

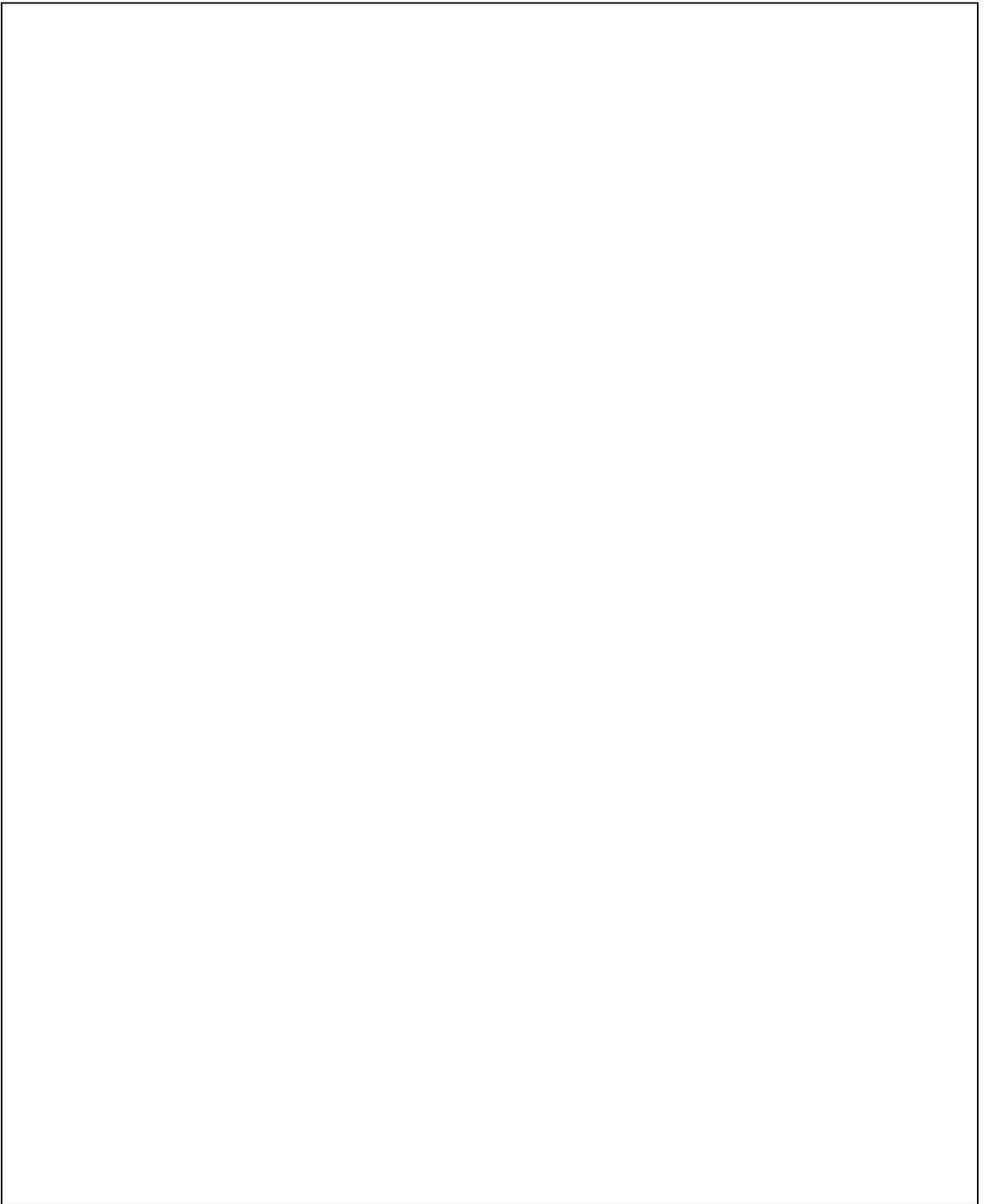
THE DREAM POEMS

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?*

