

## *Tremors*

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The night I heard you have Parkinson's  
I dreamed I was walking through the meadow  
across the river from my hometown, a place I'd go  
when I was a boy and wanted to be alone

with my fantasies. In my dream the field  
had not changed, though in fact its waist-high grass  
has long been cut and trees now shade the stones  
of Pilgrim's Rest cemetery. Birds dipped and wheeled

in the sun-bright sky, and a light breeze strummed  
the long grass into song. I lay down  
to sleep in that peace, all the wrongs  
of time undone, a grownup still somehow young.

In my dream I dreamed I dreamed. I did not wake  
until the ground began to quake.