

**Dreamscape**  
**by Burl Levine**

this morning I awoke,  
wiping the night  
from my eyes,  
the sunlight cremating  
the shadows of my dreams

the dawn's embryonic essence  
began permeating my senses  
and all too soon  
the day was upon me,  
already being sent into  
its morning of tomorrow  
and I, sentenced to  
my mourning of today

in sympathy,  
nature saturated the air  
with its moisture  
and the dampness made  
my tears seem less wet

the flood now over,  
I desired to leave  
the ark of my sorrow,  
and I did,  
by dreaming of you