

1992

Among the Tendrils of Sleep

J. Trevett Allen
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Allen, J. Trevett (1992) "Among the Tendrils of Sleep," *Exile*: Vol. 39 : No. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol39/iss1/17>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Among the Tendrils of Sleep

Moonlight bends
to the tide of night
scattering illumination
on the soft, cool pillow.

The sundial lies useless
bereft of meaning by the night.
The fields outside gain depth
with cricket's song.
The stars push black back infinitely.

Empty.
Lonely.
Let your dreamland comfort
and loll and rock you
as you pour your passions,
trembling,
onto the nightstand.

Dream with your spirit wandering.
Walked sprawled upon your bed
feet bare and tender
sticking out from the covers.

Travel roads of feather-straw
saving women with soft,
maple-brown hair.
Sap flows to honey, she comes.
Sleep lights your heavens now.

The moon melts on your pillow
and you brush her hair
from your eyes
with the thoughtless concentration of half-waking,
while her sweet flesh,
yielding and insistently sweat-stuck
to your damp moonlit hide,
becomes more sensible than life.

-J. Trevett Allen '95