

So Few Dreams

by Mark Reep

So few dreams are the doors they seem. The window brightens, the looking-glass clouds; when you look again, that path is gone, wisdom withered, ashes at your feet. I know baby, it's hard, it's hard. But you're no virgin, you know that crow— Don't give him the satisfaction of watching you grasp after shards of never-was. Bird the bastard if you want, but whatever you do, don't let him see you cry.

