



7 DREAMS I HAD: ALL IN ONE NIGHT

7 dreams I had
all in the same night.
Seven dreams before I was due
at the LAX boarding gate...
Before my flight I wonder: am I scared
to fly this year? It's 1992.

DREAM I.

Los Angeles. Evening. A pool...
She swarms up through the fertile water,
playfully carnivoring my calf.
She
rises from the blue
dripping, shimmering,
and my hand comes to rest squeezing—
squeezing and surprised!
upon the jelly flesh of her waist.
For my memory etched
a different version of her
in a tighter hard-body.
Not framed by all this suburban stucco...

Oh, yes! a wild hottie
A memory that I have treasured thru the years
of she whose vogue ways
had once begged for it!
On that evening when I had first built a bridge
all the way to her inner desire,
and into her velvety sheets we had fallen.
Oh how she had screamed in release
... and then stopped calling!
The morning after, with a polite smile,
she had returned herself
to her regularly scheduled programming.

How this karmic wheel has burned
with memories that were branded
only in MY heart.

Or so I thought...

But tonight
she is casually ensnaring me once more
in her dreamy gaze.
She tangos me backward
across the river rock patio.
Her towel is falling away
amid lovely kisses, suspended
under the Milky Way.

She is more than just a promise to me now,
more than eager once again!
She's a mouthful of everything.
Those breasts are still such a handful.
Long I've waited, and at long last,
she, she has come fishing for me!
She sniffs the aroma of me,
and then wraps her lips
all around my world.
Still connected to me psychically?
After all this time? Could that be why
she's sensitively sixty-nining with me...

A segue-way, a scent change
and I'm suddenly staring into some dark chasm.
Something's stuck in the way of my orgasm!

I can no longer focus on my own urgency.
She has edged my ship
toward the shores of vulnerability
and I start taking on water
in a sea-blue memory
of all the dry years
that have been separating us.

Do I even deserve to receive
such wanton pleasure tonight?
For we all are struggling through these
years of national depression.

She and I climax
at last...
and after cuddling under the patio lights
I feel over-powered by so many global problems
which she and I share
just because we are PBS aware!
She leads me groggily

into her bedroom
where we drift away into uneasy sleep,
inside this, my wish fulfillment dream!
This first dream of my 7 dream night...



DREAM II

My right eye twitches open
like a Hollywood shutter!
My second dream of the night staggers
into an unnerving setup...
The static air of her bedroom
is being scratched
by whispers from the yard, quiet voices
that spike through her gauzy curtains!!

A strange undertone
is slicing through the silence.

"Wake up, honey! Do you hear that?"

She listens hard
to the rustling outside,
somewhere just below the Bush-line.
It's definitely people out there.
And they know we're in here!

How many of them are there?
The shiny sneer of a machine gun
glints a flash
of probing moonlight
across these rosy walls.
Christ! I have two saucer eyes!
Fuck! All our senses are peeled back!

She and I creep out of her bed like lost deer
but her knees give way beneath her...
Come on, Bambi!
Get off the carpet, let's get out of range!

She grabs the door frame and moans:
"Oh I just knew something like this
would happen! Hunters fishing for me,
poking around for that one
chink in my security,
and now they're gonna take my life

away from me.
Why me, why is this happening to me?"

Fuck no, wench:
we must counterattack!
I've got an idea.
Let's untangle these vocal cords.

Together we start to scream: "He-e-e-e-lp!"
But the thunderous velocity of our mutual shout
launches me backward...
down a spiral hallway of Time
whose distant wallpaper
is mostly unpainted cosmos,
like a black canvas
with a few starry brushstrokes,
the odd splatters of vomit yellow.
I continue to fall backward.
I am leaving her behind again...

until I touchdown in Eraserhead
where I am upchucking
my fear of Hollywood aesthetics.
(...Perhaps white vomit would match these fabulous
curtains better? White would bring the whole room
together!)

As I detour into various decorating options:
I hum: La did da, dum di diddledee dum...
I can't help but wonder where will they pose both
of our spectacularly dead bodies...

"Let's just surrender and get it all over with."

"No." Her turn to put her foot down. "No!"

Okay, then, crack that light switch there
(oops wrong switch) as
I shout at the open window:
"We know you're out there, motherfuckers!"

We both got guns!" but that's a lie.
She punches up 911.
On the intercom, I yell: "Intruder alert!"
just because I can.
I am about to tell her to go create distractions,
to run from room to room
and turn on all the light-switches in the house.
Instead something makes me stop her:

I grab her wrist so she can't move.

What the hell are we doing, girl?
Shouting is a neon
invitation to these assassins!
What a dumb idea.
Shouting just gives them a bead on us faster!

Baby, I'm afraid we are close to dead.

She and I climb meekly into a closet

to hide, like children, pulling her housecoats
down over our heads...



DREAM III

How long, how long
since the moon set?
How many hours have we been here hiding,
crouched here waiting...
No cops have been arriving,
nor has the other shoe
started dropping...

