1993

Dream Keeper

Jessica L. Jacobsen

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1993/iss1/20
Dream Keeper

My bed.
The keeper of all my dreams, nightmares, fears, hopes.
It knows more about me than any person.
When I lie down at night,
It takes from me
My last portion of daily energy.
Mesmerizes me.
Feeds me with medicines of relaxation and unconsciousness.
Puts me into a state of lifelessness.

As I dream,
My bed pulls ideas from my head.
It must store them
Somewhere deep inside itself.
In its mind.
Some dreams it takes from me
Before I even realize what is happening.

If I could only rip open my bed.
Pull forth all of my dreams from its soul,
Or wherever they are kept.
I’d take back what rightly belongs to me.
Ideas, thoughts,
Ones I never knew I had
That mysteriously slipped away.
What secrets of mine would I find?
All those thoughts from deep within me
That disappeared.

Jessica L. Jacobsen