to see the art of poetry through new eyes and with a greater understanding and appreciation because of your insights.

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To my boyfriend, Andy, for loving and standing by me through everything. Thank you for understanding and respecting my need to write these poems. You have been one of the greatest blessings in my life and I thank God everyday for sending you to me. I love you.

To my friend, Joey, for inspiring me to write so many of these poems. You taught me how to love more deeply, cherish the people most important in my life, and have faith even when I'm standing in the dark. Thank you for the love and kindness you've always shown me and for pushing me to write better than I ever dreamt I could.

Tears of Roses

That morning I slumbered
dreaming tears I could not shake.
Not the ones turning grainy,
forming creases down my face,
but those I left abandoned—
clinging desperate—
to chips of trodden midnight streets.

I knew that it was over.
My heart long ago grown swollen,
two months heavy now,
with lies I'd coerced it to digest.
Last night I cut it open,
thought I'd bleed it to peaceful rest.
But after staining all the backroads
with crimson memories of you,
reason finding its way back to me
finally drew me home.

Lying numb I considered waking,
though to rise and find
my soul still breathing,
ever intent on giving
the stirring dawn a second glance,
would mean this wouldn't be my ending.
Despite you leaving me taut and hanging,
I had hope still
more yet would come to pass.

Determined footsteps echoed,
claimed the silence past my door.
My dormant eyelids flickered
yet dismissed the outside world.
But a clink of shifting brass just then
provoked my senses—still awake,
traveled down and woke my restless core,
announced a presence
that wouldn't wait.

I felt my haven sinking
down the side my back faced.
Quicksand sheets drew me to you,
but I didn't look
already knowing whose face had come to speak.
A flash of darkest red
at first was all I saw.
One flawless rose you laid beside,
fragile petals caressed my nose.

Turning my head
I met your face
through slits my tears had drew.
Our eyes absorbed each watery thought
blurring any conclusions
we thought we knew.

My face you cradled
in earthen hands
like you carried desert water
you had dug
yet watched another use.
Your whispers next
closed my windows of light.
Leaning down you kissed my forehead,
told me to return to my old life.

When I opened my eyes again
I called out your name.
The room didn't answer.
I was alone—but finally sane.

Steps to the Sun

I watched the sun
as it dropped tonight
crack apart and open
like the innocent frame
encapsulates an egg.
Its nectarine yolk emerging
opaque but full of glory
spreading out slowly
staining the canvas
of another day.

From on top a lonesome hillside
I see the painting run.
A masquerade of colors
dancing together,
exuding furious passion,
soon blending into one.

Frozen—perching anxious
like the patient robin awaiting spring
too often does.
I stood atop a broken stairway
on crumbling steps
that led to nowhere.

No solid ground before me,
no place left to run.
I tipped my head reluctant,
turned for answers from the sun.
I stared with eyes
transfixed and hollow,
like the dolls in grandma's room.
Aching—pleading—to blind
all relentless memories of you.

You brought me last
to show me this sun.
We ascended these same worn steps.
They didn't lead to nowhere then,
but to a world of endless dawns.

My face you lifted
to catch the fleeting glow.
Taking my hand,
you spun me round
where your face preserved
this day.
The endurance of its light
reflected in your eyes,
mirrored hope I thought I'd lost
yet painted tears upon my heart.

A single blink—
all was gone.
The aging sky, turned bitter violet,
stood withering before me—
my only scrapbook
to this moment with you
I'd long remembered,
but just now understood was done.

My peripherals caught the rising
of the harvest moon behind,
and after wiping one pearly darling
from the lashes of my eye,
I turned and used the stairway,
finally climbed down from the daydream
you had painted just for me.

Under Tapestry of Green Stars

Today I waivered
in my avoidance of the pain,
soon found my foot driving
to the stage where we'd enacted
our final scene.

I arrive at our place,
that hillside buckling to the sky,
just below the suspicion
of the mountain's omniscient eye.

My spirit—callused—
like the Sahara on camel's feet
not reckless enough to tread here,
but my heart—left derelict—
struggling for memory of how to breathe,
lay deteriorating here
days or maybe weeks.

