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September's Slumber

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September's Slumber

The first day of September
Like morning's damp chill, I break from the dream world
Like children who whisper inside the classroom
I can't make out the words (I hear whispers)
Like two flies trying to get outside
Was it a woods I was gently dreaming of?
Like a voice talking to you in the dark, whose voice is it?
Am I still dreaming of your hand in mine
Like two worlds connected with one touch
Like an image in death—we reach for the light-b
But something physical brings us back
I lay breathing your breaths
As you breathe like a mother kissing her slumbering babe.
I, too, want to nurture you, caress you, to help you
To live in this tortured world made easy
By being joined in thoughts like sparklers, they
Have energy we shoot
Them out to show one another what
They look like
But
They
Disappear
Like fireflies in the dark.
I want each day to be like the first day in September.