

## **coruscations**

Christopher Cassetty

dreamt i one july of—coruscations  
who, when asked, would dance upon the walls and  
glimmer in the blood that dripped from the ceilings.

dreamt i one december of—july,  
who, without having been asked, would play over  
and over until my ears rang and bled into my pillow.

dreamt i one april of—showers,  
who, by chance, would wash my face and  
wake me from the floor after i had taken my pills.

dreamt i one late june of the rancid entrails  
of the driver of a car—spilt—across stained asphalt  
and wondered, “what is this to do with me?”

dreamt i last night of my dreams,  
a coruscation, a nightmare, an overdose and an accident,  
and wondered if there was anything at all

to be learnt from a dream.