

Dream Poem

I was holding a lamb.
You took it.
“You don’t need that.”
you said.
I had a cat.
“You don’t need that,”
you said.
I had a frying pan.
You took it.
I had a bouquet of violets.
You took them.
“You don’t need them.” you said.

I was standing in tall grass.
I had nothing left.
You were looking at me.
The sun was blazing on your cheeks.
You were looking at me
as if you knew something.
Then I knew it too.

—Carol Jane Bangs