

## EARLY MORNING DREAM

I was following the white road sweeping inland,  
following in its great curving irregular helixes  
when I came across four travellers -  
a young boy leading a donkey  
on which was seated an old man  
and the midget who was teaching himself to juggle  
"if I can just manage" he said dropping them again  
"to handle three balls, and then four, and then more  
I can get an act on my own" picking them up again.  
and I asked the old man what he'd done  
and his deafness obviously misunderstood my foreign accent  
because he turned on me in an aggressive way, roaring.  
"what rotten stench? who did what?"  
"and you young boy; what are you and that donkey doing?"  
"oh the donkey, he's the only one of us who's good for anything.  
they said he'd get us from—— to —— and he will."

and even if I'd had those ballistic air-horns  
that use sheer decibels to physically remove any obstruction  
up to the size of small bullocks, I couldn't have because  
the sudden blue winking of the crystal sea flashed  
the travellers into my mind's eye forever.

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