About Three Dreams

Shudder to Think

Time slows I doze. In a bath of cream and ink a vacant girl smiles, and all around her toys move. The water is crazy blue. The water is crazy blue. Above, nine doves water her with sleep. There's a stripping child show, and from the ceiling thumbs snow. The sky is crazy blue. The sky is crazy blue. Croquet-Sunday, and all the balls I sink are really sunsets so all around me night flies. The stars are crazy blue. The stars are crazy blue. Dreams mean my brain's on break. It takes my day and starts to say a fable. A no rules game, rearrange reigns. Takes my whims and swims circles 'round sense. Cockroaches climb the clocks and the cuckoos are all Jewish. We're naked except for the plaided patch you're stitching into my groin. "Don't stop me," you say, "this is something I've been needing to do for a long time." "All right," I reply. Then I'm kissing you in a long blue boat; it's a plastic yacht, with Chicanos on deck. They bail the jellyfish from the boat and then drink it. "It's the only way to keep them from stinging the tourists," one man says. The air is icy-cold, but we are happy, we are getting married. Now it's the desert at dusk. The sky is blue chrome. I pick one sequin from your dress and then kiss it. I put the sequin into the sky. "That's my star," I say. "And I'm your cowboy."

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