

Of Dreaming and Tides

Alicia Dyer

Tonight, I rest on the beds of your shore -
And just as the moon pulls the tides, I dream.

In my dreams I am home, in the bright coral reefs -
In my dreams I am many, and we do not sleep.

In my dreams we are whole,
And home is what we are -

In my dreams we are plenty, no matter how scarred -

As I dream, I remember the pull of the tides ;
I remember my school – we were many,
we did not sleep.

But tonight, I am resting on the beds of your shore -
Tonight, I am dry, and soon will dream no more.