

Somnambulism

By Helen J. Dixon

I walk through the day as if in a dream
A dream from which I can't seem to awaken

I drift from scene to scene

I'm in a daze.

I look at my life and can't believe
the emptiness that fills it.

Funny, so much emptiness
that it runs over.

I think of the days that were
so full of hope, promise of more

Then suddenly gone, no hope, no warning.

How can I pull myself out
of the abyss, drag myself
up the steep slope?

With every upward climb, I
slide further down.

Help me, what's to do?

I can't stand the facade.

I put on the face of contentment
but deep down, it's disenchantment.

I'm a fraud, a charlatan, a sham!

When will the dream end

The sleepwalking cease?