

On the Receiving of Dreams

By Christine Bianca Pelliccio

Here I am,
Wondering and receiving.
Floundering,
“When will you leave?”

Etching and sketching
The graphite bars of perspicuity,
Which house my populated
dreams.

Scratching and sailing
The canvas stretched thin and wide,
Which I ought destroy but
don't.

Counting and checking
The calculation of affections,
Which cannot help but
happen.

Tearing (up) and tearing
The black and white papers,
On which my finest gems
but are.

Releasing and exhaling
The breath of unforsaken,
Which I had forgotten I was
given.