

my dreams float

my dreams float
just below the surface of consciousness
like ice floes
drifting out to sea.

asleep on an airplane
they are the clouds beneath me
always there and out of reach
real surreal and everywhere
half-seen in drowsy glimpses.

invisible as gravity
insatiable as imagination
they are the wings that hold me to this earth
they can take me anywhere
but they always bring me home.