

Reverie

by Sher Ting

You lay at the edge of dew-mellowed grass,
body sinking into earth and gravity,
the light herded beneath your ankles

The dreams you have in the day are the lives you seek
in the land between sleep and wake,
the tales we tell ourselves with leaf-petals pressed to our cheek,
hearts beating beneath our lids,
jaws heavy with a crest of citrus sun

Morning opens like a prayer and
words escape your chest like soft incantations
drifting upwards in pyric verse,
honesty growing like the outward petals
of a mimosa in gilded light

The world chases its own worship, but
you chase the swallow-tail of roads untravelled,
wine seeping from the gash of life's whistling blade,
mind billowing like a sail,

you are the lone seaman
beyond the emerald shore,

with hands lathered
in the spume of morning,
you canvas a sea-stormed sky