

George Santos' Dream

by Gary Percesepe

Dreams of chaos his specialty

he dreams of limp victims stepping out of the waves
water draining from skin and hair

some survivors mill about on the rocky shore
unsteady and pale

even the victims seem more drunk
than dead.

George shakes his head gravely
but without pity.

As usual he had foreseen the disaster
yet failed to give a warning.

Kick the past from your shoes
with a poem, he thinks

from the dead choose a name
and a college

and a sister named Glad
the only relative he remembers without loathing

who was a servant at eleven
and taught him to eat using knife and fork.

A sudden fright
he feels the soles of his shoes grow warm

so thin,
the crust of his world.

What if a wave populated with
people deposited Glad on the shore?

He feels a faint stir at the thought
like the rumor of an earthquake some distance away.

It was a mistake he now believes
to remember Glad at all.

He picks up his pen
and writes of huge colored

balls flung over his head
and sometimes against it.

At the press conference
he speaks of shrieking children

of butchers--
the butcher children being taught to swim.

