

# Morphine

*by* Michael Tusa

Can't I dream  
and be left dreaming?

Until the light grows faint and dim.

to leave me

falling in the curtain  
dropping off the moon.

Can't I dream  
and be left dreaming?

Until the ivy hides me in

to leave me

sleeping in the garden  
softly drifting in the flume.

Can't I dream  
and be left dreaming?

Until the dreams start growing thin.

and all is lost but paradise  
and I dream to dream again.