Curling up now
in shadows we'd once embraced,
I clench a bouquet of emerald needles
bending 'round me
let them pierce the purple camo
sewn over narrow veins.
They inject memories
of that spring day.

You met me here—reluctant
on your way home that afternoon.
Stretched out beside me,
you waited patient
for words you thought I'd utter
hoping they'd ease the silence of the tomb.

The words you wanted
were the ones I'd felt all day,
but I was hesitant—too fearful
to speak them all so soon.

I swiveled my eyes towards you,
sought assurance in your gaze.
I lost myself that moment
in blue globes
that held our many dreams.

I watched the lips you carefully sculpted
till they resembled a portrait of silent love.
The wind passed through then,
twisted green stars on their trees,
carried the whispers of self-same love for you
that before I couldn't speak.

Unfolding a smile
you reached for my cheek,
sewed our lips into union
with a hope like morning brings.

Running blind by every stop sign
I shattered all vows.
Knowing it to be my apocalyptic ending,
I forgot yesterday,
blinked away tomorrow,
let my heart bleed love instead.

As you moved to leave
I knotted my arms around you.
You held me that moment
underneath the spotlight
leaking through the tapestry of the trees.

Then I watched you fly away
to dark and eastern skies.
The sun bowed down behind me,
not a tear I shed.
I knew it was our last goodbye.

A Farewell to Grace

Thirteen seasons of grace
dance upon my soul.
Alone and dazed I stand
upon the white splotched, rosin floor.
Forgotten Copland melodies resound
as ghost children piqué in.
Cloaked in satin—smooth as petals
and fragile netting
my skin always scratched in.

They twirl about
my translucent form,
make me remember once again.
Their steps dance a portrait,
and my feet—near forgetting—
plunge themselves back in.

The final performance has come
to promenade for anxious eyes
and speak the words
only one's blistered feet can say

I watch the blinding rays above bedim;
they lament signaling my cue to leave.
Holding the moment on my breath,
I take my final curtsy
I accept my end.

A Dance to Heal

I lay my pen to dreamful rest
tucked under crinkled covers of salt-stained letters
that lay battered across my desk.
Bowing my head in gratitude,
I breathe a moment in solitude.

My head is empty—my pen's run dry,
nails are splintered from grating tattoos in the wood.
Frustrated in trying to translate every bitter tear
into words that will bring you back to me,
I wonder if I wrote just to still my quaking fears.

Out the window drifts the depthless sky.
Each carefree twinkle of its billion eyes
leaves me jealous and restless inside.
Sick of the walls that taunt my circumstance,
I slam the door open and run outside to dance.

Arms outstretched behind me like wings,
I skip in circles not feeling a thing.
The grass is dewy with last night's tears,
feet—naked and daring—prance along.
Like African coals, these green blades sear,
fresh scars of defiance brand me free from those years.

Hair pirouettes in curls down my back,
wild like appaloosa's tail,
I tip my head and throw the universe a laugh.
Fingers crawl forth to tickle the moon,
spinning hectic and anxious like newborn's eyes,
body choreographs to my heart's own tune.

Hugging my breath, I fall to make a grass angel.
Eyelash blinks count each star dangling,
millennias have passed but they're still changing.
My midnight solo done for now,
tomorrow I'll keep dancing someway, somehow.
Curtseying my eyes, I gravitate in dreams.

The Seasons of Heaven

I've longed to see
tomorrow's sky.
Her face of many seasons
envelops all,
enchants,
yet often deceives.
Adorned in an array of masks,
ever-changing is her look.
She's a mere mirage
that briefly lasts.

Winter
emboldens herself in grey
while opaque slants
manage to assault
the silent day.
Tiny white parachutes
deliver troops to
frozen camps.
She appears to be surrendering,
though only from a glance.

Springtime's
warmth awakens,
revives.
The melting crystals
draws tears from her eyes
while bluebirds
flit and hover below.
Across her face
of cornflower blue,
buoyant ships
sail intently through.

