

What A Dream Can Tell

Last night I held a muse
under the sheets.

For an hour I waited
like a hunter after a prized prey.

He was beside me, tucked inside
his male shell.

He would not touch my breast
or back. I waited between

war & sleep for his shadow
to ignite. In my mind there were

archways made of silver & thorns,
& horses with pumped-up shoulders

racing like robbers, aimlessly to & fro.
I looked for him among the pastures wild

& in the oceans of living octopuses. I looked
behind a snivelling child, into the eyes

of a great afternoon. I held my muse for
but a blind hour. I could not keep him.

I could not love him with all my heart.

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