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The Sleepwalker

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The Sleepwalker

Sometimes in the quiet abandonment of night
when the elms weave gauzily against the sky
and the years turn over like blown leaves,
I see him sleeping under the trees
grown up around the house of my birth.
He rises, holding only the rain in his arms,
and deftly climbs the knotted stairs
into the cathedral of the locust.

Waking,

uncertain to which world he belongs,
he teeters momentarily on a branch
and then, like huge ridiculous fruit,
he falls the ten feet back to earth.
In the sudden applause of insect hum
he lays there, a soloist, recalling nothing.
He stalks the memory of himself.

Above the porch one light burns, a single match
lit against all the world's darkness
and out of that darkness
he travels in dignity and confusion.