

## my dreams float

my dreams float  
just below the surface of consciousness  
like ice floes  
drifting out to sea.

asleep on an airplane  
they are the clouds beneath me  
always there and out of reach  
real surreal and everywhere  
half-seen in drowsy glimpses.

invisible as gravity  
insatiable as imagination  
they are the wings that hold me to this earth  
they can take me anywhere  
but they always bring me home.