



DREAM LANGUAGE

{FOR 3 VOICES}



HANNAH MAHONEY
BRENDAN SLATER
JACK GALMITZ

Dream Language

{for 3 voices}

Dream Language

{for 3 voices}

Hannah Mahoney
Brendan Slater
Jack Galmitz

Edited by
Jack Galmitz

Yet To Be Named Free Press

Stoke-on-Trent, England
2013

Dream Language {for 3 voices}

Collection copyright © 2013 Yet To Be Named Free Press. Individual poems copyright of the authors. All rights reserved.

Cover art Mia Makila.

Yet To Be Named Free Press
www.yettobenamedfreepress.org



The ego is not master in its own house.

—*Sigmund Freud*

snowed-in a hyphenated dream

eyes glued ridden by a horse, the sea

I wake on a beach
thinking
it must have been a dream
but always after
cold hands
and the lingering taste of salt

my phone on charge the thighs first

curled in my lap
mother
a jaguar

with eye-lids sewn I see
the woman I loved
quiver like quince jelly

assination
I caress
the tattooed man's
high-heeled shoe

pinioned in a cellar...
breaking glass – a dog's snarl

ripened fruit lizards drip from her fringe

Immaterial
I wear a suit
of shark skin

the girl in pink panties
wants me to kiss her
we're both dripping

my parachute carries me
west and west
how will I ever get home?

get there and empty too

The subway line demolished
I reside permanently
as an underground **shade**

they'll think I'm just saving myself
but I'll go back for them
I will — **I will**

syntax error: you were once old

I put away the sword my parents are small
I sharpen the edge when they grow large

hide hide hide RUN **HIDE**

voices almost my own

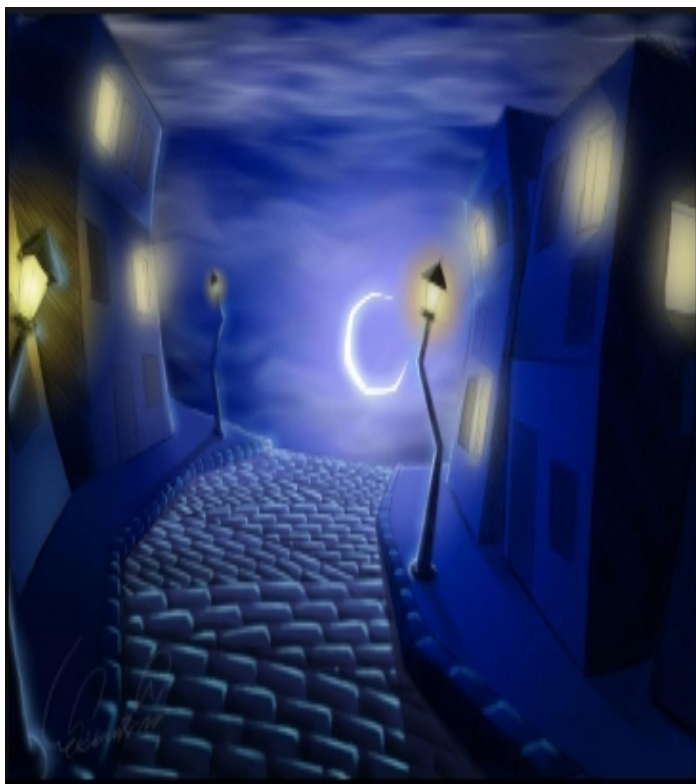
My parents stole my wallet
my I.D., my license, my money
captured since childhood

tumbled from a parapet
falling falling
knowing I'll never land

cacophony placed three ways above my headboard

Streets with detail
I'm a stranger in the world
of my own making

faith virus simmering on that swollen moon



carried away in the river's flow



Dream Language {for 3 voices}

crack **open** his skull, grab the nothing

in an **unknown** place
a body of **water** without a **bridge**

x = a colonic misfit, *winged*

like a chicken
with its head chopped off
I run through sawdust



after refusing the tip i sleep in it

People eat different species

Calvin Coolidge
laughs in the rafters
as the house begins to burn

under a new way to spell under

dead rose only that that didn't

The figure skater
dances with herself
on the iced night pond

I slip over a wall
dive beneath a breaking wave
and dissolve into the sea





murmurings in a lost language
annotations scrawled in chalk
an illuminated page in flames