I rouse myself now.
I need to feel more alive!
I want to feel stronger!!
Resolve is growing in me now!
I will not be weakened by their violence!
We must survive through Love, not War!
I stand up! Taller! I've gotta call for backup!

and the Relief in my blood relaxes my mind.
I ease my way out of the closet and tiptoe
along the hall of empowerment.

I mount her vital staircase.
Higher and higher,
up into the belfry!
I'm climbing higher and higher still,
through cloud 9 and
up into Universal Time I climb!

Becoming more of a dream-walker
and more mad like an Arab astronaut!
Up there, in the top of some cosmic minaret,
I summon the rocketing spirits of Revenge
to bomb down upon our property invaders:

*"Darkness I say!
Vile orcs, strange bats,
ancients of Sumer, arise!
Come and enflame a screech
within their smug ear-holes!"*

Instantly, a strange insanity
falls upon the sneaky snipers outside.
My conjuration, to my surprise,
is becoming a sweet success!

Through her attic window,
I giddily observe the after-effects.
And oh, it's like some Xmas
pantomime now—their hands
glued over their ears, stricken,
they scatter helplessly
to the four winds like demented chickens!

HA! Conceit is become my possession!
Control of the spirits is mine!
I laugh smugly,
like a manly hero would, feeling cocky.
I return down the minaret
to my sweating LA lady.
Also all mine.

"Wipe away your sweat and tears.
I've saved us, m'lady! And wouldn't you say
my magickal out-flanking
was well orchestrated?
And exquisitely authoritative?"

Yet inside me, unseen, I have grave doubts:

Did I go too far? Did I drop my aces cleanly
or have I again indebted myself to The Darkness:
to the lord whose Powers sometime
befoul my dreaming?
Was I merely turning the tables
on some bad enemy energies
so that we nobles can emerge unscathed?
Or will I have to atone for these favors, later?
My use of the black arts will have to be repaid...



DREAM IV

In the morning light,
she is standing strong and radiant
like the Statue of Liberty—
that symbol of American hospitality.
On her stucco doorstep
we kiss
and then I bound down to my Pontiac.
Proud as a newly crowned king
I'm striding down the street.
I crack my neck once, mentally
preparing my day's agenda before the 9 o'clock
school bell.

This will not be a routine day, however.

Something odd in the sky catches my eye.
A package plane, perhaps?
This purple, red and white 747
is meandering off course,
slowly circling.
Wing tipping.
It's more and more alarming
so of course I can't stop watching.
The plane veers down toward
the longshoremen who are working the piers.
Oh no, the great machine has gone nose down!

Unguided or steered by a surreal pilot,
the 747 smacks the ground.
It tunnels briefly, plowing
into the concrete city and disappearing.

Like a needle plunging under
the civic skin
it injects its poisonous fire within.
For a long millisecond, it is
broken and silent and invisible.
I am braced for the cue

As a peaceful maple leaf spins
across my immobile shoe,
the violent shock wave arrives:
KA-BOOM!!!

Oh what hath God wrought?



DREAM V

"They were ASKING for it."

I know. I know. Oi vay.
It's just that I'm so tired
of having to teach people LESSONS—
even if they WERE asking for it.

"Oi, that's not good style there!"
I indicate down the lane between the dividers
but the kid keeps doggie paddling
like a delirious gold miner
digging a hole toward buried treasure.

"Backstroke. Like this..." I demonstrate
the approved technique.

I reach back and sweep my arms under,
but my aging shoulders
are alternately complaining.
Oi. Oi.
My bones are getting heavy
like decommissioned locomotives!
My teaching brain
is every more filled with urban
concrete and metal.
Yet the stupid student
continues to stare at me
through his angular splashing,
totally uncomprehending.

So I roll my eyes with a sigh,
and then dive in.
Oi vay. Damn these beginners!
Damn these teaching lessons...
I don't know why I don't quit.
All this grinding and wheeling
and kicking correctly
makes me feel overbearing, and heavy.

Oi vay, what is the goddamn point?
They never GET it anyway!

I'm just an old catfish now,
getting tangled up
in the cable lane dividers.
Going steadily obsolete.
I'm so jaded it's like I've sprung a big leak.
I'm a paddle wheeler
with a gaping hole in the hull.
I'm torquing my wooden shell.
I'm greedily reaching for the bottom mud.

Sloshing slowly down,
disappearing from view
for I have no buoyancy left,
unlike you bubbly young students,
you shmucks!

A wash of chlorinated light
closes over my balding head
through softly jiggling waves...
I am reminded of her wavy hair
and her lovely warm pool waters but
like a heavy-hearted anchor,
I am sinking
much deeper than I should
into another bone-chilling dream!

The surface recedes away,
out of reach,
out of hope.
The surface freezes into a ceiling of ice
that is rising away from me
as I gulp dirty water instead of air,
but do I even care?
Caring is for the young.

Does anyone else recall
that wintry plane crash into the Potomac?

Or remember overloaded ferries capsizing
in the North Sea? in the Philippine Sea?
All acts of the tabloid God, briefly
grasped in a supermarket checkout line.
Now these disasters are all too resonant with me.
I hear their distant echoes,
those wat'ry graves,
as unearthly as these forebodings I have
which foretell that I must be reborn!

