

Judith E. Johnson
Runner-up

Everything in the Dream Speaks the Dreamer

when i came downstairs to find you with no touch to light my way
i looked hard as asking but my looks trapped me
i couldn't see myself, i was emptied as a glove
so much i knew of night, so little knew of love

nightmare in the mirror, i see what you are
naked in your body you won't get far
the child whose will was crushed in a vise yelled *boo!*
do you think there's something left that i can't do?

we've come from the glass where nobody thinks twice
when the kill machine turns itself on we'll see northern lights
oh lord, said the catacomb, it's murky as can be
the people who burn cities light themselves in me

who's here to rescue me? the flames leap high
alone alone alone i spoke, i to I
sometimes i plunge my greased hand deep into a heart
sometimes i plunk my mind down hard where it hurts

dreams, said the fire, are not what i'm about
i put you in a candlestick and blew you out