

# 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.

