

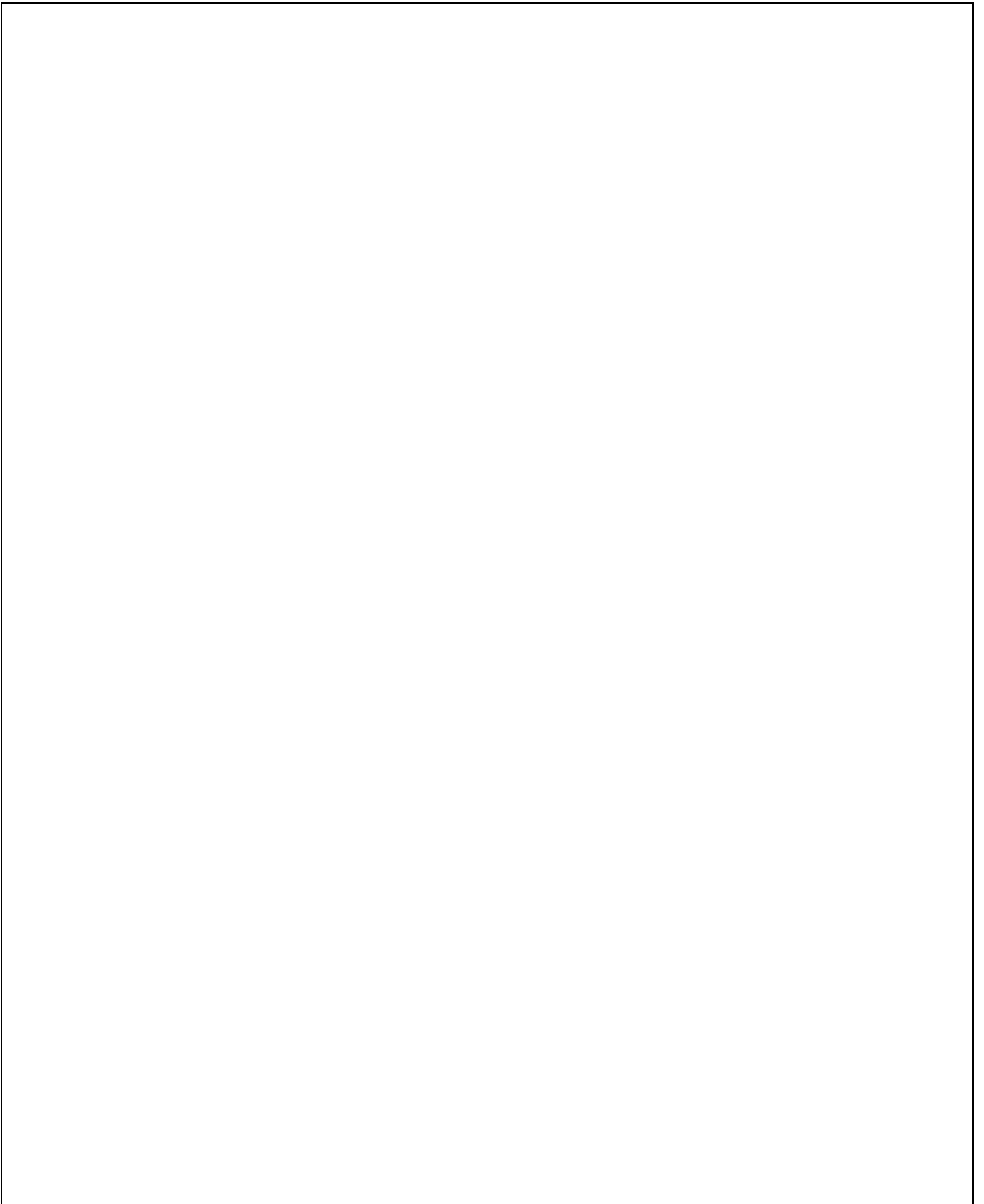
# **THE DREAM POEMS**

**Autumnal Equinox 2012**

*As a plant produces its flowers  
so the psyche creates its symbols.*

**Carl Jung**

**Barbara Romney**



## THE FIRST DREAM

A bouquet of tiny sparkles  
miniature rainbows  
    as blossoms  
        float  
    all through  
    this dream plant  
        as though  
from a sun-struck crystal  
    near its roots

