

ALBUM OF 3 DREAMS

Peignoir 2/23/13

In a bedroom
near the mirror
on the closet door
someone has hung
an ivory-colored peignoir,
invitation to a paramour.
Gazing at the sheer garment,
I speak aloud:
This is waiting for you.
Come and slip into it,
it will become you.

Infant Boy 1/31/13

I get a ride with a young couple I know.
From the back seat I observe their infant boy
wrapped in a blanket on his mother's lap.
He's large for his age, his fat smooth face
the essence of contentment.
I smile to think how his life
will extend into time
well after I'm gone.

In the Lobby of an Old Hotel 2/22/13

In the lobby of an old hotel with dark wood panels
and well-used arm chairs, I entertain
a circle of amiable guests, most strangers,
and give them a spontaneous review of a film I liked.

After taking my seat I notice a hound
sniffing at an exit door, a crack of daylight
visible near the floor.

A walk to the parking lot,
my car, dark blue, the only vehicle in sight.
Someone is near – my husband, a young man again,
peers into the window, passenger side.

Black tousled hair,
leather jacket and backpack,
adorable look of innocence
and alertness.

He gets to ride with me.

I smile at our time-travel.