

How should I stand before my subconscious when being sketched for a dream?  
Dreaming is the stuff of autonomous fiction, writing and illustrating  
a full story by morning, or, when lucky, two  
And when a third appears, more than crumbs are never left behind  
My most fickle strain of memory camouflages  
insecurities and secrets, mine and others'; but mostly mine,  
and it nurtures a most physical anxiety,  
the cluster of half-stress forms in my stomach  
and raises to my throat where it stays before  
Punctuating itself in an exhale that feigns suffocation and renders my lungs sober  
Dreams make me feel the way Sunday evenings do;  
The way dirty dishes do;  
The way my guilt does  
Yet I wouldn't change dreaming for:  
it makes me feel the way hammocks do;  
The way *those* sunrises do;  
The way limerence can when *someone* confiscates my gaze, buckling sense  
I look forward to dreams because I'm fond of shapeless souvenirs