

Overnighter

In sleep she opens up a battered case
and finds within that rugged portmanteau
dark recollections years cannot efface,
although the waking mind has let them go.

Behind those dormant eyes her thoughts compete
to artfully assort and so define
conundrums with most answers incomplete
to which she does not consciously incline.

And when she stirs, resurgent as the day
and life resumes with rest obliquely got,
in truth, some things she thinks are packed away
are carried in the heart as much as not.

And so to dream can grant benign surcease,
permitting her to rise and go in peace.



***Phil Huffy** writes all manner of short poetry, often at his kitchen table. He is frequently published and had found nearly two hundred placements of his work in the since late 2017. His book, *Rhymal Therapy*, a collection of tasteful limericks for discerning readers, is available from Amazon books.*

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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