Michael McGuire "The Things Dreams Are Made Of"

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I cant remember the dream I had last night, but it went something like

this, she was the only light in the tunnel, and I fawned for her kiss, the

morning cut thru us like a shiny blade, and the newly woken dreamers

forgot, like the lampposts grasping circle of light, we can only see our

frozen lot, somewhere a child soars on an eagles back, somewhere

gleams the image of right and wrong, reality calls to the high priest of

the universe, the night will wait but it wont wait long. I am awake but IÂ'm still dreaming, as the dark spot moves across my

brain, carry me thru this dark night, and this dream I cant explain.

There she was on my pillow, lÂ'm shining silver sheÂ's coming on gold,

my eyes are open but my eyes cant see, I was bragging to someone

about a lie I told, and there goes the pangs of desire, hurt me so bad

almost like real pain, but the curtain is drawn in the sea, that divides

the water from the rain, the floor of the building moved from

underneath my feet, parts of an illusion are in play, and this night

really does last forever, itÂ's just occasionally interrupted by the day.

I am awake but IÂ'm still dreaming, as the dark spot moves across my

brain, carry me thru this dark night, and this dream I cant explain.

ThereÂ's my limping fragment of flesh, drawn into the slumber that

feeds it, this is my hopeless night of nights, this is the only time when

time needs it, move to and fro in relative motion, in the dream the

chair was in the wrong place, their is some kind of

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