On summer nights
her palette blends
spongy clouds
tinted orange and red.
They brush across
her dimming face,
cloak her in apricot haze
before the sun descends
reminding darkness threatens.

Autumn
leave her mild—content.
She feels the nip
of a teasing breeze
whispering playful secrets
to watchful trees.
Airy mallows
bounce and toss
through their rose wine
wading pool.

Tomorrow's sky
can never be known.
She's elusive—
rebellion is her home.
But curious eyes
watch and wait
to see the approaching season
of heaven's face.

Leaves Upon the Heart

Hanging tattered and shivering,
leaves blow relentless on the trees.
I stand hushed and listening,
finally see how they've changed.

Through cloudy spattered windowpanes
I watch with swollen, crusty eyes.
Stem by vein the leaves drop down
spiral off—better perhaps forgotten
like my past or summer's lazy cotton.

But my leaves still line the branches
mending the structure of my soul.
No breeze of passion fleeting or years of winter's cold
convince them of the season
time to release and follow geese
flying southward—flying bold.

My October branches bend.
Weight of all my tears pool
upon each leaf that's shaped me,
penseives to worlds I've come through in these years.

When winter nudges over,
Mr. Frost dusts leaves the color of his eyes,
mine bend in around me,
remind I've weathered this chill before.
Spring blooms once again see me rise.

My leaves are exquisite wonders
like the pain bleeding me whole inside.
Their absence leaves me trembling as thunder.

Splintered

Yesterday I knew your face
when I met it through the bar's smoky haze.
Your sawdust hair was longer then,
shadowing your eyes.
Saw you pretending to be older,
rebellious stubble down your cheeks.

So innocent we were then,
a pair of saplings branching.
Shaded still but familiar
with the toll the sun's power could deliver.
We should have halted—
curiosity would lead us to wither.

You grew restless
trying to make me bend.
are you sorry now
I splintered instead?

I admit I was reckless
injecting two hearts into my roots.
Overdosing on the high,
you left me twitching,
heart punctured but yearning
on the unraveling carmine rug.

Candescent Tribute

This love arrived like first snowfall—
unexpected and sudden in the dark.
Already betrothed—you were off my mark.
A longing for adventure and passion,
my own tale from Camelot,
led me astray—you became my Lancelot.

Some whisper when true
this feeling fought by me and you
flows as biblical water
tribute to the craft of Pompeii's potters
everlasting and defiant all night through.

Ours was a flash of brilliance
scarlet and gold rained down—resilient
plumes adorning phoenix tail.
But it ended swift and silent
in flames beautiful and violent
reduced to cakey ashes
beneath the myth bird's healing tears.

I Could Not Cry

A decade and three—
one blink of my time—
it had come finally
to say my goodbye.
My insides tore apart
yet—I could not cry.

There was just I
and two sisters,
strong bonds from dance we shared.
We'd grown close together,
but our journey as one
Had come to pass.

Each at a time
we stepped into the light.
A quiet melody was played,
But only silence I heard despite.

I hardly remember
the steps we danced.
A short-lived dream it was,
I shouldn't have opened my eyes.

Suddenly it was over.
My eyes scanned the horizon
as all around rose.
Something inside
No longer felt right.

My family arrived.
They came with love
dropping from red orbs.
I held them tight,
my heart I heard break,
but still I could not cry.

I left empty,
no words seemed right to speak.
My head hung in mourning;
all I'd known
had come to leave.

I lay in shadows
mind shut tight,
dreamt of better moments,
some already gone
that night.
In bitter twilight
I cried.

Angelic Fog

Perching atop the dreaming world,
an angel ponders my rebirth.
Pearly lashes quiver—bravely glance below.
She wonders what it all is worth,
this passion humans bow to,
in which their hearts become entwined.

She looks out on green islands—drifting
through snowy fog—treacherous but lifting
like arctic vessels navigate
blind but pushing through.
The angel hopes I'll make it too.

I recall a farewell reluctant,
we parted as rivers do.
Grown weary of waiting for my answer,
you plunged into a silent pool.
Toes curled over the edge—considered.
Too late to jump and give my hand,
but I renounced writing any good-byes in the sand.