Reborn?
Impossible, I've been flooded.
Below me, I can't possibly sink no more.

Above me, however, like a building crane,
I think I spy the Architect's Light!
It begins to haul me up now
Like sky gravity,
the stars are reeling me upwards!
until I am dangling
precariously from a thread
of this imaginary Love,
high above the school pool.
My limbs all wet and akimbo
a-twitching like a newborn in mid air,
in the nebulous air of limbo,
turning slowly on a vertical spit
while my lifetime of crusty spite
peels off and completely flakes away.
The crane arm trundles
until I am hanging above concrete.
I feel as fragile as eggs
so I try to fixate
on easy Shabbat memories,
to focus on unbreakable dates
with girls who remain sweet
the morning after.

God? Goddess?
Is this it? Am I being Reborn?

I hang from the winch,
thinly suspended.
I wonder what or who it is
that I would REALLY love near me
this lifetime.



DREAM VI

Like a reinvigorated Spiderman
strumming a silky cord on which I swing,
I gain momentum until I am lunging
through the flung-open portico curtains.
Still expecting to find my L.A. woman there
on the rumpled and welcoming bed.

Instead, this room is unfamiliar and dusty,
and that's not where the bed was before...

I think to myself, "What the-?"
just as a hotel bellhop
struts past the open door.

I leap over the covers and interrupt him:
"Um, excuse me, is this the sixth floor?"

He looks at me with utter contempt.

"It's not?" I continue, "So sorry!
Then I'll just pop out by the corridor."

I'm alone, bereft of my wet LA dream gal,
but at least I am feeling alive!
Now what was my mission target again?

Oh yeah! (And this time I mustn't confuse it.)
I'm about to learn a big lesson about music!

There so happen to be some famous musicians
holed up in the room right across the hall.
20 of the most wanted instrumentalists
in the entire musical world!
I can already hear them:
Their door is ajar.
I timidly grip their doorway frame.
Maybe I'll lie down in a chilly corner of their room?
and try to learn to groove along with their masteries.
Will they be frighteningly serious too?

Amid their fiddling,
amid those melodies,
I realize I know that chord progression...
and it's quite inviting to me.

This music is dawning across me
with songs that have been resurrected
for a noble purpose!

I could be the voice of the People!
Inspired!
I burst in and burst out
and overwhelm their instrumental mood with

*“Lord, here comes the flood!
We’ll say goodbye to flesh and blood
If again the seas are silent
in any still alive
It’ll be those who gave their islands
to survive
Drink up, dreamer,
you’re running dry...”*

That was my sparkling rendition
of a Peter Gabriel song
but the Soul Train stumbles to a jumbled halt.
Laser stares from all the musicians
shooting down my big take-off.
They're making me wish I could just disappear
inside my talentless skin.

Was my input really THAT fucked up?
It's judgment day now!
High court is in full session.
I'm soon found guilty of interrupting,
of adding NOTHING worthy of mention!

How can I avoid
their prickly feedback, this critical pain?
Can I pretend that I've been sleepwalking,

(sleep-singing)
and I'm only now awakening?

Yawning, I feign
groggy-lids.
Mumbling goodbye, I back out the doorway
and stumble
tumbling backward into the blue
corridor of water.



DREAM VII

I swim down the wallpapered lane
to a different hotel room, a dorm room,
where my resurrected life starts to improve.

"Um-m-m-m, hello?"
she calls out from her warm cocoon.

Her hesitancy is sexy.
It arouses me.
Well look, here's a freeze-dried cutie!
Did she just fall out of the clothes-dryer?

We hit it off and talk until past dinnertime,
until she feels a lot more inspired!

"Oo," she giggles, totally relaxing,
and soon everything about her just seems
so natural and daring and exciting.

"You're the first in a long time
that I've even felt like
doing... something... with."

She murmurs into my ear
as she trips with me, awkwardly,
onto her chastity bed, backward...
She falls, laughing with me
in this, the last of my seven dreams.
But her gray woolen sock-covered foot
lands in my face,
(By accident?
I don't think that's a good omen!
Plus I'm allergic to sheepish fabrics.)

"Maybe you'd like to meet my friend too?"
She hollers through the bathroom wall:
"Susan! Come on in and meet somebody new."

In vamps her friend.

It's the campus party girl, Susan.
She is shapely and attitude-oozing

...and uniquely endowed with a small
elephant seal proboscis
flopped on top of her human nose!

This is hard to process...

Oh my God, this is just monstrous!

I try not to be judgmental,
but hell, it's a trunk!

I peek through my fingers
but her trunk still lingers!

Beauty is in The Truth, they say,
it's in the Eye of the Beholder.
That's what I repeat to myself over and over.
It ain't about plastic surgery.
Better to fix the perceiver!
That's what I repeat to myself over and over.
Like I'm stuck at that bar in Star Wars.

The girls both smile at each other, then at me,
while taking all of their clothes off.

Oh my God, Oh my GOD!
I pat my Omnimax forehead
because I'm being flown
to a planet that's totally bizarre!
Will I be getting proboscis head?

Oh this dream is the craziest by far!
of the 7 dreams I had before flying.

7 dreams
all in one momentous night.