The plant  
sits on the curb  
    discarded  
    left  
for anyone to take away

There are two containers  
    one about the right size  
and under it another  
    as a kind of pedestal  
        way too large  
            and  
        way ugly

Thinking to leave  
    the large pot  
I plan to take the plant  
imagining this shimmering beauty  
    sitting near a window  
    sending grace throughout  
        my home

Then I see the plant  
    has no roots  
is simply floating in a clean  
    and empty pot

Oh  
how dear this loveliness is  
    although no  
shimmers will remain  
    on awakening

Later  
placing a crystal  
    on a sunny window sill  
tiny sparkles and rainbows  
    float up  
    reminding me  
        of what  
        can never be

## DREAM TWO: APPALLED

The woman I live with  
is a dream woman  
    someone I've never known  
        while waking

Our life feels happy  
'til my old lover arrives  
and our place is filled  
    top to bottom  
    with dirty laundry  
        hers

The care center  
does laundry no more  
    so she dumps  
    it all on us

My dream lover's  
    appalled

The dream ends  
    here

before I tell my ex  
    how and  
    where to go  
which of course  
I've never done  
    nor can do  
        even now

DREAM THREE: IRRITATING, ANYHOW

I had the dream  
the night before what happened  
happened

A meeting and  
    an over-bearing woman  
    kept picking at me  
She seemed to say  
    at the least  
    I'm incompetent

Or did she?  
Is it  
    me  
being unreasonable  
thinking she should  
    know  
how competent I am  
should  
    know  
if I do something  
then I'll do it well

I wonder  
as I watch us in the dream  
do I really need  
    her  
to know how wonderful I am?

Will  
    her  
thinking I'm wonderful make  
    me  
more wonderful?

Truth to tell  
I think not

But in the dream or out I find  
    her  
irritating  
    anyhow

## DREAM FOUR: THE LOST DREAM

I had a dream  
I neglected  
    so  
it wandered off

Now my dream is  
    insubstantial  
    almost invisible  
        swallowed up in some  
        damp place  
    underground  
    inaccessible

Dream's cries are silent  
Her message  
    unheard  
    uncared for  
She fades away

A raven flies by  
high overhead  
too high to see  
    but his shadow  
envelops me

## DREAM FIVE: HUMILIATION

Susan and me  
at a meeting  
as is Kathy all  
on the front row

But Susan  
is a man flirting  
unabashedly  
with Kathy

He thrusts his beefy  
arm between  
her legs

Desperate  
I try to  
pull it out

I am angry  
as I never could be  
with Susan  
for flirting  
and getting  
between Kathy's legs

And for the  
deliberate  
ignoring of me  
when everyone we know  
is watching

.

## DREAM SIX: DARK DREAMING

After nights of dark dreaming  
body heavy  
limbs stiff  
eyes puffy  
chest tight

Oh  
for a cigarette  
and you bet  
several cups of coffee  
black & steaming

Waking's tough

How comforting  
it could all be  
easing back  
into a life  
of cigarettes  
of coffee  
and a bottle  
of Jack Daniels  
ever handy

Desires grow stronger  
Tempting?  
Yes

Who knows when?  
Perhaps soon  
or  
somewhat  
longer



DREAM SEVEN: BIG BEACH PARTY

Big beach party on Fire Island  
or someplace like that

Me  
off in a side room  
with Dan Rather

He  
getting inside my bra

Me  
wondering how we'd  
get out of this one  
without everyone  
knowing

He  
playing with my breasts

Me  
listening to voices  
from other rooms

He  
getting a good obligatory  
hard-on  
little else

Me  
thinking maybe  
to make it worth the effort  
we should try  
spanking or something

Then  
someone at the door  
bringing us drinks

And it hits me -  
No one gives a hoot  
what we're up to

He's on his cell phone  
interviewing a diplomat

No one gives a hoot  
nor does he  
nor I

So it begs the question -  
What  
am I doing here?

