

judy gahagan
FORGETTING DREAMS

by Crossing the No-Man's Land (Flambard Press, England 1999)

These days
mornings pour watered light, dousing
my grey waking. I squint at the tail-lights
of dreams vanishing with their hubbub.

Sleep is different now. Not rosy waiting;
grey, a thin-rimmed eye-holed cover,
a mask of something closing in.

Years ago
they'd come to rest with all their colours jostling,
the morning light poured past, I'd study, rapt,
their signs, eavesdrop their mutterings,

eagerly shuffle them like tarot cards,
Hooded Nightmare, Strange Shore, Lover Returning,
deal them for each day's journey.

These days
they've nothing new to tell me. The birds have gone
without notice. The morning comforts the yellowing trees.
The last geese honk south.

People are unrolling stories in the markets
dealing dreams and promising magic for the evening.
This day will be slow for me to wait in.