

My Dream

My Dream, where are you my Dream?
You are tantalisingly avoiding me.
Since reading the letter I have been perturbed,
A whole sequence of someone's life and expectations,
Denoted on 2 sides of posh notepaper, then this resplendent missive,
Downgraded to a bookmark.

Someone's chunk of life, employed to give care and love,
To another's children, expressed in cold financial terms,
Hard then you know to be discarded,
A Contract filled, no part of a team,
Those little children's love and expectation thwarted.
The giver moved along.

So what is my dream Just that Everyone loves and cares
For their own children, plenty of , food love and anticipation
Of endless days and promise fulfilled.

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Do animals dream?

Do animals dream? I'd say they do.
I've got the proof, my pug, Bartholomew.
He'll chase a squirrel with a frantic "snarf!"
Then his paws all twitch on the living room turf.
He'll woof so softly, a muffled "boof,"
At some phantom cat upon the roof.
He'll smack his chops and drool a stream—
He's found a mountain of ice cream!
Then he'll wake and look at me, confused,
His dreamy adventure totally unused.
He cocks his head as if to say,
"Who took my squirrel and steak away?"

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Catch of River Weed

Underwater, swimming
against the current effortlessly,
don't need to breathe.

Streams of silver-flecked minnows
part and join beneath me. An eel
zigzags through slithering reeds.

I know where I am – slim clumps
of river weed, tall bulrushes,
this curve of the bank: the Welland –

my river, the half-mile stretch
between Deeping Cross and Low Locks.
If I surface at this precise point

I'll hear sisters shuffling
in the dock-leaf jungle,
brother whistling birdsong

high in the oak tree.
I'll smell wood-smoke
from bonfire remains.

I duck behind the rowing boat,
dive through deep water, colder now,
down to the riverbed, emerald

with slippery fern – to resurface
in the still middle of a clammy
Texan night, decades on,

damp fingers spread,
a faint catch of river weed,
a buzz along the veins.

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To sleep

To sleep, perhaps to dream
 But what is a dream but the sweepings on the soul?
 Half remembered snippets of moments of joy,
 Or even sorrows.
 But like an over filled hard drive on the poor excuse for reminiscences
 For they are not the hopes and fears of our tomorrows
 But what is left of those things that lurk within the subconscious.
 How I find the joy of listening to a group sharing what has escaped me for so long.
 Memories of poetry learned and treasured that somehow has passed me by.
 The snippets brought and shared.
 I shall treasure and read to remind me that there is always something to learn in life.

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The Dream of Lisa Gherardini (1479 - 1542), c1503

Lisa (known to us as Mona Lisa) relates a dream (or out of body experience) she had when sitting for her portrait.

She appears, in the dream, to inhabit the painting and is able to experience, in a reduced perspective, its life beyond the studio and through the years ahead, at a pace...

It seemed that one second I was in my place, and the Master in his
 Then of a moment I was so close I could feel his breath upon me
 And he was looking at me intently
 At my mouth, and his eyes - i could see he was pleased
 His eyes grew large, then small again
 His face took on a size, then reduced once more
 As though he moved towards me, then back away
 And again and again with increasing rapidity
 Until his movements were all sfumato... smoke-like
 Then I saw my body, my eyes transfixed, as if from afar
 And I saw the moon trace an arc over the garden, as if in a theatre
 And the sun rose and the master was there again
 And again and again
 The moon, the Sun, the master
 Then all went dark and nothing changed, and all was loneliness

 When the light returned, I was in another place
 The master, looking at me, his movements, away and back again as before
 And again and again
 The moon, the Sun, the master
 And all was dark once more

Continued

The dream of Lisa Gherardini – Continued

When the light returned, I was in another place
A coign d'avantage, somewhat higher
A man, animated as they are in the master's dark room
He moves as though across a screen
And he grows large and presses his face to mine
I feel his breath but hear it not
And then the moon, the sun, the man, as before
And again and again
All in rapid order, and I know then what i am become
And all was dark once more

Then time became but a moment
I knew nothing of change but felt the finger of God on my brow
Like a stillness in a storm
And I knew not the loneliness of before
For I was with Him now

Then, all was lightness
His light, from above, filled the space
I was as Lazarus, brought from the darkness
And I was held high above the heads of thousands
They look for Him in my eyes
En nombre, they grow large and small, young and old
Breathing into and out of the space
Though, as with the Master's Il Cenacolo, there is no space
For all is without depth, below and above
There are moments when a thousand stars explode into the daylight
And then the Moon, the Sun, my Lord
And again and again, I am in thrall to His love

And now, here I am, returned, and the Master too
There is distance between us once more
The journey has been but a dream
There is a difference, for my Lord, to me, is known
And his love is for the darkness and the light
And if I close my eyes once more
I feel his hand upon my brow
And I know I am never to be alone

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Do I dream?

I wake up slow, and scratch my head,
With fragments of a dream still spread.
I flew a car to Timbuktu,
And argued with a kangaroo.

My teeth were made of marzipan,
I taught a bear to tap-dance, man.
I swam a lake of ginger ale—
Why does my subconscious mind regale
Me with such nonsense, weird and vast?
A truly bizarre cinematic cast.

But here's the thought that makes me groan,
And question my internal tone:
If 'that's' the stuff my brain can scheme...
Do I dream, or does my dream dream 'me'?

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