

SUSAN GEROFSKY

Golden Slumbers

What seems so real

If
On the edge of sleep
Sounds
Come to the mind's ear without source

Nor substance
Could they be
Fragmented rags of the cloth of dreams?

Ears falling into slumber

This
Wisdom from a small child's
Words
From Reggio Emilia children

"The ears are
Last to sleep
And the first part of us to waken."

When I was a child and my cousin slept over

Voice --
A hallucination?
Or
Imagination wildly spun

Of the slow
Dripping tap
Turned into a story of strangers?

*Note: A goldie is a poem that uses the first 8 digits of the decimal expansion of the golden ratio, $\phi = 1.6180339$, as the syllable counts per line. "Golden Slumbers" is a *linked goldie* composed of three goldies linked by their titles.*