

THE DREAM THAT LINGERED PAST DAWN

I awoke and draped myself in that royal robe,
blue as the twilit sea, tattered with tiny, ragged holes.

I poured the clear boil into my goblet of grounds,
concocting that black bitterness,

that invigorating, crow-feathered potion
that promises unimpeded flight.

It makes mist, and I waft its peculiar
earthen odor up through my cranial canals.

I seat my tender rump upon the throne,
glittering balsa wood in the clementine sunrise—

not a cloud today in that cream-dolloped sky—
and I call out to my jesters,

those paper-bound dancers and fiddlers with words,
asking them to tell a riddle

that lifts the soul high up from the dust
and invites it to make love with the sun.

PHILIP BOLD