

*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