

SLEEP

Stanley P. Anderson

There is an unreal place where, standing still,
the scarecrow goes long after sighted day
has closed its one bright eye behind a hill
west of where he stands. His two eyes play
with manufactured images within.

A blackbird hovering against the sun
becomes a flock of roses, which begin
to bloom, the taint of death on every one,
before they wing away. Suddenly,
he sees his love with roses in her hair,
half clad, telling him she wants to be
deflowered in the garden, anywhere,
but when he starts into the light of day
unwelcome in the east, she flies away.

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