

DANIEL SCOTT TYSDAL

The Older You Get the Less You Float in Dreams Across the Ceiling to Watch Your Family Before They Sleep

As a child, you dreamed away your blankets;
emerging from sleep not in visible approach

but as an observer unlit by shape across the ceiling,
spying secretly your family in the living room they
returned to
after putting you to bed.

The way I hold you

is not a home, but you are a home for the way

I hold you; and the older you get the less and less
I believe in the day you will watch me watching you
die:

the watching in a way on both sides withering
as one withdraws from witnessing the other one

withdraw—so that what remains undreamed will never
again release heel prints into ceiling-paint dust, or

inflect with urgency the forfeited grounds of unseen
propulsion. At five years of age, I cried patterns against

the stomach within which you refracted from fluids my
life

(for the streamed breathing of what impels,

