

Dreams of wolves and running

Last night I dreamt I was in a home,
where lovers sit together on couches and you call them 'mom' and 'dad'.
One they built,
and share with the prodigy of their love.
A home with inhabitants you'd swear were living together just because they all decided they love
each other.
It was a place people go
to spend time with the people they love.
Nothing like the two-bedroom box I store my stuff in.

I wake up to find that my cousin will be staying with me for a few days.

My cousin's son is a marshmallow
soft and slow and fat and sweet.
Well-mannered and always laughing,
he's too scared to run on the stairs or swim in the sea.
I don't think he plays with matches.
He has these big beautiful blue eyes though,
like cloudless skies,
And if you look carefully, they hold a meadow sitting under a soft, warm, early spring sun.
Nothing like the sun under which I was born.
When I look into them... I see the absence of fear.

If we were ever attacked by wolves, they'd eat him first.

Somewhere there is already a wolf,
who howls at the moon and runs through the night.
Packless and tireless, with a heart that beats like steady, quiet, thunder and footfalls that sound like
distant rain.
Untamed and apathetic, he makes his home under the uncaring sky.
Here he lives lean and detached, on a razor's edge,
Spending an uncertain lifetime two missed meals away from certain death.

He visits me in my dreams sometimes, on nights when I sleep alone.

I am sitting under that same sky tonight.
on the edge of a field, hidden in the shadow of a kottan tree
I watch a man and his son sneak a motorbike onto the grass.
The man is teaching his son how to ride;
He is confident,
sitting in front, with his son behind, showing him where the clutch is and how to change gears.
Then his son tries.
He is slow,
he accelerates irregularly, his clutch balance is bad, and the engine nearly stalls every few
seconds.
Then it stalls completely, and the bike stops.
So his father walks across the field to take his time explaining what happened,
before he restarts the engine.

I always thought everyone learned to ride alone, on the street, nearly dying.

There is a rosary wrapped around the handlebars of the bike,
And my cousin carries a photo of Jesus in her bra,
But when I look down at my hands, they are empty.
So, I close the right one and make a fist.
I once learned that fists are the best things to make with empty hands.
...Or was it that empty hands make the best fists?
Now that I think about it I can't remember which.
I open the right and make a fist with the left, and then I open the left and make a fist with the right.
I have made my home with the one, and put my faith in the other,
but now that I think about it I can't remember which.

Tonight, under the same sky I will run further than I have ever run before.
I will run so far my lungs and my legs will start plotting ways to kill me, but I'll keep them in line.
Staring at this sky though
I begin to wonder if the wolf ever dreams of another life?
Perhaps in this dream he is a Labrador,
spending his nights sleeping in homes with people who you'd swear live together just because they
all decided they love each other.
But with my feet in the sand, and cold air in my lungs,
I see only the miles in front of me, and the miles I've left behind.

...And remember that I don't believe in such things.

Today's Prophet

I am standing in a cemetery with wooden markers for tombstones and leafy plants for flowers, not far from the nescafé's and my father's sisters' ghosts.

Watching my friend
take off his shoes
get into a grave
and raise his hands towards the heavens.

Till the men standing around him
hand him his father.

At the end of the paved road
we watch him approach.
On the edges of his fore-arms
the hems of his trousers
and the tops of his feet
he wears the drying clay of his father's grave.
On his face he wears his father.
In his eyes he wears the weight of all mankind.

For today,
He is a mirror of the first man, and every man that came after him.
Today,
he has done what all men must do.

Today,
if only for today,
he is a son of eternity.
And we are all children, draped in our own time,
fumbling platitudes from adolescent mouths.

Today he is the prophet,
And we are all witnesses to our future... or our past.

Death?

When a singer dies does he take his voice with him?
When a dream dies does it take its poet with it?

Sailing semiconscious seas,
my subconscious whispers secrets into the wrong side of my ear.
"A man isn't afraid of death," he says.
"A man is afraid he is already dead."

When a man dies do you bury him with his dreams?
Or when a man dies does he... bury his own dreams?

While halfheartedly crafting compromises,
my consciousness makes plans for a younger man.
Somewhere between the beginning and the end
Something will be lost, but who will you blame?
"But he was afraid!" you'll say.
"But it all hurt so much." you'll tell yourself.

When a family member dies, do you bring open bibles or open hands?
When a family dies, where do you put your Christmas?

Contemplating all this death,
A memory echoes from long ago.
It reaches through time like an arm that reverberates from everything I have been
to everything I am:
"This is how it is, remember?" it asks.
"The living bury the dead," it says.
"Life is a parade of deaths that end with your own.
That is how you know you more than exist."
"You are alive," I whisper back.

When love dies does it take the poetry with it?
When visiting the home of a friend's recently deceased love,
is it polite to bring extra poems?

Lamenting the last time I was here,
I'm thinking of packing a suitcase.
I will fill it with everything that is important;
The words that stitch a man together,
The pen that composes dreams.
The hands that shame the gods,
The sea that scores the sadness.
The unflickering fire of the streetlight,
The unwavering will of wolves.
The memories of every you, you have ever been.
And with all my vital elements stashed away,
I will cut myself open along my middle
and walk the streets feeding my organs to the crows.
"There he goes," you'll all say.

The Aftermath

“The man who wanders naked and destitute.”
“For he locked all his wealth away and has forgotten.”

But if a man finds his reflection, does he find his home?
Or does he find himself?
Is there a difference?

Fuck, sing us a song while your voice is still with us,
we have time enough to hear it.
Sing us a song while you are still with us,
for our lives are too short, we will not be here again.