

Woman in the Dark

I dream the waters beneath the earth
rise up, that the rooms are flooded.
Waves lap against the dresser legs,
shoes swirl around in the current.
A river splashes down the stairs
to the entryway,
where we come and go
from our various days.
But what stirs me is not the water's sound,
it is these tears that wet my hands
and sink my heart that wake me:
half-dead of thirst, half-drowned.

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