

# Incoherency

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Tendrils of memory swirl just beyond my reach  
On the edge of sleep still teetering  
Drips into blue and then soaring high on white  
So out of touch, insubstantial  
This eerie world where sleep won't come  
Where consciousness eludes  
Not quite joy these feelings  
But sorrow is well known  
Never quite happy, always tainted blue  
White sears judgment beyond repair  
Drifting in and out  
Lethargy pins me down  
Though I cannot quell this urge  
To scream, am I really alive?  
Rays of copper crimson and gold stream down  
Saccharine melody rise as a symphony begins  
Dew gathers on leaves I'm sure  
I sign, I stretch, the day is here