

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/2

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Sleep Like the Living

To *sleep like the dead*.

Is it a good thing or a bad thing?

I consider the banality

Of the phrase outside of cliché

Taking hold of its permanence.

To *sleep like the dead* would mean

Slumber never waking, same position,

Same faded pajamas, glasses on the

Nightstand, book tossed haphazardly

On tussled sheets.

No more use for my old jeans,

No need for eyeglasses, and

It wouldn't matter what page I was on.

So much to consider in such

A brief declaration.

Then I remember dreaming.

Do I really want to

Abandon all hope of dreams?

To be entombed in emptiness of thought

Prostrate under a death shroud

Without expectation of light?

The reality of it sounds

So lonely, so final. Denouement.

But to dream is to be

Unquestionably alive,

Synapses firing, blood coursing,

Warm breath in a theater

Of subconscious film reels

Playing night after night.

Free admission.

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Dream is a welcome mat
For the restless sleeper,
A puppet show of tomorrows deeds.
Perhaps, instead, I should claim to
Sleep like the living.