

Mathew Weitman  
From Sleep to Sleep

My father let me nap with the goats  
I named & all afternoon I dreamt I was  
A field of chicory hiding mice

From red-tailed hawks  
It was nighttime when he woke me  
Lifted from a bale of hay I was

Carried through the summer dark  
With the wheeze of toads  
*Your nap confused the birds*

My father said as a wood-thrush sang  
*& made your hair smell like crickets*  
That night it rained on our desert

I turned on the porchlight  
For moths to gather under our tin-roof  
& I had this thought that all rain in Texas

Came from a single lake  
The depth of which depended  
On the size of clouds

& I fell back asleep unable to answer  
How water could be pulled from coyote fur  
When it was time to refill the basin