

waiting for
searching for
the woman of your dreams
the man of your dreams
makes me pause for a moment
to consider
whether
you have had a full consultation with all your dreams
including the forgotten ones
because
sometimes
things lurk trying to avoid
being spotted in the field and identified.
as a singularity
a dream is as solid as a cloud forming new wind images
about to rain out its moisture
depleting itself
a suicidal and spontaneity.
not all rain falls where it is needed.
not all rain falls in the quantities of answered prayers.
sometimes the rain falls on water
moving waters
still waters
and there is a splash but nothing to distinguish it after that
except when the dam breaks
after years of leaking
without the attention it was demanding.

dreams select themselves for memory in the morning
with dreams it selected for you
or are you one of those
who believes you
are a lucid dreamer
lucid enough
to select them.
and then there are the dreams that follow a white rabbit
who goes by another name
another alias in the rabbit dreams
of your chase trapping you
in its hole
where it knows the exits and you do not.
is the sparkling eyed
red fox waiting for your dream to emerge
from the restless
toss and turn
tussle of
tangled sheets.
dreams that exist are biological
things that do not exist in biology.
they are configurations
of historical accuracy
you cannot pretend about.
they shelter us with nutrients
that are nutrient rich
and have protective services

released from their
previous duties
in the labyrinth.
the distinguishing element of dreams
is dreams
cannot die and can die
in the same dream
on the same day
in the same ceremony
without killing you but leaving
the scars of the encounter where they do not exist
in a reality
that you dream
about your dream.

the dream.
wf.h.
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