

UNDIALLED DREAMS

i.m.A.A.

A still, still night; the lake cat –
patient laps the shores, licks
paws of ice. Ghost fish sway below,
foil strips with open eyes.

Wintering geese shift into
ranks and reeds, warned by instinctive
ESP. Stars move further out of reach,
much higher up the sky.

Frost tips its sack of pins over
stiff blades of grass, chestnuts'
naked arms, palm's frozen
hands, the birch's fright.

I wake. Her mother, restless, dials ...
The same recorded voice ...
Her mobile's never off! Careful
always to recharge – the boy?

Engaged, engaged, engaged. The irony
words hold, the awful play of chance –
or fate? Her mobile slipped behind
the brake. The engine's purr, they

sleep embraced. The load of heat
coughs down the bank. He wakes
in time to jump. She slides through
cold, undialled dreams.



By Gabriel Griffen, Orta San Giulio, Lake Orta, north Italy.
The poem is based on the drawing **Out of the Night a Shadow Passed**
(1928).