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In the Dreaming

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IN THE DREAMING

Indeed, there seems to have been a continual preoccupation with the mystery of life and death, and all that was unknown or not present at any given moment was referred to as being "in the dreaming."

—Alan Moorehead, *The Fatal Impact*

I.

In the dreaming
we walk through the streets of Oxford
hand in hand.
I am able to let you touch me,
to be glad.

Voices laugh around us
in the dark almost dawn
hurrying toward the river
and the May morning.

Perhaps even the ghost
of our unborn child,
a boy, smiles
in his twelve-year sleep.

2.

Here, in the summer city
I lie in bed, closing
darkness about my mind,

closing doors, windows,
hiding,
where hiding's possible

not able to taste
in the sky
the weather turning.

3.

At Magagnosc
in the stone bedroom
waked
by some dream of loss

the terraces of vines
steep outside
in the green dark

you came naked to me
through midnight,
frightened and confident,

safe in our same bed.

4.

We meet, eating, smoking,
talking of therapists or friends,
looking through thick glass windows
at the impractical sea.

The seeds of death always between us
on the plastic table.

I try to will myself
not to pick them up.

What do I remember?
You asked once
to be buried beside your mother.

5.

If forgiveness comes
it will be gradual.

It will be subtle and loose as smoke.

A little lessening
in a grim year.

6.

Thinking of me,

think of what was,

and of what in it
there might have been.

Nothing is thrown away.

Nothing is lost, not
the most awkward kiss,
not
viciousness, rage.

All are still there
loving you as they can,
wise, in the heart's night.

All there, in the dreaming.