

...january 20, 1986...

afternoon walks cold on booted feet –
concrete towers loom past wired trees
arguing a heavy fog tonight –

goddess of the waking dream
silver-blue and silver-green –
where the fog dives into rain
i will come to you again –

coated figures crouch umbrella-tense
in shadow exodus from door to door
of car bus taxi office house and store –

i walk the winding grey through streets
grown long and deep in headlight offerings
gathering my whispers into theirs –

goddess of the waking dream
silver-blue and silver-green –
where the fog dives into rain
i will come to you again –

minutes magnify loose silhouettes –
a low mist creeps into back lanes
where basement windows glow in fractured lines –

fog gathers up the streetlights and the curbs
like smoking serpents seeping into lanes
camouflaging distances and lawns –

goddess of the waking dream
silver-blue and silver-green
where the fog dives into rain
i will come to you again –

a voiceless summons and a mist embrace
collects my inner thoughts and dreams
transmuting me into your thousand names.