

Anna Harkins

To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

after Shakespeare's Hamlet

Eyes closed, breathing deep, to slumber.
What goes on behind pale, black-lashed lids?
Under what spell does Morpheus hold the helpless lady,
swept away, where the tides of her dreams do bid.
Thoughts of darkness furrow the smooth white brow,
Clutching the blankets closer, she tosses and turns.
The dream weaves its spell, pulling her further down,
The lady surrenders, as her insides begin to churn.
She awakes, sweat cool upon her face,
What Visions, she thinks, do haunt my nights,
How strangely does my heart frightened race,
Taken to awful lands by fancy's flights.
Afraid to sleep, the lady sits, staring at the dark
Waiting for the morning birds call to hark.