## DREAM EIGHT

In bed we're  
awkward  
not touching  
You drift far away  
in sleep

I want only  
to be held  
no sex  
just touch

Rousing  
you pull me toward you  
hold me close

We curl together  
so comforting  
so loving

And in my dream  
almost instantly  
I am  
asleep

## DREAM NINE

A fragment  
a figment  
She turns her face to mine  
lips apart  
and oh  
I so want to kiss her  
but surrounded by strangers  
we clasp hands  
and together  
walk away

In another place  
still crowds of people -  
we walk on

Then turn toward  
each other  
lips almost touching  
and

I know the dream  
is ending  
before I ever  
kiss her  
before I even  
learn  
her name

DREAM TEN: RAVEN REVERIE

Fledged too soon  
a small raven  
spreads her wings for balance  
wobbles  
by the icy river's edge

Unafraid  
she looks at me  
as birds do  
with one eye  
cocking her head

She settles on my lap  
as though to sleep

With a cloth  
drenched it in river mud  
I swaddle her

It gentles her wings into place  
covering her closed eyes

Not knowing if she's dead  
or living  
I hold her

The desert sun shines down  
warming us  
drying the mud

We sit very still  
for a long while

I listen  
hear the first peck  
her eye peers out  
She pecks more than

Bursts forth  
flying towards the sun  
soundless

My hands and lap are  
filled with dried  
river mud

My heart  
in longing  
flies with her  
'til  
far beyond my sight  
she's gone

DREAM ELEVEN: WE SHALL BREATHE DEEPLY

Who he is  
or why I brought him to my dream  
permitted  
    this dark amorphous being  
    to my bed  
I cannot say

Quite willingly  
I held his penis  
    in my hand

For length and circumference  
it surely takes the prize  
over any I have known  
    in waking life  
My fingers scarce encircled it

We lay quiet  
There was no  
    as we used to say  
foreplay

No kissing  
no fondling of the breasts  
no licking of those  
    most erotic  
places

I said nothing

No  
    yes  
No  
    no

But somehow  
I acquiesced

Heavily  
    he pressed down  
    and  
    without the kissing  
    the fondling  
it slipped right in

My whole body's  
    filled  
    with that enormous  
    inert  
    penis

Paralyzed  
I try to shift  
    but  
his massive body  
    pins  
    me  
    down

I can't breathe  
I'm fading fast

My screams are silent  
    then  
    struggling  
my life force  
    strengthens  
    rises up  
    to the surface  
breaks through the spell  
    of sleep

I catch my breath  
    then  
breathe deeply

And he is gone

THE TWELFTH DREAM: BEYOND

We were very young  
teen-aged  
    almost children

a boy and a girl  
androgynous  
slim, beautiful, brown  
perhaps Mexican or  
    Hopi

I was both the girl  
and the boy  
or at different places  
in the dream  
I was one  
and then the other  
    as were you

The car was an old model  
so old the front seat was  
a single seat  
    no buckets

We had parked  
in an old part  
of the city    dark  
    with empty lots

I needed to be held  
That's why we stopped

which of us was which  
I don't know  
but we held each other  
    quietly

Until a middle aged man  
beer-bellied  
authoritatively  
tapped on the window  
signaled us to move on  
making an obscene gesture  
    laughing

Suddenly  
we are out of the city  
in a place of ravens  
and cottonwoods  
    golden and grassy

We lie on the ground  
under a tree  
holding each other  
as gold leaves  
    drift down

We are beyond gender  
beyond sex  
beyond age  
in the grass  
under the golden  
    cottonwood tree

*Then are symbols  
the flowers of the soul?*

