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!
Goddammed 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 Parisi

Our Trojan Skaynay

one last drag as then apollo
put out the sun in the ashtray-sea

“what the hell,” said the Day
and pulled up the covers

slow the moon razored thru the licorice fabric
and became a broken orange necco-wafer

Turnus brushed the cigaretteashes off his dark suit
and saw:

AENEAS in the wall street journal . . .
AENEAS at the busstop . . .
AENEAS between the dark sidewalkcracks . . .
AENEAS in the drugstorewindow . . .
AENEAS thru the Y-Why-trees . . .

horns shouted AENEAS . . .
bedroom lights spelled A-E-N-E-A-S
on the nightgrass . . .

the bills in his pocket were headed AENEAS; AENEAS must
be paid . . .

and that THINGS HAPPEN.

“what the hell,” said Turnus,
. . . that AENEAS didn’t owe him a living . . .
. . . but a dying . . .

and the next day a trojan killed a rutulian . . .
—sine clementia.

James R. Hall, Jr.