

The Vivid Dream

by Jerry Ratch

I had a terribly vivid dream
where a big leaf was talking to a baby,
and the Mouseketeers had grown fat,

and my lover was passing the healing comb
through the hair of my soul during the night
as she retouched my youth,

so I could rejoin the hierarchy
where we sit on the steps of life
and continue to dream for real.

I had a terribly vivid dream,
and oh, the signs I saw —
No Smoking, No Bathing, No Panhandling.

No Drinking Alcoholic Beverages.
Violators Subject to Arrest.
No Littering or Creating Unsanitary Conditions.

Definitely No Bathing in the Toilets or Sinks,
Especially the Sinks.
Maybe the Toilets Is Okay, Once in a Blue Moon.

I had a dream,
a vivid dream, it was,
a terribly vivid dream,

and suddenly I was wide awake bug-eyed at 4 a.m.
and the mind was spinning donuts
at all the intellectual intersections.

