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With Eyes Awake Watching Dark

Heather Burkette

Grand Valley State University

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Then came Charles
his eyes were dream-
Empire was spread
superbowl marching
time.

staring at Jrlka and
the vest and wonder-
the young man who
wept for the young

drow old and loose his

the young man would
like Andrew Wyeth,
like the sad Joseph
be a street sweeper
for all the foreigners

started to take the vest
began to weep himself.

With Eyes Awake Watching Dark

With eyes awake watching dark
listening to you breathe
I wonder what you're dreaming,
if it's dreams at all.
It could be only sleep
but I always hope for more.
I want to believe it's me,
the one holding your dreams
just like you hold me now.
Only tighter and closer.

I want to wake you
just to tell you I love you
and to see if you agree
the same in your dreams
as in our real lives.

Morning always changes things;
I'm dreaming of you,
about how we're meant for us
and you wonder what fiction
can keep me from you,
can hold my attention
while my real thing holds me.
It's just you in my dreams
and if I would open my eyes wide,

then I can't imagine
ever wanting to dream again.