What Really Happened

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Recommended Citation
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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

What really happened lady
is that in 1965
I ceased to be alive
You had left the room
leaving me alone
to stare at the stark grey walls
of our bedroom, to sit
on the sagging significance
of our bed
to listen to the steady silence
of the winter darkness descending
Every morning since that moment
has been a December morning
It is cold outside
with raw wind and dark
It will be hours
before the sun will rise
if it ever does
All I have is
a soft yellow light
to cast shadows off grey walls
and a vague hope
that you're asleep in the other room
God, lady that you were dreaming of me
But I never knew your dreams
what shapes, what sounds, what tastes, odors,
oh lady, what colors lived with you
in the night
when I was in my grey room
You never cryed out
you never woke with a start
no fever sweats gripped you
tearing you from sleep to a clammy world

What went on in that room lady
Did you dream of grades so high
that no one could ever find you out
Did you dream of faculty parties and you
so stunning that every man saw his green eden
in your soft creamy bosom
Oh lady did you dream of giving a paper
before the crowned heads of the intellect
in language so dazzling that only Joyce
could recipher your verbs, nouns, prepositions
into a deep structure, a syntax
a primal language of creation
Lady I didn't know your dreams
Maybe you wanted a good fuck
and I wasn't it
Maybe you wanted a house in the suburbs
and kids with names like Tammi and Terri
Maybe you just wanted your mother
to hold you in her arms again
and whisper over and over again,
of course we love you
you're one of our's
we've always loved you
you can still ride on your daddy's shoulders
home from work
Oh what I wouldn't have given to know your dreams
but you were in another room
and I am sitting on an aging bed
staring at grey walls
on a December morning wondering
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