Dream: Card 32, Column 81

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DREAM: CARD 32, COLUMN 81

by

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Here I am, see?
Walking along, picking my way, and this guy,
Major Professor,
Waves hi and says he'll be my guiding light.

I tell myself I've got nothing to lose and
Skip up and join him, noticing that he's happier.
Pointing out the vast woods and
Some interesting variables.

So we zip into that darkness, Major and I,
And wave hi to all the other creatures,
Especially to
The Literature.

Then it gets a little wet, see, and he steps into his boat,
And I take my place beside him solidly in the mud,
Experiencing the thrill of original work
On the cutting edge of Knowledge.
He poles along, pointing out the cites
To me (who's almost waist-deep and slipping on
Slimy unfriendly stuff) and reassures me and fails to note in passing
that I'm becoming rather neck-deep.

"Well," he says, "we'll need to pursue this correlation
And thirteen operationalizations," and I
Slip on a recursive model of a log and
Sink out of sight.

In the blessed silence, floating through the murk,
(Major's babbling blunted by the scum between us)
I clench my eyes and make extensive lists of
Reasons I want to vomit.

Gasping up for a bit of air, I hear
Professor gliding past, stroking himself smoothly away,
"Let's you work on this more, see me when I get around to it,
It will be such a major contribution."

He rounds a mossy stump and flicks on some receptors and
Gets my dissonance
On tape
For his next
Conference.