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A Midmorning Dream For Valerie

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Cover Page Footnote

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A MIDMORNING DREAM FOR VALERIE

Pencil lines of smoke
on the still room's air
draw pictures of the care,
the chosen words I spoke
with ages ago,
her countenance to evoke:
trying; failing, though,
for she was one so fair
as ever a man could know

In a cinnamon-aired hall-
way the image could be,
a dancing vision leaving me
behind to recall
her hair, like maple
and oak leaves in the fall,
float through hands — a simple
finger-linguaged "See
her, sure in her youth's apple."

And we were high, in the prime
of our bond. We'd walk
the town for hours, and talk
of bittersweet nothing. The time
was ours. In our pre-dawn day
we'd run, and climb
the hills of rain and sand, and play
chaser and chased, and chalk-
mark the victor. We were two of clay.

In our mud chalked night
we'd live, and hold
each other. The golden
glue between us, right
or wrong, was the price
we paid for freedom; for the light
and inevitable dice
of the future, sling unrolled
looked to rend our splice.

Dice by arm-spun leather
flew from her direction.
In executive action,
a simple change of weather
unsoaked me from the bone,
loosened and tightened the tether
on my throat. Again alone,
I heard a chronicling diction
repeat itself. She was done.

Though my shadow shroud
would follow, I strode

an angry world, and rode
the train that plowed
the furrow through my dust,
in reign over proud
and naked seats. But trust
would win. I flew, my sail sewed
in familiar shops, on fate-faced gusts.

On wish-welled lake
to unclimbed walls I blew,
a nearly found and future-hued
strand. I felt my stake
in her mind's backyard
take place. So that I could wake
to the last-passed tarot card's
face, the stock in my dream for two
was sold, and cured in lard.

Even though splintered, forking glens
and pathways can, on the cross
of self-determination, toss
the card to kiss again.
As bastard brothers, she
has dipped my trailing pen
in a future sea,
to prick through moss
the messiah with a golden key.

And golden, here I sit
with pleasant-worded folk.
In me, our days are spoken
of as subjects for wit
and poems. From my chair,
I patiently watch the fitting
into solemn procession, with care,
of these pencil lines of smoke
on a still room's air.

Michael Williams

