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## Pale

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## Pale

Gabrielle Lehmann

In waking dreams you kiss my nose  
 Caress my face, my fancy grows  
 I close my eyes and count to ten  
 On opening, you've gone again  
 And so it seems the stuff of dreams  
 No more is mine, I shred my seams  
 I no more wish to dream it so  
 If I shall have you nevermore

I wake alone in my old bed  
 No longer does it feel like home  
 And how should I shake off this dread  
 As out the window comfort's thrown  
 And as I fear, solutions near  
 Will only cast a fleeting glow  
 I close my eyes and you appear  
 I open; gone, forevermore

My haunt to follow all my days  
 In sleep I dream we part  
 My mornings pass in whiteout haze  
 I miss my paper heart  
 But have you taken all of me  
 I should not miss it sore  
 If I, your love the addressee  
 Should ever see it more,  
 No love, no, nevermore

A chasm left within my home  
 I no more wish to sleep alone  
 So curl up against the ache  
 Lest I should lie all night awake  
 If you could measure half the cost  
 I should not feel it such a loss  
 In absence will my comfort grow  
 Or shall I long forevermore

Should I miss you years from now  
 (The more nostalgia would allow)  
 I treat it as a friend well known  
 A tomb of flowers overgrown

For hours I while away my thought  
On dreams all lost and longing naught  
Thoughts that hold me here, forever  
Should I ever leave this spot,  
No, not here, not ever

Yet should I close my eyes and see  
Familiar tracks no more  
Exactly as my life, my dreams  
Rewrite more than I show  
A shadow passes years ahead  
And through the tears I know  
Death behind me now lies dead  
And as this prose so shall I go  
And shall I love you nevermore  
No love, not you, no, nevermore

## While You Were Sleeping

Marty Gross

Pt 1

While you were sleeping there was a bit of an accident.  
I was naughtminded at the time, my service was of none to your folkses.  
Tonight, my apologies square unto you, I shall stare into you  
and you into me,  
and there shall be  
the hum.

Bums were mumbling, when it happened,  
while you were asleep  
and under the stairs.  
I creeped up behind them  
and I stared,  
but I balked,  
and continued to stare.

Scared, I was and why would I not be?  
Mumblin bums,  
Affronting your mother,  
father,  
auntie,  
brother john,  
little sister  
doris,  
scooter,  
the rutabaga crop.