

Morning Dreams

Early morning before
The sun wants to rise.
Legs tangled
Like fallen branches,
With arms perfectly
In line.
A steady rhythm
Of inhales and exhales.
Eyes shut tight
To hold in dreams.
Movement disrupts
A puzzle-like fit.
Dreams escape,
Kissing lids.
Mouths curve
To a slow smile.
No words break
The warm silence.
Eyes close slowly,
A wafting leaf.
Drifting back into peace.