I woke next in clouds of dampened gray.
Feet staggered along the ceiling,
eyes blinked dust upon the floor—reeling.
Was it a dream or was that a grave
I saw you digging for my soul?

Each stillborn month delivered
chiseled another ragged hole.
The face you've let go missing
left the sun dimming—riddled a copia of craters.
Darkness started to take its toll.

Have you forgotten already
or are the memories drowned clear out of you?
Everyday your ghost lingers,
leaves footprints untraceable—my only clue.

Either way I'm done pretending.
You don't deserve this penance I'm lending.
Heart in hand I cut a hole
in this maddening fog you've settled me into.
Taking the wheel I drive above descending sky
wanting to glimpse a patch of blue.
Need to know there's more to come still after you.

Shriveled lungs replenish as I surface,
gasp in remembrance of who I was.
Cataract eyes squinting,
sense the waking of the dawn.
Seems this time I've correctly played my pawn.

My fingers gently tingle
feel the caress of ethereal touch.
Pivoting on terrestrial gravel—I lock eyes.
An angel—familiar—stands beside.

The angel's reassuring smile transcends,
lifts the blinds drawn upon my core.
My pupils dilate—see the light you blew out from my world.
Finally focused—I recognize the angel's face to be my own.

Building Cardboard Castles

I nailed the clock hands down tonight,
felt morning slipping in too soon.
Sewing the curtains to walls and ceiling tiles,
finally collapsed into an egg
in the darkest cavity of my room.
Don't want to hatch myself too soon.
Tomorrow doesn't have to come,
this to my heart alone I swear
down where it trembles in its ignorant lair.

Fate keeps stacking boxes out my door,
they're like dusty pyramids mounting
till they pierce another dimple in the moon.
Each one's weight encumbers
as red cross-stitching of Egyptian whips
running back and forth across my mind.

Each box bears a photograph
of glossy days whose breath I might someday take.
Hinged lids pinch their taunting sides,
prevent me from exposing the buried truths inside.

She whispered my jagged heart would fit the hole,
crank the binding gears of the lock,
reveal the promise of a single box.
The others would vanish
leaving me tethered to the choice I'd made.
So which choice is right,
Which could spiral me down into night?

Crouched and praying I wait
under watchful towers of shadows wake.
I'm waiting for an answer,
a nudge from Heaven on which box to take.
Can't afford any more wrong turns,
this winding road I'm driving—
suicidal even on the softest curve.

The rapping on my prison door
bows my head lower down upon the floor.
How much longer till silence fails to cure?

Come Back Snow Angel

These December streets give me comfort.
I wander them aimless on this blue gray night,
like the tiny angels shivering in falling
from God knows how high up in the sky.
They drape my tracks in crystal robes
sensing this night I need to be alone.

Insomniac street lamps mingle down the walks.
The air, still and exposed, amplifies
the angels settling around them as they talk,
hoping to catch secrets told.
The twilight watchmen flash me winks of pale orange glow.
I nod my head in passing,
grateful for beacons guiding me through descending snow.

Snow piles indented with halos and rippled wings
remind me of that day you laughed at me
when I too lay down to create my heavenly being.
I'll never shed that playful child,
just like the love for you that left me tempted—left me wild.

The frozen air paints my breath,
numbs my memory to seasons without you that have passed.
I wonder at the flakes lingering on my nose.
Could any of them be the same,
be one that fell on us the first night you held me close?

This snow's a restless guest—visits annually,
but leaves before becoming too attached.
Now I see the snow's habits are your own.

These barren streets echo your present absence,
but you said you were holding on forever.
When next winter draws icicles down my eyes,
faith hints your return will melt them.
It will reacquaint me with you like these angels that pass,
let me abandon my Lenten walk through this frozen wasteland.

Silent Night

It's Christmas Eve again.
The promise for a saviour descends,
a man whose miracle will bring peace among men.
But still I wander hopeless on this holy night,
chasing spirals of cascading white.
I'm searching for a light to restore my faith,
these times are battered—only doubt's safe.

