

Dreaming

Mum I'm dreaming, I'd shout
although I was wide awake.
And would tiptoe down the hallway
to my parents' room
and climb into their bed
next to my mother.
And bury my nose
in the soft pillow
that smelt of her.

And now years on
in that time before sleeping
I am visited by ghosts of the past.
I don't know if I'm awake or dreaming
but they seem to be real.
There they are
my mum and dad
in the room with me
just as I remember them.
And looking for all the world
as if they're still alive.
I strive to reach out and touch
my mother's face
but she vanishes
into the night air.
And all that's there
is the sound of my breathing.

And now at night
I perfume my pillow
to remind me of those times
when I on the edge of sleep
would creep into my parents' bed.

And I weep.