

Dream Visions of Tricksters

Kim Alexander

In my dream you are disguised
as the old man who lit my cigarette
and bought my husband a beer when
the Wings scored their first goal in
the Stanley Cup Playoffs I know it was
you because the dogs didn't bark and
you knew where to find me through the
darkened hallways of the old house
we had rented

Armed with my mother's green
measuring cup you tried not to be
silent and made me lose my place in
reading under the covers with my
Raggedy Ann flashlight I *have been*
waiting twenty-two years was all
you said over and over as I struggled to
free my arms from the grip you tried
to seize to draw my blood I watched my
dogs lay sleeping vocal chords paralyzed
and couldn't cry because my tears were
frozen and I knew you forgot to close the
window the cold air rushed in a taste of
death as I watched the thick red syrup pour
from my veins like tap water measured into
your weapon as you kept up with your chanting
but couldn't fill your cup and left disappointed that
you didn't get what you had come for there was
not enough to drain me of what was left of that life
I wake up scarred and breathless my puncture
wounds hidden under layers of closed flesh I
can feel you in the background of closed windows
faded and ageing under the hound dog mask of a
stranger in the bar *twenty-two years* linger in the
covers but I am no longer afraid of what you can do
for my scars are healing and my dogs sleep peacefully
sighing and stretching on the room's scratched hardwood
this dream has long ended and your defeated shoulders
stained with my blood have already told me
that I have won