The city is dark and innocent.
Houses have drawn shades upon their eyes,
they rest patient like children's heads on pillows,
dreaming of the tinkling bells outside,
hoping ol' Saint Nick soon arrives.

The faith of youth is stunning.
believing when they cannot see.
On this night of joy and wonder,
I wonder if it's too late for me.

While girls and boys sleep in thought,
I walk by the insomniac homeless sitting around the block.
They stare blankly through hazy gray smoke,
puffing out tomorrow and the years after birth.
It's a reality so bitter I wish I could choke.

My salt-stained boots leave dampened halos,
over newspaper headlines—inky and scattered.
Another bombing beyond the eastern sun,
100 more dead—has this war claimed enough blood?

A familiar dinging up the hill tugs a smile,
my eyes rise to see two red towers hugging in the sky.
Cathedral bells carol silent night,
a lullaby to cradle the world in heavenly peace,
I feel a breath of hope enter—my fears the bells seize.

I walk towards home—bells streaming in my ear,
passing the old cemetery, I glimpse a twinkle in the rear.
A small tree stands glowing—brilliant rainbow of light
Like the eastern star summoned three men wise,
I'm drawn to this angel of the night.

Surrounded by blackness and those who've passed on,
this soldier stands faithful and strong.
I start believing that He gives light to those in the dark.
I see how this tree might be my saviour
to help me reach the redeeming grace of dawn.

I pray for all when I reach my bed,
the distant reverb of the bells
lulls me finally to faithful rest.

Dear Louise

Your eyes were glazed and shallow
like the stuffed animals we hugged as kids.
Do you even remember those times
or were you too distracted by the blood decoupageing your lips?

I stood right before you,
your gaze floated through me like a ghost.
Thank God my eyes magnetized and focused
else I might've missed the disaster playing host.

These miles tore us worlds apart
but our final breath of childhood sent me running,
only you could preserve and tenderize my aging heart.
The determined sand sprinted faster though,
I arrived to find you clutching a glass mug—empty and broke.

Did it taste sweet like soda?
It must feel like cuddling as it swims down your throat.
You had always been above this,
but approval made you sip the drink I loath.

You sang profanities with operatic force,
threw punches at those you'd hugged hours before.
They painted their knuckles with violet hues,
Can you blame them for making their canvas your face?

I stood between you and them like a wall the years tear down,
memories of summer sleepovers held me strong.
You fought against me hard, as hard as you fell,
carrying you to your car, I thought of leaving you there.

Did you hear me say I love you?
You screamed to go back.
I drove fast like you wanted
but back to the sober world you couldn't stand.

The morning dew cleared your stomping head.
Wearing last night's clothes, you lingered out my motel door.
I didn't have to see to know you looked a cheap whore.
The echo of your fist—the only answer you got.
Driving home I whispered goodbye in my thoughts.

Stitching Over

Telephone poles march by,
faithful soldiers bound by yarn of truth and lies.
They caution my tongue in softening,
not to birth my own too soon.
The secrets I've kept from unraveling
turn to lessons by tomorrow afternoon.

Miles above my restless mind
white jet stream threads through Heaven's eye.
Silver nose point pierces the periwinkle fabric of the sky,
mends the holes I've torn for breath,
patches up mistakes I couldn't lay to rest.

A crumpled road map—needing ironing
pleats the passenger seat at my side,
the only companion I could tolerate,
but the one life's taught proves worthless as a guide.

There's comfort in the spinning rhythm of my wheels,
constant and expected like needles knitting
clicking in unison by intuition of what fingers feel.
My wheels weave stray gravel into asphalt tapestry,
lay the path ahead for me to drive,
but courage determines if I find out where it leads.

There's time for everything under the sun;
now's my time for starting over.
Slipping a thimble over my heart,
I blaze onward---one eye on the horizon.
My comfort is not knowing what will come.

In the Starry Starry Night

Eleven golden children
ride restless across the blanket of night,
glance longingly down
at the unsuspecting town,
remembering when they too walked
among the living.

A twisting tower spirals upwards,
stretching forth fingers
hoping to catch a shining orb.

