

P2

DREAMLAND

Ghosts and demons out of our past,  
uninvited, inhabit our dreams.  
Under the nighttime star  
they tread softly back into us,  
then exit, leaving another scar.

Who do they think they are,  
interlopers laying fair claims to love withheld,  
dispensing shadow- drenched guilt  
that talks us into despair?

We awaken and fight back,  
stumbling from one necessary, dull day task  
to another, anesthetized, weary, amused, relishing the daytime sun,  
rushing finally with dread and glee to peer again through nightmare damask.

Which world is real , day or night?  
Daytime has substance, you stomp the solid ground for reassurance,  
like Doctor Johnson to Bishop Berkeley.  
But the night is filled with timeless sights,  
it's all there, childhood, adolescent elation under fragrant stars.  
Freud says we are set free in dreams, able to confront  
unspeakable daytime truths, following a logic written in the dream's own font.  
And those ghosts. Don't they deserve their say? Their accusing flights?  
Isn't this the world in which we choose to suffer?  
Which pain, which joy, is best, day or night?  
Sleep tight.