

April Ossmann

When Your People Call My People to Arrange a Meeting

Know that lately,
I am giving myself
to sleep as I once
gave myself in love,
my body flung eagerly
into bed; limbs limp and heavy
with pleasure; the bedclothes
on waking arranged exactly
as I entered them.
I am in love now
with rest, with release
from the tireless ego—
let us meet while we sleep
(which seems lately to be less
a rehearsal for death,
than a preview
of immortality), and see
what our souls see,
where we are
our inward selves only,
and all our selves
are not at war—
when all our loyalty
belongs to dreaming.