

Eye've Seen the Dreamtime, The In-Between Time...

I dreamt of a shadow, grinning and free
a mirror-dark shape, photo-negative me
lips lean close to whisper soft and sweet
"dreams come softly on light-filled shadow feet"

I dreamt I was flying in a watery sky
rainbow fins fan a smiling moon
she blinks salt-spray from sly silver eyes
her piscine suitors blush a shy maroon

I dream that I reach out in invertebrate joy
A shining horde of old and jellied souls
frilled we are thrilled at our remembered touch
long-lost siblings we are many and bold
I see a sky so bright that the sun goes blind
floating lovers gasp, wings and fingers entwined
myriad bells measure endless time
the blind sun weeps, molten gilt and brine

I dreamt of your siren-voice calling me
my ear drum snaps in excess of ecstasy
my snail-curved organs ring in mute elegy
tattered aural lace, organic filigree

I dreamt of a dreamer who was dreaming of me
a boat on someone's technicolor R.E.M. sea
Land Ho Captain, the morning comes
the sun thunders near on a trail of starlight crumbs

A.N.K.A.R.A.T.

Once

I was an interstellar manta-ray,
sailing trailing a rainbow slick
of plasma
and blue air
and possibility
wings as wide as a galaxy and skin as smooth as oil.

I've seen the dreamtime,
the in-between time
and I live in a tree that grows
up
and
down
at the same time,
whose roots are pebbled with stars.

They used to call me Ankarat.

I see a brilliant golden grain
drifting in the wide vacuum of space;
as I draw near, its hazy glow
resolves into the hard singularity
of a walnut shell
which unfurls like a leather flower.

A small
sweet
voice
issues forth and
whispers something in a language
older than stars—

and more beautiful too.

But I am old,
the moment gone
like a mote in the eye
of the universe.



The Mind
Zach Folzenlogen