

*THE
DREAMS OF
FISHES*



POEMS OF NATURE,
DREAM, AND DEATH

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LJMcD Communications

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The logo features the stylized initials 'LJMcD' in a cursive font, with the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' in a smaller, sans-serif font underneath. A horizontal line is positioned below the word 'COMMUNICATIONS'.

Tallahassee central driving stakes into reason

I wandered the roads of forget

Into divine hallucinaria

Lost fishes on the horizon

Wilderness road windblown streets

The eminence of daytime slumber

Whiling away the hours

Towards a Whitman leaf

Nothing forgotten nothing lost

Do I understand the forgetful

Slumber of trees?

Nothing but the Dresden bombing

I understand that death is temporary

But life is a permanent state

Sweet smell of corpses

Rots to the breath of birthing mothers

Undesirable wedding of the matriarch

Fulfils the wishbone promise

We falter on the doorstep

We all fall down

Sleep is a procreative act

And never enough time to eat

The divine slumber of the gods

The dead tree rooting upwards

I wandered through a saltlake dream

The fishes burbled towards

Divine rights of kings

Lost to the guillotine

When there is nothing left to say

I turn to nature

When nature is silent

I turn to sleep

Have the fishes dreamed a lifetime

Or does their death end?

Have I slept this life

Through organ moans?

Cup of tea on the nightstand

Rimbaud doesn't mind

When I read his poetry

I feel an absinthe glow

When the sentence reads

In multiple meanings

I wander the forest

To the sound of footsteps

Hemlock taste in the drink of tomorrow

I retch an oily feeling

The sunlight is dappled

Across the lake of time

Never beginning never ending

The newsprint reads out a horoscope

I left lunatic breathing

On the bedstead of my mind

Song of songs I touch the light

That wanders down in shards

From the soft ceiling

Where the fishes sleep

I dreamt of a lake

Burning with desire

The little fishes were reading

The words of Walt Whitman

I never know the right words

But sometimes I feel as if

There is a possession of the dictionary

To take the feeling away

The rabbit munches grass

While the moon looks down hopeful

This is a magic season

And the moon is a stark visitor

I forgot to forget the night-time

Sweat of the ancient reasons

The hanged man dances

On my grave

Silence of the organ

Dictates the tone of events

That are yet to happen

Things falling together

I am inured to the wiles of reason

 This poem does no good

Perhaps I can find it

 In a different set of clothes

Nobody knows the moment of death

But nobody knows their life

War drums are beating

On the road of evermore

Demons flight through moonbeams

This is a stellar night of stars

Chimneys sweep themselves

Over my darkened eyes

I heave the rocks of water

The fishes dream me

I stutter in my sleep

To the lost beginnings

When time runs out

I will be a dead man

When time runs out

I will be reborn

The house is empty

So I make music

On the flute of dreaming

I have stolen from my mother

There is perhaps another dream

In which I am awake

But for now I dream

The sleep of fishes

Moratoria on defenceless leaves

The forest is a coy lover

Perhaps the moonlight

Will apply the salve

No thoughts remaining

There is nothing left on earth

But wishes and tea leaves

The fitful sleep of birds

I do not envy the dead

Nor the living

But I am dead to the world

Lost in peaceful slumber

The dreams of fishes

Are a terrible thing

For the dreamed who does not wake

Underwater

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