

## They Think I'm Crazy

Vanilla cream clouds,  
and the golden gleaming eye  
are slipping away from the lavender sky  
when I tiptoe onto the dewy deck  
to spread out my sleeping bag  
on the flat pine boards

They think I'm crazy  
to sleep with boards against my back  
where ants crisscross and spiders scuttle  
through the cracks

To sleep through the humid night  
in air thick like shower steam  
Instead of in the house, locked tight  
and iced with frosted air

My pillow smells like frost-fresh dew  
Through the graph of the screen  
a moon drifts  
out of silver-tipped clouds  
The sky blends from lavender to mulberry  
to deep jean-blue, to warm black  
Cricket chirps shrill and scratch  
Katydid chatter on a leaf by my head  
while night-leaves flutter, flutter, flutter....

My eyes slide open easily  
to the soft silvery sky,  
I drift awake  
as if carried by a lapping creek  
The air chatters with tweets,  
chirps, whortles, hoots, toots, peeps

Pure cool air, my lungs feel fresh and soft  
Dancing silently, delighted day  
Tiptoeing past the silent oven

The refrigerator seal cracks

Oatmeal tastes sweeter,  
Peanuts are saltier  
Milk is creamier  
the whole day looks brighter  
I know I am going to be looking forward  
to sleeping out here again  
tonight  
all day long

They think I'm crazy  
and I am  
Crazy in love  
with sleeping outside