

## **I Dreamed I Woke**

I dreamed I woke  
lay under heavy covers  
a contemplative moment.  
Early morning light started  
into my bedroom windows.  
I felt the night  
and my rest complete.

I threw the covers back  
sat up  
planted my feet  
planted my feet  
on the cold winter morning floor  
stepped into green long underwear  
bottoms and brown trousers,  
brown trousers  
brown trousers stink need launder  
slithered  
into already assembled double t shirts  
and heavy wool sweater  
wool sweater  
opened bedroom door  
strode into active center of house  
and woke to realize  
I staggered wildly  
and woke to realize  
I only then woke  
Catch my balance  
against the wall  
climb the wall  
from deep sleep  
stand already dressed  
grab everything around me  
for balance  
spin and grasp the world  
for balance  
while dreams  
carom off undulant walls  
seek secret existence  
in rapidly darkening depths  
of preverbal thought  
and the beautiful fragments

I catch  
briefly  
own  
the most beautiful fragments.

This one  
colors of the rainbow  
Ingrid still lives  
She defeated slow, painful death  
drives a big yellow school bus  
up a fast flowing irrigation ditch  
Water flows muddy around us

I stand on  
fast moving big yellow bus  
harvest ripe, sweet apricots.  
while muddy water  
flows rapidly around us  
Four of us feast  
apricots  
in bright sunlight  
of our journey.

Ingrid insists we stop  
meet her grandmother  
who owns the apricot tree  
flew a twin engine  
Scooga Wooga 440A in Alaska  
three lean and lovely years  
shows us her collection  
of books proving  
a beautiful world in balance

made it through  
all the muddy-water years  
of humankind's material dreams  
that brought chaos to this world

We ride the big yellow bus  
ever more rural  
wheel deep in mud  
the bottom of the ditch  
water runs ever more clear.  
I know  
we will swim in these currents  
Sun shining to water  
to us

End of the road  
ramshackle buildings  
where we all live  
and love  
progressively  
blend to fruit trees  
to wildflowers  
to the landscape

Lush grass grows  
wildly unkempt.  
Golden, ripe fruit  
fruit of many colors  
of every kind  
calls from trees  
around the low house.

Ingrid shuts the motor off.  
The bus has gone.  
We have all come home.