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Waking, Going On

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Waking, Going On

Even before sleep ends,
You know.
It's there. Something
That won't let go.

Morning light stirs,
Presses in. Entirely.
Square it away, won't you?
Say it's better like this,
Leaving some things behind
Still snugged in dreams
That brought them about.

There is a problem with passage.
Some things refuse to break,
Separate, establish dual kingdoms.
You're left like that,
Dragging pieces into day
Here, there, hovering.

Months, maybe years on
You realize life is difficult enough
Without carrying dream cargo too.
Your gait slows.
What you carry, what you leave behind
Becomes the same.

Christopher Woods