

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, I AM FROM THE FUTURE

IAN WOOLLEY

As I open my eyes they are stung by day.
Vision clears like the pale purple fog slowly
sublimating from the pools it lays in.

The sun is not right.
Swollen, it festers in the sky,
a boil in the heavens.

How long did I sleep?
Frozen, preserved, insensate.
Heat hammers blows upon my naked form.

Screen turn on? I wonder aloud.
Ancient decayed plastics
Shroud the scratched and pitted glass.

A loud crash and weird squawk
I turn and retch at the hot rotten blast
I cannot believe my eyes....

I am dreaming?
This can't be true.
Dinosaurs were extinct, and dragons aren't real.

Massive head, gaping maw, fangs longer than my arm
It lunges towards me
Faster than thought.

And then I realized how silly this all was.
This is not, as they say, my idiom.
With a graceful bow and a hand extended

The dinosaur and I
Danced