

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; Gauguin, 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.