

## **Dream Poem**

by Craig Middleton

There's a wooly terror  
by the lake tonight  
holding its ominous ebony  
head low, tombstone-grey  
lanolin moss hanging off  
dark, knobby limbs  
as it eyes me,  
walking out of the gloom.  
I can see the charge  
before it happens,  
spinning in my tracks  
towards the burning planks  
and timbers  
that once made up my home.  
The tiny fearsome marauder  
bursts forth upon fragile legs  
bleating a fearsome  
battle cry,  
getting closer and closer  
as I run against an  
impossible wind, suddenly  
preventing my retreat.  
Just as the damned creature  
is on my heels, doom certain,

I find myself  
pulling the blankets above  
my head,  
an unnaturally high whimper  
slipping out,  
jolting me back to

the bed I'd never left,  
the early morning dark not  
yet broken.

I was safe.

But what would I  
ever be able to count  
to go back  
to sleep?