sleepwalking

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sleepwalking

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sleepwalking

in the dark of
the night
while no one is
listening she wakes
and creeps
trough the house... softly...
quietly... she closes
her eyes and now
she is one
slowly
out the door
the night greets her
the scent of a dwindling summer
brushes her lips
the last remnants of the
afternoon’s rain
break free from their
captors in the trees
and caress her hair
she reaches out and
her fingertips graze
a star... she tries to grasp hold
of something unseen
somehow it eludes
her
it dances away and
stifles a giggle
while the halo
of the moon
guides her way
she stops
and watches
her feet dissolve into the grass
and she realizes
that
she never
opened her eyes at
all