

A Dreaming Pencil

by Llewellyn McKernan

enters the storm-tossed branch
scratching Emily's window, climbs
the little tree of Whitman's thumb,

sets sail on the small buoyant boat
floating on the wave of Sylvia's
despair. Like Keats it writes on

water, blue odes that reflect the sky.
It hides in the Valley of the Shadow
of Death when King David walks

through it. Sleepwalks at night
in your dreams where your body
becomes a living image on the sheet.

It slips away before you wake,
leaving the faint scent of wood,
just cut and ready to season.