

THE DREAM COLLECTOR

1.

Dragged up the stairs of accident and damage towards the broken concrete fortress, you stick your head through the broken tiles and collect what was left behind at school: dinosaurs, educational television, twigs for fingers when you couldn't write.

2.

Put your dolls aside and face up to the day. Your family is a series of cut-out figures hidden in the forest and who knows what else might emerge? Always the shadow memory of moments from your past, the echoing cathedral of endurance.

3.

You see faces in the rain and imagine riding a carousel horse away from the rotting and discarded now. The glass is always broken and missing, there are always steps and ladders to climb. There is no way out of everybody's dreams.

© Rupert M Loydell

(The Dream Collector, Arthur Tress)