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A Past Too Real

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Cover Page Footnote

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A PAST TOO REAL

BY KEITH ALEXANDER

Last night I had this dream
You see I had this crazy dream and within this dream
I died in my dreams not knowing I was still sleeping, so I decided to walk.
That night I walked in my sleep, slept in my walk, walked backwards until I
could find the courage to speak to you.
It's like I've been trying find the right words and trying take the right steps
for thousands of years but something always goes wrong.

We, yo, we lived in Egypt. I was the pharaoh's slave.
You were his daughter and loving lead to my death,
they claimed I seduced you and that's when they stole my life.

I was resurrected as a blacksmith.
Made new shoes for your horse.
Our eyes met for two seconds and I didn't see you again until I died.

Came back as a caterpillar, turned into a butterfly.
Landed in the palm of your hand,
you brushed me away and the rejection killed me

Returned as a kick drum you were a snare.
Both owned by Coach Cole and when he died so did we
but I came back just to look for you

Left notes in random places
Carved our name in trees
Just praying that it would jog your memories

Whispered your name in wind storms, hoping that some way, somehow you
would come back to me, but you never did, so I died

I died young, I died early, and I died reaching out with breadcrumbs in my
hand, wishing that you would find me.

When the buried me, they buried me with Sacajaweas over my eyes, I
used them a bus fare to get back to earth just to look for you

That's why sometimes when we hold hands,
I hold on a little too tight because mom, I'm afraid of losing you again.



Sign in Texas

Jeanne Fiano