In our intercourse
mother pulls on her breasts
this goes on

low sun crawling into a filthy creep

I fall from a cliff
and strike the earth
awake and brush myself off

7 minutes passed the last his virginity

keeping to the trees

I tumble down a hill

a suburb

should I knock on a door? this one? that?

the dark harbor – cold – swim – swim – swim



I knew he couldn't sing with the petrol can to my mouth

Dream Language {for 3 voices}

cold snap a hindrance gouging my eye

I put on a bib eating with crustacean claws

on the landing a dark and a dark reproduce

How we **stop** **knock** and **wait** **forever**



Undulation of starlings in bed we're a two backed monster

long night wearing out this candyflip

In the morning she left snakeskin on the floor



Awake in a dream
slowly cooked alive
friends of a thousand years

quantum fear the place of dead roads

a rickety tower
a corner, a closet
a cupboard with a trap door

on waking the songs of self-death

Father transforms me
into a fly and swallows
before I'm powerful

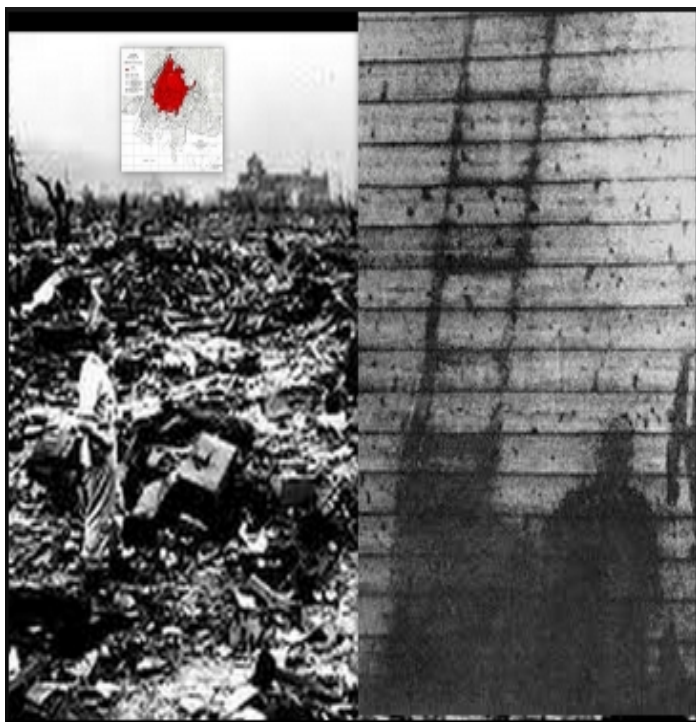
defeated
the army of robot colossi
slowly being covered
by falling snow

I'm blind but given foresight
like Tiresias
I've taken both sexes

In the sky a laundry line clothespins with birds' claws

Recurringly
I return to the ghetto
to ride the horse

always this dilemma:
run or hide? run or hide?



ghost shadows
bright new cities
are built on ruins

circlesbisectingodintersections

Neurons exploding know me quite well

an open field
field of fire

He had to button
his robe in an exact way
then leapt from a bridge (to go away)

captive in an old house
we hear rumors of flame
and choose to flee . . .
our held hands form a V
as we fade into falling snow

