

Twilight Interlude

By Marilyn Reeves

In that twilight interlude
Between wakefulness and sleeping,
Letting go the cares of day,
Is that your warmth I feel beside me
As I drift away?

And if I sense a stirring
In the shadows of the night
Is that you who's watching over me,
Until the morning light?

In that twilight interlude
As the sun comes slowly creeping,
And I awake from sleeping,
Could that be your precious breath ... renewed,
Softly stirring strands of hair?

Or is it just the early morning air
Whispering in my ear,
Reminding me
That it was but a dream,
For you're no longer here?