

FALLING ASLEEP

Think what happens every night,
spurred on by nothing
but a hankering for slumber.

Our focus yawns and yellows
in the hand of necessity;
we slip,
a cornerstone shifts
and we lose the certainty of "I".

Then it seems as if our minds,
like a room, are rearranged

by inexorable hands,
the end result
unfamiliar.

We fall,
and land in different lands,
the dictatorship of time and place
finally eluded.

*The town may have changed
but the well cannot be changed
It neither decreases nor increases.
They come and go and draw from
the well.*

Down
 there
we may never find a destination
but must expect the drop,
be it sudden as a fever
or slow, kind and welcoming,
like a good drug.

Down
 there
 nothing knows
 better than we can ever say.
The die is cast and continues to plummet,

whether it ends in bruises or bullion.

Alan Murphy