

Will Dockery & Henry Conley

"Last Dream Today"

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Last Dream Today

There she stands again
in that cold foggy marsh,
in a green tattered scarf
my last dream today.

Weariness returns
spectral memories of course
conversations to regret
words and lies that were forced.

On a cracked sidewalk
another Broadway stroll
by the fountain fate took a toll
still my last dream today.

She said that she was really
Burned Out
seductive and strange.
He said where is the man with the pistol
I'm gonna fetch my sword.

Then there she stands again,
in the Martian Reeds
hand full of gleaming seeds...
my last dream today.

Grey Things inhabiting the planes
where the lumber was kept.
On a shimmering night
I stood on the bridge and wept.

There she stands again
told me what I needed to know
hint of a flurry of snow...
my last dream today.

