

us to say, "Thank God the campus fuzz didn't find us like this. We shouldn't have fallen asleep." Sun-splattered green bushes bend away as she pushes. "Let's go, come on, I'm late, I've got to get to class." Books and papers: acolytes with tapers, pretending schools, playing by their rules. "I *must* get there on time. Hurry up!" Sun slides down, behind the town, steeple bells ring, the congregation sings, and this wakes me to find.....

Pencil and paper, a worn down eraser. An English theme, and a bathroom full of steam. Writing now, I'm back where I started. My, how my mind has darted. Now which, I ask, is real or not? They all are, and they all are not. And as I wake I think.....

Dreaming is reality while it is being dreamed, unreality while awake. "Reality" is reality now while awake, but it is unreality while dreaming. As we do not remember well the last night's dreams we do not remember this time while awake. So maybe, who knows, we are "dreaming" *now*, to wake up to a different reality when next we dream. Maybe being *awake* is the dream; maybe this whole life is only a dream. In three minutes I might wake up in a different galaxy, experiencing this life only as a figment of my computer's imagination; *maybe this whole world exists only in my imagination*. Who really knows, for *sure*?

## A POEM

MARTHA MOLDT

Love dies, Martha.  
He said.  
And she, who clutched at Love  
As the one constant in a tumbling world  
Let go  
And watched it spin away  
Out of sight; an empty vessel,  
Once full, once fragrant,  
Carried for too long as an anchor  
Attached to nothing.

