

Dream of A Robin

Do you know

That I dreamed of you this morning.

Outside, a robin visited the white frosted hedge

While I was serenely dozing in a warm bed.

You were speaking on the radio.

“Oh, it is you, this voice.

You are coming soon because we are to go out together.”

Thinking so, I woke up,

Wore a brown sweater and amber eardrops,

And found you

In the bright old wooden room where I had grown up.

So,

In which dream

I thought of telling you this small story, but silently wept

Knowing that I would never let the words out of my mouth?

Do you, too, ever dream of me

And never tell it to me

Shutting away all your dreams at the bottom of a white frozen lake?

Or

Do you sing your dreams so resonantly with the harpsicord

That every street of the town can hear them?

Or

After I pass away,

When the crescent moon thin as a thread shines in the darkest sky,

Will you see me in the dream and sob alone?

Do you know

There are so many things

That I thought about you and yet never told you?