

late at night the dream walked into my sleep.

entered without my waking permission.

it was filled with the fantastic things

faceted in images that mingled with the everyday...

i said you are not real

but the dream insisted it was.

going to its private chalkboard

it drew two small circles six feet apart and a smaller one

halfway between them and then connected them with a dotted line

going to the smaller circle and said one of the end circles was before existence

and the other end circle was after existence.

then it scratched its fingernails on the board and came to rest

on an even larger circle

radiating out that contained all three and said i am here.

i am the intermediary without structure

i am the informer that betrays all your mask dances

and secrets you cannot keep.

the dotted line is broken to illustrate the way you think

and the small center circle is the distilled residue of your psyche.

try not to step in it.

it smells.

it is sticky.

nasty and a mess.

who knew dreams could laugh with accuracy.

who are dreams accountable to.

the dream walked into my sleep.

wf.h.

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