

The Dream Knows More Than I Do

There's a small personal spacecraft
in the summerblue sky. Noiseless.
A man ejects, but instead of a parachute,
he has light supporting his shoulders. Wings?
An angel metaphor? Hard to say.
I go looking for him all over the neighborhood,
but he finds me first, standing behind me
on a leafy suburban lawn. Then,
we're in my dark apartment,
where there are three books I am reading,
and I am in all of them. The story lines tangle
and overlap. He tells me to keep reading,
to make sure I finish them. We make love,
and it is indescribably comforting, like
coming home, like he's from my future
and I know that, or from my past
and I can almost remember it,
but not quite, but he can.
He is dear and familiar
and beautiful--I have no doubt
that I love him, or what love feels like,
or is. But he will also be leaving.
This is all, somehow, happening
in the future. I wake up
with a sense of not being ready
to leave that place.