

Sestina of Innocent Dreams

The soft patter of rain thumps down on the window,
echoing out through the dark lonesome house.
A child stares up at the ceiling as the rain invades her dreams,
pounding loudly in her mind and keeping her from sleep.
She flings off her covers and snatches her book
as she stomps past her nightlight, flickering orange.

The lamp turns the pages from yellow to orange
when she clicks on the switch in her nook by the window.
The crinkled, worn pages of a well-loved book
sits cushioned in her lap as she looks around the house.
Unlike herself, it's frozen in a state of an endless sleep,
drifting away into the fantasizes of silly little dreams.

Her book holds these things, these firefly dreams
that light up the sky in a fury of orange
passion; her eyes flutter closed as she drifts off to sleep,
and the rain becomes drops of liquid flame on the window.
They leave thin trails of fire snaking down the house,
licking at the image of the small, dusty book.

The words on the pages seem to lift from the book,
swirling around in a jumble of dreams.
They tumble in clusters around the small house,
attracted like moths to the bright orange
flame that sits like a beacon perched gently in the window,
like a nightlight that lulls a child to sleep.

The soft lullaby of a dreamless sleep
is filled with the dictions of a children's book.
The colorful tales like a window
to the soul, and a handful of dreams
painted marmalade orange,
sticky like glue dripping from the seams of a cardboard house.

The rain softly beats down on the small wooden house,
slick on the grass in a puddle of sleep.
The liquid flame, once scorching and orange,
has been snuffed by the dust of the closed leather book.
The child is carried back up to her dreams
and the beacon of light disappears from the window.

The sun slowly rises in a soft hazy orange, sparking the dust on the book.
The quiet of the storm shakes through the house, indiscernible in sleep,
as the young child dreams of a fiery window.