

The Dream

I dreamt that I awoke.
I lifted my head from a pillow of stone
and removed a blanket from my body.
I was very thin, with scars upon my chest,
and the early morning sun had a strange hue.
Then I knew that I was really awake
and that all before was the dream.

In my dream I had a wife and child.
We lived in a house
and tilled the soil of our land.
Around us were our friends,
and people with whom we lived in peace.
And then for no good reason I was taken from my home,
starved and beaten, left for dead.

*I wanted to return to my dream,
to be with my family.
So I crept back under the tarpaulin
and slept again.*

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