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Dissolution

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Dissolution

Rena Behar

"I dreamt of a dream tonight,"
he says,
though of what he'll never tell

"And so did I."

There's something wrong with them tonight

Witchery seems to be at work
though others hardly know
For lovers' tension, buried beneath the surface,
seems hardly apparent to the innocent.
(Or those hardly guileless
and et still blind)

they dream of pretty things, it seems
dancing girls and Capulets
Fair queens madly consorting with their mortals
And yet in less pretty ways their time is spent.

For what's a dream but futile hope?
A wish? A prayer?
There is no celestial desire from the jaded.

Shadows lurk within layers of conversation
love is a more dangerous topic than they know
for one embittered
and yet another enamored with no more than a
gossamer-thin vision.

"Well, what was yours?"

Speak first, 'ere he's lost to you
Two souls unlike
and yet unable to resist the other
(and unable to resist as well
and unholy desire to tear the union in two).

Mercutio will lose this night
To no more than an idea
For Romeo's obsession leads him to any who
will have him
And he is in and out of love faster than any.

He'll lose his life and love for vision
and his comrade's lack thereof.
Over cynicism and lust
pretty delusions such as Romeo's will have no
hold.

"That dreamer often lie"