

**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.