a high window
I scramble up
unhinge it
and slip out

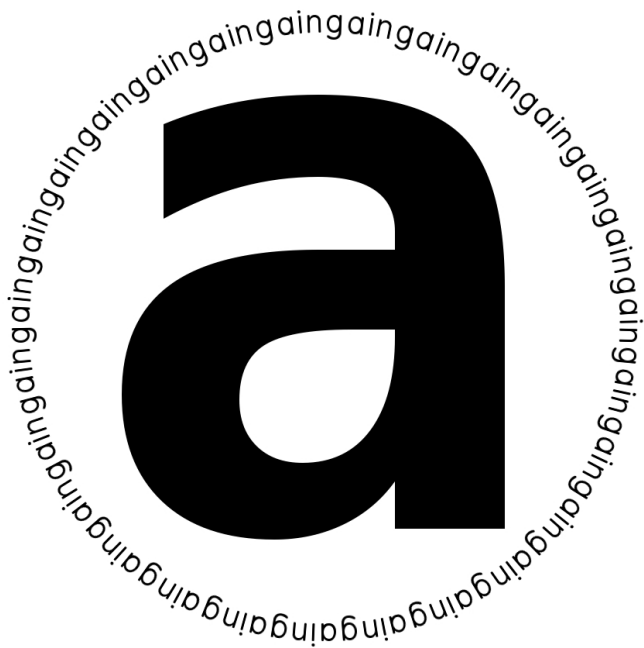
A waterfall I crash to her below

under a spell
I'm a snow maiden
imprisoned
in a castle of ice

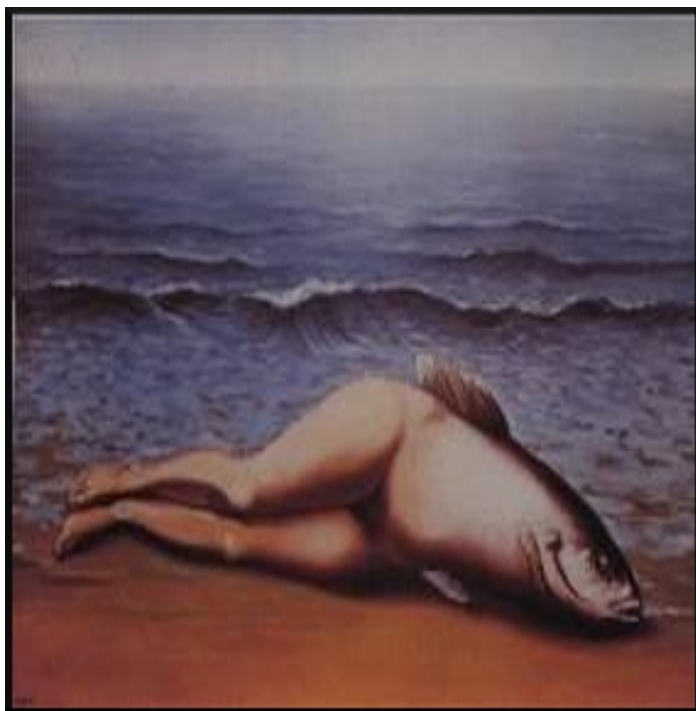
another dream
of my childhood home . . .
as nights turn chill
silver eels undulate
to the far Sargasso



I sneak through reeds
and into a stream



Night fishing shades of blue seep through the orbits





DREAM LANGUAGE {FOR 3 VOICES}

www.yettobenamedfreepress.org

This new book goes not gently into the rugged terrain of dreams. Here we are soon falling into a dream language, where sharper travails of identity are led by the creatures of archetypal realms whose very appearance may signify a path of transformation. In this language, parents are the givers of more than the usual human inheritance; they burden the dream-self within doorless rooms. And here, too, water is never far: falling as snuffing snow, drowning emerging steps, only rarely comforting the dream journeyer. The three voices are not attributed to their authors, thus making of our reading an even more varied dream language, grammars challenging our temporal world, and wisdom sought through alchemy's fundamental elements—earth, water, air, fire. The periodic illustrations confirm the disequilibrium of dream journeying. If transformative haiku interests you, this book will soon enter your favorite reads, perhaps even engage your own dream language within the REM-cycle hallowed halls where becoming calls.

—Susan Diridoni, poet and psychotherapist

poetry/
short verse