

the Dream

old friend,
I have been
unfaithful to you

I have been
writing in other
forms,
sometimes
not at all

I have been
playing
film director

almost like
playing hooky

I've finished
a little film
and now I'm
working on
a screenplay
for some
big boys
out in
Hollywood

(I promise
I won't become
a whore)

and
I'm pulling down
75 dollars a week

300 a month

not much,
but much more
than I was making

and it's for writing,

the best part

I'm not some lackey parking a car
or taking out the trash
or serving socialites escargot
with a fake, required smile from management

I'm being paid
to create my art

otherwise known as
"the dream"

I've arrived at it
much earlier than expected
and there is so
much more
to be conjured up,
to be dreamt

all made possible by a man
with dreams as big as my own

and I find myself
with so many
ideas I have to bat them
away with my hands
like mosquitoes

they come out of me now
fearless
for there is
nothing in the way
of them becoming reality
anymore

yes,
I have been away
but I've made good
and I've returned to you
a bigger and better
poet

hopefully doing
justice to the most

trampled of
writing forms

what a joke you've become

how people
abuse you

but not from me, darling
I'll be your man

you've got me

for this is just the beginning

I've been set free
from all imprisonment

my mind is clear

my love is gone
(thank christ)

and I feel as though
there has been a break
in the constant rain
and all I can hear
is the ribbiting
of a frog
among the peaceful
night

and now all I have to do
is make the greatest film anyone has ever seen...

oh yes,
nothing can stop me now