

Dream Disorder

By Glenn Currier

Where have my dreams gone?
Have they floated into the mist
gossamer as the passing moment
are they gone between blinks
or free as a child's run?

Have I become too old
to hold those glorious glints
beyond my waking?
Are they no longer alive -
cloudprints I fashion
in mornings?

I sometimes wonder
if the deep ruts in my mind
disallow off-road flights
visions
vaultings
fantasies of futures.

Can I no longer see
beyond carefully crafted arguments
and tightly held doctrines?

Do I have a dream disorder?

I hear the public sounds
the hammering
the pounding
of insular insults
in the heat and venom
of self-righteous anger.

And I fear the loss
of softness
and gentle conversation about family and health
and exchanges in elevators or vacant corners
about the small daily sufferings of life.

And I wonder
if a thread of hope
still waves in the wind
or if abroad in this land

is a dream disorder.