Night-time Adventures

*by Liz Gibbons*

At night as I lie upon my bed,

My physical focus having been shed,

My breathing slows, my heart still beats,

As I enter into a rejuvenating sleep.

Soon for this quieted audience of one,

Strange night-time shows begin to come.

From whence they do appear,

Has never been made clear.

Some dreams come in gently as on the wings of a dove

And wrap themselves around me like a comforting glove.

I fly, dance, travel to faraway places,

Surrounded by fantasy and interesting spaces.

Or I am wrought with darkest drama

Reminding me of the retribution of karma.

I am beset with feelings of fear, hurt, or evil,

That leave me shaking like a cornered weasel.

Dreams range from the darkest horrors to the ethereal heights.

I flee from fancied perils, and revel in unfathomable delights.

For the moment this is my true reality,

Until I awaken to my physical conditionality.