

# 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!*"