Our Trojan Skaynay

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Dream

I took that drive this spring day
But it wasn’t the way
I dreamed.

The wet, the misty verdurous valley
Made me want to stop & see really
What had been dream.

But second gear was running out
And anyways it began raining out
(Those things somehow don’t happen
In dreams.)

Watch out! that bulldozer there
Off the slippery, narrow dirtroadside
missed by a hair!

You crack up when you dream, boy!
Goddamned yellowbugs that move earth & stream.
One can get hurt out here it seems
There’s no room for dreams

Unless you walk
And it’s too far to walk
And it takes too much time — not like dreams.

PHIL PARISH