

My Dream

M. Rather, Jr.

In sleep voices fall upon me once again
with bladed-tongues that run against their teeth.

The voices' chorus a grind of bone saws
and caliper-fingers that force open
my mouth to let loose words. Thousands of words
bled from tongue, from lips. And the words they pour
out until the very air tastes sour
with alkaline spit. The voices' laughter
is cicadic, perpetual, constant.

The voices fall upon me once again
with sanded-lips raised in snarls. They are bent
to suck the spirit into the open
air where it will feel the growing blackness
of light, where it will do what it is asked.