

It flies, what comes to mind in the dark, drifting. Approach of sleep too intriguing, no idea worth arousal, so I let it go, forget. Sometimes thinking, oh, tomorrow! Morgen, Morgen, inner Morgen! Sure, just a mental note right here as Kaleidoscopes start and feet get warm. As much success as remembering dreams, or less. No strange trace, no lingering flavor. It was all a flow in that moment, but when it slips away and I slide on by to rest, it's gone. The words might as well have never come to mind.

But they come, again, over and over. Not the same, of course, and when I slow down the transmission like this, before the lights go out, it doesn't even feel the same. Too much effort compared to that effortlessness. Too much second guessing compared to that simple knowing. It's right, then, and we just have to believe me on that. Won't be getting that proof down in this black and white.