
NIGHTMARE

You sleep. I am restless, twitching
like a dog chasing rabbits
in a dream. In my dream
creatures threaten.
They have men's voices, blind eyes
and fur as bright as candy.
They follow me, slavering, I flee
my feet pounding my heart
pounding.
You have become a cliff, I clutch at you,
my nails rake down your stony back.
There is no blood.
You do not waken.

I fall into air.
The bright beasts grin
behind my eyes.

Susan Glickman
