

Dreampresent

By Glenn Currier

I hear people on the talent shows
speak ardently of living out their dreams
as if their dreams are some projected future.

I cannot know their minds,
but in my dreams I am always in the now
on a ship at sea,
hiding from an approaching menace,
lying next to my lover,
flying above the lumber yard
and cyclone fences
cannon storming my senses
pedestrians in intersections.
I am lost with no connections
desperately seeing directions.

Or visiting donut shops
and buying apple fritters
sprinkly chocolate covereds,
things I cannot taste
in my waking life.

My nightmares
of growing old and frail
not being able to get out of bed to pee
of arguments with policemen
fleeing tax men clutching forms
slogging through surging surf
unable to make progress
towards the shore.

In all of this however
I am in the pressing present of my dreams
not in the future.
The future only germinal
under the cloudy ground

of the dreampresent.

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