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Do I Know This Place?

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DO I KNOW THIS PLACE?

I have the feeling I am fast asleep but may not be, may or may not be rising through levels of sleep and non-sleep to the racket of wind and the rattle of doors and the glitter of snow frozen solid as stone. I am trying to escape into another season of the year where ferns shake their fronds and cowbells mock the cows they are driving home. A redbird trills, ducks parade, and I ask myself, Is this where I need to be? I try to believe I am dozing on a mossy bank, but all I can remember is the rush of the wind and the sullenness of snow. The barometer is beginning to fall, darkness is coming on, and the blue Toyota has skidded into a wall of ice. The wrecking crew is counting the day's profits, the coroner waits with his boots on and I am thinking of sleep, gray, moth-like, alighting on an outstretched finger, then on a breath slipping away.