**La Voglia di Sognare (The Desire to Dream)**

John Muro

Tonight, beneath a quiet moon,

I listen to the small boats rock

themselves to sleep upon moss-

green waters; the dull, muffled

plunk of wood feeling for wood

followed by a prolonged silence

as a breeze rises from the rushes.

This night they float lightly in a

world without compass, no longer

weighted by stout oars or the

sorrows they have helped to ferry

from land to sea and back again

and, in imprecise undulation,

with wide mouths agape, they

now freely dream of returning

from distant lands, with heavy

hulls sunk in sand, laden with

spoils as bright as Venus in

a winter sky. And so, at this idyl

hour, when all things are nearest

to emptiness, unburdened by grief

and expectations, I ask for nothing

more than the chance to hold on to

this moment before all dissolves or

drifts away into day’s bright oblivion.