

The Dream  
(or I Dreamt As Andrew Johnson)

Moricelli's Blood

He cries in Italian, that the ruling is unfair,  
But I think, "it is the brother versus brother that is unfair."  
The old man perched as the walls repel the men  
In a series of stunning swirls and flips,  
And I know the Moricellis have circus in their blood,  
And I wonder what it is that boils blood  
To bring about brother versus brother.

I have no brother and therefore cannot say...

I feel sorry for them, but doubt they feel it for themselves.  
They are too wild for pity, or so it has been said.<sup>1</sup>

And I Cannot See In Green Or Blue

Scared and anxiously aware  
That I know no one, not a soul,  
And the job is on my mind,  
But tell me when it's not.  
A cloud of white, of China White,  
And rubbing at their nose.

I wonder if he wonders  
How it's killing him...  
Me? Oh no I couldn't. You know,  
The job... oh, alright.

When morning comes  
I find my contacts dried  
And God this is surreal:  
My brother's here  
With blinds pulled tight  
Sleeping in the bed.

I wonder what it is that boils blood  
To bring about brother versus brother.

As I step outside  
It slowly comes to mind.  
How sweet the air and summer scents.  
My suit of green is wrinkled from  
Its sleep within the pile.  
My car of blue is molten  
Hot and I can't see a thing.

As I drive along I decide  
That I am not so wild.

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<sup>1</sup> Reference to D.H.Lawrence poem "Pity", about a bird falling frozen from a branch having never felt pity for itself.

His sarong sways rhythmically from side to side  
And musically matches the creaking of his cart.  
As I watch him from behind I stumble  
Over something on the ground.  
He turns and tells me that they are,  
These wooden figures scattered by my feet,  
The Orange Icons of La Tabula,  
And swish-swish creaking on his way he goes.  
I wonder what he's selling.

Society

Moneyed international crowd:  
Houston hot society  
And all I think is sex (throbbingthrobbinginmypants)  
Maybe I am drunk  
But John is by my side  
And I have my Manson thoughts (throbbingthrobbinginmyhead).  
Hispanic, every one  
Drinking wine with fruit  
And I left my high-school Spanish  
In the bag at home.  
I nod and smile  
And mingle with the crowd,  
I marvel at the glass  
Of which they built their house.  
I nibble on my orange  
That floats inside my wine,  
And John says,  
    "Why haven't you been writing lately?"  
Subtle and most impressively deft  
If not said clumsily and in a pregnant pause  
    "But I have," I say  
    "I'm writing letters that I'll never send."  
Oh, and Ines says,  
    "How clever!"  
And all I think is sex  
While Ines sings in my ear,  
    "How I love to love,  
    It fills me up inside  
    Feeling once again  
    All that I have lost  
    Growing whole again."  
And all I think is sex.

Of What We Are Afraid

And there is Ines, always Ines  
Sweet post-coital Ines  
Silky soft and desperately  
    Afraid of God-knows-what.  
For me it's less complex,  
    But that's not fair to say...  
I'll coalesce the facts  
    And tell you that it's heights.

“For Moricelli’s Blood,” she tells me  
Before I even ask  
She twists her rosebud lips into a semi-smile  
But I can’t look down, I can’t look down  
For fear of heights, you see  
She’s the one who wants the blood,  
She’s the one, not me.

#### A Power Play In Circus Green

The wind was blowing through my hair and not a soul around  
Empty streets, city streets, and night-time fade to black

A story high and circus green, a platform is what you’d say;  
Buttons, levers, a toggle switch controlled it from the top.

The presence of the perched old man pressured my performance,  
“In the corner, snug and tight, up against the wall.”

And for this I’ll be redeemed?  
I tried to move it, tried to snug it, but it jerked beneath my hand

And I can’t look down, I can’t look down  
For fear of heights, you see

So I look at him, at his face, perched upon the wall  
And in his eyes the light reflects in stunning swirls and flips

As the platform jerks beneath my in-expert grasp  
I feel it deep within me, the boiling of my blood.

#### Your Name In Lights

She said her name was Threesome.  
There was something in the way  
She said her very name  
That was foreign and exotic  
And took my breath away.

I made some petty quip  
About making due with two.  
She cocked her head and looked at me.  
She did not understand.  
It was not the first time my  
Words have fallen flat.

I pressed myself against her  
And moved us to the corner.  
I pressed myself against her  
Snug and tight and up against the wall.  
She jerked beneath my hand.

I gazed into her eyes of blue  
And felt a molten heat  
Rising from her green and wrinkled dress.  
We could not see a thing  
Blinded by our wild-ness.

I rubbed the lotion on her chest  
And watched it bubble there.  
Her home-grown hang-ups  
Made her wear the bra  
While she corrected me  
And said it was a salve.  
Said I, "lovely,"  
And watched her nipples perk.

As she left she nodded  
And we agreed with smiles  
That "lovely" was a perfect word,  
And as she walked away  
She walked the path  
Of lighted names and places.  
Adding Threesome at the end  
Amongst the memories and faces  
Of those long gone and passed away  
In night-time fade to black

I bit my lip and tasted blood  
The job was on my mind.

Dedicated to Andrew Johnson and his eloquently unstable mind.