Rolling hills hide an awakening sun
that will grace the land with a smile,
but halt the journey
of the children preoccupied
in their race across the sky.

The moon taunts them onwards
until the sun rises.

Copper Plated Faith

Frost on the windowpanes snuggles and slants,
hides the people's lives from strangers passing the glass.
The ashen sky overhead,
mourns like my soul today.

I wander down a crinkled white road,
avoiding dimples bearing tears chilled from Heaven's breath.
A skeletal town emerges—taunts my sight,
its vacant buildings seem to invite.

My scuffed boots track clods of doubt
into the town. I think of those who've let me down.
Inside my chest drums an alabaster heart,
anemic from the loving that tore me apart.

A church lingers—painted with snow.
The windows are aged by icicle veins,
but the steeple's erect under the cross it bears.
Could I baptize my faith back in them with a single tear?

A broken shack sleeps across the road,
cedar vertebrates crumple on a back meant to last.
A rusty hue stains the snow beside,
the sun winking off it mesmerized my eye.

Hundreds of pennies plate the tarnished ground,
copper profiles of Lincoln stare me down.
Numb fingers pinch one portrait shed,
squinting—pupils read in God we trust haloing his head.

Carved with a hopeful blade—like lovers in brittle bark,
perhaps abandoned by believers who'd lost their own.
These pennies corrode my doubt of yesterday,
what's inside and above are binding and stay.

Frostbitten stars sprinkle over my indented tattoos,
soon they're invisible—snow renewed.
My fingers burrow pockets for warmth,
caressing metal as I walk through this storm.

Perennial Love

My fertile soil—the color of coffee beans,
was plowed and watered for two decades
constantly yearning for a heart of green.

Grainy dust filled my lungs
like hourglasses choking my dream.
Seasonal droughts left me thirsty,
I pleaded for justification from the sun.

The air kissed humid on my tongue
when August skies blinked tears for me.
You budded unexpected amongst ripples of faces.
My prayers you answered while my leaves were still young.

Our fibrous roots knotted together in a maze,
I never knew where you were leading
but I loved getting lost underground.
Suns presumably rose and fell—I didn't count the days.

Like clematis daredevils we scaled higher on the breeze.
The porous earth tried to anchor us,
but drinking dew from each other's veins,
our limbs strengthened and the stars we sought to seize.

We fought encroaching weeds that choked.
The love feeding us—they wanted for their own.
One blew my heart like a dandelion seed,
white and uncertain I followed his breath.
I parachuted back though to roots dug deep.
Life without you was hollow and broke.

Spring peaches stained the sky again,
our petal lids open revealing pupils of hope.
Raw and resilient as wildflowers on the hill,
this passion's perennial.

I Dreamt I Said Goodbye

(In loving memory of my grandpa, Henry Stricker)

You left home at twelve summers,
jute fibers tugged the burlap upon your back.
Raw knuckles wiped the past away;
it pooled in teardrops leaking through your brow in tracks.

Nebraska sun glazed your face bronze,
varnished out bruises your step-father seared on.
the country breeze ruffled the sugar beet leaves
as callused feet trudged towards your uncle's farm.
Did you recall this journey as you passed beyond the dawn?

Sixty three years later you cradled my head.
Eyes of two generations met in curious gaze.
Were you fearful for the pain I might someday bleed
or hopeful I too would find my way through the maze?

The mirror watched my legs sprouting like weeds,
your face kept creasing like origami paper overused.
Each day we were different but the years drew us close.
The thought of you leaving forever left me confused.

It was whispered your days left were few.
I wrestled with sheets and tattered words of goodbye
trying to prepare for my last visit with you.
The night you left, I dreamt I knelt by your side.

As angels reeled your breath onto a spool,
I saw my head bow down on your chest.
"Goodbye Grandpa"—my pillows heard me say,
I woke after—unknowingly—as from peaceful rest.

"Grandpa passed away this morning."
Dad's words swirled the world beyond the phone,
My mind drowned in prayers and regret.
But remembering your smile of chapped lips
that lingered content in my dream,
told me you were ready to go home.