

On the airplane someone else sleeps

by [Cleo Griffith](#) in the [August 10, 2004](#) issue

How does this other woman dream
and does it seem
a secret place
of cloud-swept lace?

Where do the roads go down below?
Awake, I know:
in sleep's ravine
I'd miss this scene.

If it were me how could I sleep
where shadows keep
a path of me
across each tree?