

The New Criterion

Poems June 2017

The dreams

by David Solway

They assemble in throngs demanding to be heard
like demonstrators waving placards,
sometimes peaceful, usually violent,
shouting slogans into the wind
or hurling rocks through the windows of embassies.
The dreams are insistent and omnivorous.
They know the world
exists only to provide material
for their disruptive cause,
to light the candles of a silent vigil,
more often to ignite
the rags and kerosene of their flaming cocktails.
They storm into the atrium of the mind,
smashing furniture and taking hostages,
shaking up the order of the day.
And even when they are quelled
by the force of customary things
and packed into the vans of the morning
so that life somehow goes on,
there is no relenting, no reprieve,
there is always a lone wolf left behind
intent on mayhem,
casting his shadow on the parquet,
there is always another dream
still waiting to be dreamt.

David Solway's newest poetry volume, *Installations* (Véhicule Press), was released in the Fall of 2015.

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