

## Thea Gilmore

# "I Dreamed I Saw St Augustine"

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I dreamed I saw St. Augustine alive as you or me  
Tearing through these quarters in the utmost misery  
With a blanket underneath his arm and coat of solid  
gold  
Searching for the very souls whom already had been  
sold

Arise, arise, he cried so loud with a voice without  
restraint  
Come out, you gifted kings and queens and hear my  
sad complaint  
No martyr is among you now whom you can call your  
own  
But go on you way accordingly you know you're not  
alone

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine alive with fiery breath  
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones that put him out  
to death  
Oh, I awoke in anger so alone and terrified  
I put my fingers against the glass and bowed my head  
and I cried

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