

Dream-Eggs

Dreams are planted
Deep inside
Our spongy hearts
Before we are even born.
They lie, brimming-full,
Waiting quietly
To be discovered,
Or stumbled upon
by chance.
One day we might wonder
Up the ladder
With a torch,
And find them folded
In bleached newspaper.
What to do though,
In that moment of unwrapping,
Crouching in the dark,
Dusting off a dream
For the first time?
It's alien but belongs,
Like a photograph
Of us not remembered,
On a beach in front of waves,
Carrying bucket and spade.
We know the dream
Needs light to hatch,
As we need air to live.
It needs to be taken downstairs
And laid on the bare table
So that friends,
Holding steaming leaves,
Can see it, naked.
But what is there to say
About a dream-egg?
It is potential only,
Not a finished piece,
Albeit a piece of me.
What will they say?
Do I want them to...
The newspaper crackles,
The dream quivers.
It won't survive
If it's left in the attic,
That's for sure.
I'd forget about it,