

## DREAM CORPS

In my country if you wake, snatched  
from the dream half-done, you ring  
the alarm, there's a pull by every bed

(in my country) and soon, their cars  
flashing green in the night, friends come,  
for they know I would do it for them,

come to help me re-enter the dream.  
They build the set — I sit — a bridge,  
killing shadows under it, all these

they paint, high steps, a pub. From a truck  
they roll out mirrors, chests, dress a boy  
in Elizabethan street costume, teach him

to pour ale. In the half-dark my friends  
pat each other, practice their lines, and  
whisper to me "tell us where to stand,

tell us what to say." "You are the director,"  
my friends say. It matters to them  
that I dream, that I dream on in my country.