

All The Things You Could Be Right Now If Sophia Charlotte's Husband Was Your Father

Have you ever been awakened by the sunlight softly brushing at your cheek
Has the morning air embraced you with its stillness
having hovered from some lofty place to settle lightly as the covers from under which you peek

Do you know the fleeting caress of silken sheet upon your toes
as a yawn's receding pressure settles deep within your bones
It makes the world go fuzzy
every sinew in your body
singing, crying out in harmony

You've never felt so full of rest
but sleep in zealous reverie still lays upon your eyes
You pull a pillow to your chest and wrap the cover closer
thinking I will keep a nest so cozy that a robin would weep in jealousy

You smile gently

Not a single nosy soul will stir you
nor any obligation lure you
with their ill intent to move your head
You've never witnessed such predation
try to steal your treasured glee
The whole of existence lies within your bed
if you feel content to sleep again then it will be

Who wouldn't dream of such a thing?

Deciding you've laid long enough you sit up pull your knees up to your chest
your feet still hiding they've stayed strong in their decision to keep dressed
The sheets provide a pastel pattern to display where they're residing

You run a hand across the threads
clearing creases with your touch
The blues and reds of accent pieces dance across the heads of daisies
such that one could conjure fields on any plain old beds

Your mind has often spent the wandering hours steeped in thoughts of flowers

pondering what it is that makes them beautiful
what gives such a little thing the power to be admired by you or any other plain old head

Someone called you a flower once

You don't remember who or where or when
but still you're sure it happened
Memories which put your hair on end could hardly be imagined
And though you're saddened that the passing years have worn that moment such that just a single
sound which you protect can be
that solitary noise is all it takes to make you clutch the edges of your gown almost reflexively

Who wouldn't dream of such a thing?

And from underneath the fabric slips the word
three letters sleeping on your skin
A phrase you've never heard
but still it burns upon your tongue like sin
The word appears as young as years ago
so too those days have never blurred
the ones where waking changed as dreams came seeping in

When darkness fell you felt a sense of calm
despite the unfamiliar place and set of hands you didn't know
despite the funny feeling face and singing metal in your palm
despite the ringing word you felt compelled to say as if some sacred psalm was stuffed into a
space inside your head
But as you moved your mouth no sound was made
the peace you felt before was swiftly dying
silence all around but in your mind the word was fiercely crying
You knew it must be said
you took the blade and tried to make it so

A dream like this is strange enough but stranger still
you thought you saw the word
though only slightly darker it was change enough to read it on your skin
The word so softly, gently printed
but with an exclamation
You spent the fleeting day in thought without a chance of explanation

Even now you're not sure what this is

The second night was equally intense
and when you woke the word was clearer
Fourteen days passed by like this and every sleeping wince invoked the word to creep up nearer
Now it sits atop the surface
singing silently of serrated ceremony
A nagging thing which haunts you in the mirror
or simply put: a scar

And now each night you lie awake
pretending not to ponder why it ended
acting like you never wonder why you wander waking hours shaking
sour aching empty making thoughts of raking tower
You just don't have the power to have that splendid dream again

And how could you explain that it was splendid to any man with half a brain
you'd brand yourself as more than half insane to say that every bit of raking brought you further
down until your bed was high as heaven
so in the screeching pain you felt euphoric at the thought of waking up
Somehow the blade made sunlight brighter
sheets softer
flowers prettier

Who wouldn't dream of dreaming such a thing?