

# Dream face

May 17th, 2009

How awful it was to dream  
How awful lonely daylight morning all alone  
and still dreaming  
my dreams feel like lies

Faces and eyes in trees and in sky  
faces on tree trunks on rock walls and sidewalks  
Are they the same faces they haunt me at night?  
they are the haunted - they have no life  
nothing like what we give them.  
nothing too good  
nothing too bad  
all of those other lives you pictured you had  
How they haunt you?

the poetry can be different  
[the lives can be]  
my perceptions contradict my dreams  
my memories happened  
while my dreams happen also  
where my dreams have been-  
will my memories follow?

My dreams, how you speak to me  
you haunt and hang where my conscious is not  
all lofty places my mind cannot stand to be

Flies out, dries own, wakes up.

I had never conceived that my dreams would make me  
deceive myself, wish that I hadn't, because those dreams,  
nothing will be like them.