

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.