

In my dreams I dreamed of Mount Fuji
Tall, pillared, bleeding with majesty
O teeming, white-tipped dome of reverie
Steepled sylvan spires of homogeneity

In my dreams I wandered through Kyoto
Swelled with sepulchral shrines of gods olden
Primeval city by eons molten
Once sweeping semblances of grand chateaux

In my dreams I walked through London
Exhumed from the ashes of concrete and industrialization
Consumed by the ephemeral light of street lamps
In which I find a queasy sense of my biology

In this life I walked through a sideways street
Filled with forced fitful bursts of conversation
Farcical as the flickering transience of our lives
Like wallpaper peeling in the face of eternity

In this life I stand in front of a door
As the doorbell trills a euphonious greeting
Last vampiric refuge of harmony fleeting
A shivering quaver of vulnerability thus forsworn

In my hands I hold a bouquet of roses, slightly crumpled
And my heart, sunburnt and already wilting
And in your eyes you held something that made me feel
No longer a transient burst of static on this cosmic wheel

In my dreams I took an Icarian fall
And in your eyes I die a million deaths
Buoyed along in sweet soft eternity
Tormented by these unearthly delights

How vast a flight this dreamer knew
This oyster of a world, dazzlingly new
And in the midst, pearl, is you.