

# Day Dreams

*Karen Marguerite Moloney*

## I.

*Man of her house, her rooms  
Are haunted by dreams.*

Leavened by cool morning light,  
Loft become sanctum, he lolls  
Reading, bolstered by pillows  
Wadding the headboard like lush moss,  
Novel in his left hand, her  
Mirror in his right.  
Crosslegged on the floor beside  
Him, she watches reflected fingers  
Lift and section hair, pinning it  
Back laced into tortoise-shell combs.

## II.

*Man of her dreams, she stalks  
Her dreams, looking for you.*

Hedged against the sliding glass,  
Camellias, deflecting warm sun  
Like his large metal shears:  
The whole tangled garden faces  
Her, writing at his desk.  
Him in the roses, pruning.

III.

*Man of her dreams, her dreams  
Are haunted by houses.*

Autumn sun finds the west bay  
Window late in the afternoon,  
A flushed grandstand play in last  
Brightness: green lackluster carpet  
Suddenly awash, colors  
Pulsing in the prints she's  
Grouping for the long front hall.  
Behind her in the furthest shaft  
Of sun—his rapid-fire clicking  
Of computer keys, his smile  
Across the room.

*Man of her house, her dreams  
Wait haunted by houses, her rooms  
Loom, haunted by dreams.*