

As I sleep

by [Margaret Rockwell Finch](#) in the [July 29, 2008](#) issue

Turning as I sleep, I take
Across my eyes the silent words
Sung by our old sun's golden birds—
They hope I will awake.

Learning, I have longed to shake
An apple from the sacred tree
That sings sleep into unity—
Before my true day-break:

Yearning, at the end, to make
My entrance in a gown of light
Woven of day, woven of night—
Hearing, at last, "*Awake!*"