

And where is this stuff stored?
What makes a dream?
Not memory ...
the forgotten things
crying somewhere for recall?

Yes, maybe so --
Yes, Yes,
but who last night
plucked that resounding
chord on dream's lyre
which awakened
me early,
not fearful
but curious
yearning for some insight.

and in what code?

I listen to the motors
on the street
and in the air,
straining for what word
they are making,
straining to decode their say

and then one winter bird
answers me with lonely song
telling me NOW is but
one empty street
in an empty city
which when I find it
will be mine.

XIX

And there is always the matter
of the reluctant guru and the
ardent neophyte, or the ardent guru
and the reluctant neophyte.

Rimbaud, Verlaine; Gaugin, Van Gogh;
and how many others in the folds
of record to testify the painful stubbornness
of secrets locked in the blood and brain.

--- Kenneth L. Beaudoin

Memphis, Tenn.