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Dream Season

I

The snake's in the garden again
It hides in the tall grass
Thinks I can't see
But I know it's there
Watching, waiting to come out
When I'm asleep.

I first dreamed it as a child
At the first seeding
When earth, still moist
With primordial rain
Yielded to the hand
That pressed the seed
To lie cocooned in fecund warmth.

Gliding
 Beneath my bed
It
 Wove charms
In its ophidian head
While I,
Hovering
Between sleep and wake
Feared my heart
Would follow enchanted
Labyrinthine paths
Across
 The forest floor.

II

It rained
In wires
That pierced
The earth
Like syncopated
Notes.

Seeds foliated into words
That were the season's newest shoots
They opened syllables to the sun
It was a first communion with the word
Words flowered on every shoot
Shoots blossomed into poems.
In that season of green joy
The heart fed on fragile faith
While lidless slitted eyes
Gazed from the blooms
And scaled petals fell
Among shoots.

III

Then came the drought
Season of sparseness

It was time for neons
Flashing in the night

Love was
Measured by
The dropper
One
Drop could dull
The gnawing hunger's edge

Now
Strengthened by a steady faith
I stepped out to meet it
To crush its head beneath my foot but
Like the bronze serpent
In the desert
 It
 Rose
 To gaze
 At me
Eyes blinked in perplexity

This must be the season of plenty.



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Calabash

I was parched for love
The echoes of once brimming streams
Haunted every dream
And like the beat of some tympanic din
A faucet dripped
 Drop
 By
Drop
Into
 The night.

— IV —

Snakes in the garden again
It's near the orange grove
Where ripened fruit
Weigh branches with their fullness
It slides along the grass
Where I can see
Round onyx eyes
Looking at me.

I dreamed it
A night ago
Twining
 Among fallen
Fruit
Coils circling their roundness
While I hovering
Between
Sleep and wake feared
It
 Had come
 To haunt again
 With its
 Sinuous
 Windings