

THE DREAM

She hadn't felt so well ... something in her back ... or on her mind ...
Neighbors, perhaps ... Lost culture ... Lost dreams ...
If you pick up stones in life ... and live a goodly life ... so many things ...

No one ever told her ... her labor on the loom ... Seol mór ... its beaters, beams, ...
600 pounds of loom and rider, dancing 'cross the floor ...
We loved that sound ... music ... pure music ... to our ears ...

That night ... she woke, a howling wind – bean sidhe, perhaps ... she told of her dream ...
An angel stood ... a cowl or hood ... she did not know ...
She lay ... calm ... as he plied his trade ...
a case laid 'cross her chest ... motions, slow... a seafarer, perhaps ... of an age of old ...

A curiosity ... this sea mist on her breasts ... yet windows shuttered ...
giota beag faitios ar fad ... giota beag faitios ...

From the case, a needle ... a long dark piece of thread ...
She watched ... his parched, practiced hands ... a ghost? ... an aisling? ...
She looked into his eyes ... he not hers ...

He did not see me, she sadly said ... not in that way ...
She searched his gaze, his glance, his face ...
their souls, it seemed, met ... and wept ...

He touched my lips ... then my eyes ... gently ... lovingly ...
Then with coarse, calloused hands ... he stitched ... she felt no pain ... first one eye ...
a look, a pause ... and began again ... another eye, another cross ... her mouth ...

When done ... he stood back ... gazed on this, his eerie canvas ...

He lifted one arm, palm opened out ... placed it 'cross her breast ...
the other, now, in prayer he laid ... upon her heaving chest ...
then stood ... a solemn gaze ... then oh so slowly began to fade ...

“No”, she cried, “you never said ...”
“Hush ... no words ... all best left unsaid ...”
“But what of me ...”, she begged ...
“What, indeed ... “ *[long pause]* ... then was gone.

What could it mean ... this strangely stitched rag doll ...
A torn sail ... a tattered soul ... ?
All the while ... hearing again ... this mournful melody ... reeling in our heads ...