

PARALLEL — POEM

When the last dream left
It folded its napkin and
Set it aside its
Empty plate
At its seat around the dinner table.
I asked it to join me by the fire
But we both know the time
Had come and gone.
More deaths occur between the minute and hour hands on my clock
Than anywhere else.
I mourn them in my poetry.

When the last dream left
It grabbed its coat off the otherwise empty rack
Shrugged it on with a sigh
And a sweetener smile
The kind I could pour into my tea
When the eve grew cold.
As the last dream walked out of the door,
It turned back
Only for a moment
To see where its touch would linger

To see what could have been

To see what was never meant to be.

The kettlepot whistles on.