Variations on a Dream

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The sun hangs like a flaming orange
from the blue, domed ceiling of this dream.
My mother and I —
invited guests at a rich man's home,
a man I'd never seen, but always known.
They are standing on the green
by the lake — his white seaplane bobs offshore.
I'm atop a diving board,
wet, warm, and feeling blessed,
gazing into a powder blue reflection
of faces from the past.
Mother and the rich man laugh and wave at me,
I smile and perform a jackknife for them, perfectly.

Later,
we enter the house and dine at a table
set with white linen and scintillant crystal.
Now, the seaplane has flown.
The dome is grey.
The sun is gone.
Fog blankets the lake.
No one is home.
I materialize from the mist
at the edge of the property line
and stand atop the diving board.
Wet and shivering, arms crossed,
my hands clutch my shoulders.
I want to plumb it,
but the pool is covered;
and I must climb down from the board
and peel back the tarp
in order to dive into the clouds.

Later,
I must break into the house
to warm my naked self.