



This Dream

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There are subtitles across the bottom of this dream.
Look: read them. Dreams swim in that sea beyond words,
Then they crawl out of that sea on things that only later
Will you recognise as legs. A kind of awkwardness.

'I never dream, kid' Uncle Charlie used to say,
But I knew he just didn't remember them. Then one day
He said *'I had a dream last night'*
What happened? *'A bloke spoke.'* What did he say?
*'I couldn't tell. The words seemed too far away; once
I'd started to make them out he faded into the light'*

The dream slowly stands upright and begins to walk
Haltingly at first like an old man or a baby.
The dream pulls words from somewhere and begins to talk
In the language of poetry: *I love you; what if; maybe...*

Uncle Charlie. Me. You. The poems begin here
Where the words live. Where the dreams are.

The dream slowly stands upright and begins to walk,
Haltingly at first, like a baby, like an old man.