

An Awakening

Keith Waterland

Flooded with light through rusty eyes, I fall out of bed.
Bare feet stumble over carpet. I move toward coffee.
The kind of elixir that sloughs off my night hawks
and eases me between the tumbled remains of my
dreams.

I falter and hesitate on the edge of sleep
where dreams pull me under
like soft eiderdown and chocolate.

Sleep lies thick at the corner of my eyes,
as I continue toward the coffee.
My slack-jawed face, pillow molded
and framed by wild tufts of morning hair,
threatens my feet with drool.

Sleep clings to me like a stubborn burr
and won't be shaken off casually.

I move toward coffee
as demons and lovers wrestle
just below my eyelids awaiting their exorcism,
scalded and rebuked by the blood of the Bean.