

A Dreaming Life

In this dreaming life
the days float,
the nights carry us
in bubbles of sleep
that rise and fall with the breaths
that come and go
in our chests.

But the days do not only float;
they come and go,
so softly that we never stir ourselves
to see that what moves in glassine perfection
is the passage of time.

And then the bubbles burst,
and the soft breaths slow,
and our eyelids flutter.

The dream recedes,
we wake and behold
that time has run out,
and is no more.

Cynthia Vautier,
Written for her daughter,
Fiona Cofield
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