Foggy Mists And Illusions In My Sleep

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Cover Page Footnote

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A spell is weaved, by the unseen
As Dust of the Damned is sprinkled over my face
No resistance is made, as I fall into an unescapable,
Deep slumber.

The more I inhale,
Further and further I descend
Into the unknown darkness of my awaiting fate.

I awake in a moon lit room, very familiar to my senses
Memories from the past, suddenly overcome me,
As I look around my floating form.

An uncontrollable urge
Takes hold of my sanity.
Something wicked has entered my head.

Flopping like an empty old rag doll
From random convulsions in mid-air,
What’s happening to me?

Mental pain from the loss of control
Causes my wall to break
Letting my burning anger flow.

As my flaming rage engulfs all restrain
I grab for the long silver tooth
Hidden well, but easily accessible by the bedside.

I’m a madman now,
Looking for prey to rip apart
With my toy.

Swinging the blade wildly
At anything that moved in front of me
I start stalking the house.
Trailing the being
That had the gall
To intrude upon me.

Flying swiftly through the halls
I sense an uncomforting presence
On the level below me.

Down the stairway
I thrust my hovering form
Now it's my turn.

Revenge is mine now
Time to draw blood
From the foolish entity
That took control of me
Only moments before.

Into the living room
My unexpected appearance is made
Adrenaline ready for death
With my dagger raised.

My heart stops suddenly
Weapon drops to the ground
All energy leaves my system
As I look around.

Two cats and a dog
Eyes glowing neon green
Looking straight through me
Then waking me from my dream.

The Green Dragon had his way again
Casting his spells of control and illusion upon me
Then entering my head
As I rest helplessly in a magical unawakable sleep
That only time could cure.

The dagger symbolized power
And the animals love as well as peace
Dragons are only fantasies
I am told by others.

But I don’t know that for sure
For what my eyes can see
And what my mind visualizes
Are two different things.

Reality is made by denying
Deciding whether something exists or not.

Fantasy is real
But it exclusively exists in an individual’s mind
Only reality will make one reject its true existence.

Who am I to judge
What is real or fictitious

For my vision is very narrow
And my knowledge quite shallow
Compared to one who is older and more worldly than I.

Dragons may really exist
As far as I know
Despite what I am told by others.

Because I know...

Most men suffer from an unalterable blindness
That does not allow them to see reality
As it precisely stands.

Their repressed senses filter its pliable images
And ignorantly design others.

Never knowing the uncensored truth
Living a veiled life of lies and delusions.

Cast by the Green Dragon
Every night
While they doze off to sleep.