

## *Sleep, Wake, Dream*

Sleep, Wake, Dream is a collection of poetry from a young Trinidadian poet. It explores the reality, movement, loss and love in a context of the fringe land of a Diverse West Indian Experience, and explodes in a fundamental fire working of the commonality of our universal experience and what it means to be human. It simultaneously depicts and creates dialogue on the visceral nature of the sleep, the somnambulist, the waking dream, the spirit and the flesh, the thought and the idea, the ideal and the reality.

## *Excerpts from the Section – Wake*

### *Complete Me*

She was my angel and my innocence,  
My mystic and my song,  
The source of all my smiles  
Where all laughter had begun.

She was everything and anything  
That I'd ever thought to need,  
The rock 'pon I'd built the castle of my happiness,  
My every joy indeed.

But trust turns to dew,  
When angels fall like melted frost.  
And you're left alone . . .  
When she, your only song is silenced and  
Your innocence is lost.

**Sheba Mohammid**

*The core of some existence that was once life.*

Like some barren disbelief I fall,  
alone, once and again into the core,  
of the very rottenness of this  
sweetness now turn decay.

Like a womb it holds seeds to spread  
the sickness of casts not yet dead  
like a worm I wriggle in the filth  
fallen or was it picked  
from a bow  
to lay on earth's sullen ground.  
Of gilded garbage and pungent pits  
I tell  
But know ...my rot'd fruit, it was from eden  
not hell.

**Sheba Mohammid**

## **Missing Music Man**

Way has my music man gone?  
Way is my muse?  
Way gone he song?  
Did he lose  
He soul along the way  
On a broken path.  
He said he'd stay.  
He promised that.

Dere he is  
In a noose of a tie.  
D'choke is his.  
Way gone he cry?  
When he howled into the moon.  
And sang his only song  
And say he be back soon  
And wont be gone for long.

I believed him  
I believed in him

My music man is lost out dere  
Someone quick save he soul  
All he has is one blank star  
And money bought control.

**Sheba Mohammid**

## **My Rag Doll**

Rag Doll draggin  
Red Flag flaggin  
Down the street  
To my beat  
Run so fast  
It's sure to last  
These childhood things  
On broken wings  
We drag and fight  
Almost take flight  
She's my girl to the end  
She's my one and only friend  
I'm not good enough  
But I wont stop  
I'll kiss her lip  
And crack my whip  
Till she screams  
Still She dreams  
And I'm her rider  
And she's a tiger  
Broken creature  
God, I wont leave her.

**Sheba Mohammid**

# Empty Ocean

In the middle of the Ocean  
Out there  
Gone Clear  
Without a prayer

Waiting for something  
Save our soul  
A better world  
Down the hole

It wasn't supposed to be like this  
Lost and alone  
No ringing phone  
Nobody home.

Abandoned Crusader of the right  
Without a fight  
No thing in sight.  
No sleep tonight.

**Sheba Mohammid**

## **Mourning Dream**

The sweet of her lips  
And the sweat of her brow  
Give me strength  
I did not know

The laugh in the air  
And the cry of her tear  
Give me dreams  
That make me wake

Long laced fingers intertwine  
With lips that taste of cherry wine  
When pricked they tell of hers  
They tell of mine  
And all this will come to waste  
Waking Dreams that tell my fate.

**Sheba Mohammid**