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What One Day Tells the Next

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WHAT ONE DAY TELLS THE NEXT

Before sleep I tidy up, wash dishes, invite tomorrow's breakfast in, set up a little shrine to cocoa and coffee and oatmeal, while upstairs sleep awaits, where dreams spirit me through the mansion of my many years, ransack hidden closets, resurrect so many dead–surprising how lively, and so well–mix scenes so vivid you'd never guess they're from school yards where I haven't skinned a knee in fifty years.

I am hapless there, unsurprised by talking dogs, weightless and then unable to stay aloft, telepathic yet tongue-tied—and, worst of all, without memory, waking with no recall, only able to walk downstairs and see the signs I set up for myself the night before, the pots and dry dishes that say nothing has changed, my appliances still heat and cool and toast and peel, just as they did before I sailed away on my epic pilgrimage of sleep.

-Will Walker Provincetown, MA



Untitled -Nicole Kelly College of Saint Benedict