

## Help Me to Stay Awake

Help me  
to stay  
awake. I  
cannot remember  
how to  
articulate certain  
gestures would  
help me,  
oh, help me to stay  
awake. I cannot  
be the person in  
my dreams.

See me  
object to the  
daylight by  
blinking my eyes.  
I fall asleep  
briefly forgetting  
the noise of the  
day that would  
buzz in  
my ears  
like sparks of  
lightning that  
jump between my  
head and the wall  
three times  
as I doze off  
before waking  
again briefly  
I dream of  
returning home  
to walk in  
the fresh,  
damp air  
again.

Crossing mountains  
in my mind,  
high over the  
fuzzy trees,  
I remember the  
smell of snow  
melting in late  
winter, how  
it would remind  
us of coming spring,  
the way the snow  
would crust with  
dirt, like the  
coating on an  
ice-cream bar,  
then melt away.

See the sky turn  
to cobalt blue  
in the east.  
A red glow  
flames in  
the windows  
reflecting the  
western sunset.

Dinner shared  
just hours before  
in the dining room  
adjacent to a cluttered kitchen.  
Family revolves around Mother  
who works hard,  
because Father is gone.

The faint smell  
of wood smoke  
finds me here.  
It is not  
yet dark.

--Joseph H. Rosevear