

Dreaming of You

I wrote a poem in my dream about you —
Watching the way each golden strain sings
into muted wind. Reaching for you was never true,
reality sinks its yellowish teeth with a venom it brings.

I wrote a poem in my dream about you —
Radiant silk skin that breathes from the luminescence
upon your neck. The end reads like an hourglass, through
each grain filtering the remains of your evanescence.

I wrote a poem in my dream about you —
Cancer has vanquished the hair from your somber head,
Leaving it vulnerable, naked. Flesh dried lines crackle,
with demonic bits exposed. Your eyes sky blue with shots of red,
tied to a crimson room by iron shackles.

I wrote a poem in my dream about you —
It was six words... one line stanza
"No one — can ever — be you."

—*Brian Wilds*