The Interpretation of Dissolve

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I might be the bedspread—dangling
at the edge of your bed:
3:04 in the morning.

October still makes dreams
and I must have done something last night,
left a window open—yes: a dream swimming
stuck with me
and Freud never showed himself.

I had a moment upon waking,
upon eating away at certain parts:
certain moments of a dream appear
in everyday things, link it to
Déjà vu, the smell of the familial
that I felt and wore before.
The past, never too far behind the window
never leaving the frame.
It might have been over breakfast, over morning coffee, that the senses danced, released themselves to the mercy of this dream, a silk thing, like the bedspread after 4 am always a lost memory like the cold October or a basement revisited amidst the must.

Certain movements of a dream appear in everyday occurrences, link it to when you make the bed, the flakes of a dream releasing form, dancing in front of your only pillow——and the blankets.

The blankets never want to settle.