

# Awakening

by Julia Hoyt

A wisp of memories  
tied with feelings.  
Sliding away,  
slipping into consciousness.  
Pulling me up  
out of a dream.

The *brang, brang*  
of the alarm  
is incorporated into the foggy mist,  
clouding up my head.

Stories told into my sheets.

My eyes are opening,  
but my dream  
is gripping, drawing,  
nagging my head back to the pillow;  
the paper  
where the story is told each night  
by my restless thoughts.

But each morning,  
shaken away,  
like ripples on the water.  
Crumbling the opaque surface,  
until  
my dream  
is nothing but fragments;  
remnants  
of what my heart  
was trying to tell me.

Like an unfinished book,  
with pages torn out.  
A memory of a memory.

The message is unclear,  
and I must fill the spaces,  
writing in  
what I don't remember.

Or,  
I can let my head rest,  
back onto my pillow  
and the water  
lay flat, again  
allowing me to peer deep  
into the calm ocean  
of my dreams.