

Questions of Waking · *William Logan*

I wake, having dreamt again of a conclave
Sessioned in a narrow room
While a moon like a narrow heart faltered

To the horizon. What hold has death
Over this easy breathing? An empty cry sounds
From the orchard, a labored inhalation as if

Something were whining for air. That is the burden
Of dreams. Every morning an animal lies
Battered on the road—oppossum, squirrel, raccoon.

Their bodies annoy, as do the dogs howling
At the pitch of the sirens, some atavistic chorus
Aroused by a voiceless stirring. There is

No escape here from the feelings of animals.
After sleep has been used to avoid
An hour alone, who can help feeling diminished?

I wake among walls as null as dreams,
But until the moment of recognition arrives,
I am satisfied with the dull procession

Of imagination, as if that accomplished all
That needed to be done. Then the cars grind by,
Their faulty mufflers booming,

And the rooster empties his voice
Into the surrounding yards. What use
To struggle against a meeting of possibility

And death? The harvest moon,
Swollen and globular, has spent its orange light.
It must return in a different year.