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.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/michael-tusa/morphine»*
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