

The Poet of Dreams

SAL GABLE

IT HAPPENED JUST SOME TIME AGO. The day was gloom and rainy and I never would've expected my tragedy to strike. I was in my bedroom gathered in my thoughts, expressing it on paper. I heard my mother yell, "Margaret Marie! Are you ever going to come out of that room?" I ignored her. I was too pleased and overcome with my writing. I tend to spend my time drowning within my poetry and, lately, it has been happening more than usual. I finally took a break as the clock ticked 3:15 PM. I ran down the steps with my white leather purse getting ready to go out to the local café to meet my best friend, Chloe. I was confronted by my mother who was sitting upon the beige, floral sofa: "Margaret, may I ask where you're going?"

"I'm just going into town. I'll be back, mom. I promise."

My dad, sitting beside her, waved 'good-bye' as I opened the door and was out of there with a blink of the eye. The café was nearly close, so there was no need for a taxi or a bus ride. It was just me, my black umbrella, and the smooth sound of the rain surrounding me. There was a part of me that never wanted the walk to end and the other part hated the fact of the rain being so wet. I turned two street corners to my right and saw Chloe waiting inside of the café. I walked in putting my umbrella away and greeting her with a friendly hug saying, "Hello." We sat and talked about life's greatest gifts. I told her about my poetry while she sat ecstatic talking about her engagement. Her and her fiancé, Jack Luic, have been together for nearly four years. They started dating when Chloe was only nineteen years old and have been together ever since. It's hard to swallow the fact of your best friend, being the same age as you, getting married before you even find love. My love is poetry. If I could only marry my poetry or a poet, then life would set. We finished sipping on hot tea, eating croissants, and talking at 6:30 PM. We walked out of the café waving 'goodbye' to one another as I

started to walk back home. The rain suddenly stopped and the sunset began to shine through. Halfway home, I thought of the river down by the forest in Rennes. I wanted to see its beauty once more and suck in nature's inspiration, so I took a detour home. I stopped by the local train station and got on a train that would soon take me to Rennes. I sat in my own compartment and took out a piece of paper where I started, once again, writing poetry. It was a poem of nature's love:

Wind whistling through branches,
The song of birds throughout the
atmosphere;
Rivers flow oh so clear,
And the beauty sights of wildlife
surrounded by deer.

I looked up as I felt the train slowly coming to a stop. I felt a shadow of someone in the distance casting upon me watching every move I made. It was soon making me uncomfortable, but I didn't look back. I knew not to. For it was figure of my imagination, nothing more. We were soon off of the train and I was headed directly to my dream escape. My dream of nature. Passed the boulangerie and through the suburban homes, I was finally there. My sweet escape. A beautiful, deep pond the color of turquoise lay sinking within the land surrounded by tall trees and wild flowers all different shades of emerald, lemon, and burgundy. A small, abandoned home sat behind two large trees just barely far from

the pond itself. I sat in the same spot I always do. Under a tall, pink blossoming tree whose petals lay upon the forest floor. A beautiful spot to overview the turquoise pond, all the colorful flowers surrounding it, and a beautiful spot for poetry. The cool, crisp air blew through my apricot colored hair and made the small hairs on the back of my neck rise as I got out more paper and a pen from my little white purse. I decided to write haikus. One cannot enjoy the beauty of nature with writing without a haiku poem. That's what they're designed to do. To make you feel as if you are a part of nature yourself just for the moment you are there. I had written six haikus before I had heard a voice from behind. "Hello, madame. You may not recognize me, but I was on the same train as you just minutes before. The name is Pierre Sage." I stopped and looked up to where my lime-green eyes met his gorgeous sapphire-blue eyes. He looked like a prince from a fairytale with his hair gelled neatly, combed to the side, and was the color of chocolate, a face that looked as if it had been chiseled by the gods, the perfect sized button nose, teeth so white they could sparkle, and a body so fit and form-fitting. He took my breath away, but I managed to spit a few words. "Oh. Hello. Nice of you to say hello. Pardon me, I'm Margaret Marie Janviev." I quickly stood up to where we were both on the same level and my poetry still laying within my left hand as he brought

my right hand to his lips and kissed the top. It didn't last as long as I would've liked. It was poetry he noticed quickly. "You write poetry? How romantic. So, that's what you were writing on the train when I looked over at you." He looked at me with a loving smile.

"Yes, it's what I do for a living. I'm a writer."

"A writer of poetry. Sounds a lot like what I do. I'm a poet."

My hopes and spirits had been lifted. I thought I had finally found the perfect love forever. He took me by the arm as we started our walk around the pond. "You know who *Robert Frost* is?" He asked. I shook my head in a 'yes' way thinking to myself, '*who doesn't?*' "Well, a poem of his inspired me to write a whole series of poems."

"Which one?"

"I shall be telling this with a sigh.

*Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference. "*

I looked into him with such deep admiration. The Road Not Taken was one of my favorite poems that Robert Frost had ever written. Something about this guy didn't feel right. For someone who had just met me on a train seemed to know too much about me and what I liked. I decided it was time to confront him. "If you don't mind me asking, how

did you know I was coming to this particular forest?" There was a moment of silence before he answered. "I...I just decided to go for a walk and I found you here."

"That can't be right. No one ever knows about me coming here. You must've followed me."

There was no answer this time. Instead, he stopped and I stopped to look into his eyes seriously. He put his hands on my shoulders and turned me around to where I was facing the water and couldn't see him. "Do you know what you see?" He asked.

"Yes. It's the pond."

"It's not *just* a pond, Margaret. You out of all people should know ponds are poetic. They're a symbol of life."

I stayed quiet. I wasn't sure where he was getting at, but it surely wasn't anything good. I felt his body press against my back, his hands still gripping upon my shoulders, and his mouth beside my right ear as he whispered, "It's your future." I turned my head to look back at him and saw he had the most devilish looking expression upon his face as he managed to push me into the turquoise bath. I felt my body slowly weighing down in the shivering cold pond. My eyes opened as I saw the surface through the water above me. I tried to push through and swim back to shore, but I was too deep within the water and my foot had become caught on something

below. It was only a few seconds
until I saw my poetry sinking down
with me. Throughout the years
from when I drowned, I don't know
how much I have shrunk or disin-
tegrated. But I'm sure if you look
hard enough and you're as poetic as
I am, you'll find me sunken with my
words in the bottom of the turquoise
bath. They say people die doing
what they love and I am one of the
few.