

The Paraphernalia of the Dream

The paraphernalia of the dream dissolved
as I got out of bed to raise the blind
but what I had always wanted remained clear:
a love so strong it stills the fear of death,
transfiguring the bleak aloneness of the one
we become in trying to find ourself
among the multitude of things and forces.

Outside the window in less time than it takes to tell,
a black dot appeared in the gray sky,
swooped down nearly to eye level and snagged
the highest twig of the tree in the motel yard,
becoming in the process a yellow-eyed blackbird.

Wind, blowing a fifth straight day
down the Columbia Gorge toward the wishfully named
Pacific, whipped the branches into a frenzy.
After a long minute the bird let go,
caught up with the leaves and distant flocks of other
dark shapes rushing past my field of vision.