Perchance to Dream

Hadrian Gores
Nova Southeastern University

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Perchance to Dream

Hadrian Gores

(Inspired by H.P. Lovecraft’s poem, “To a Dreamer”)

As I lay my form here down to sleep
I wonder of what forms shall I see
covering the night sky of dream.

Shall I sing to the muse,
ask a question bereft of ruse,
of what awaits me in
the realm of doze?

Ah, but she comes already,
herald of what should come soon,
for at last I hear the drawl of the loon,
as I enter the realms of a darkened noon.

So what shall I see tonight, O muse of night,
grand sights of gold and azure to amuse,
or splendid 'scapes of vine and tangle to peruse?

“Nothing here so,”
said she of emerald locks,
ruby skinned cast
with onyx orbs purer than nox.

Then what are you,
when I should be with my lady,
of splendorous looks,
and seeming seelie vistas?

And she began,
“I am the sad blue
found on dim days’ frond,
my harpsichord is discord,
of such that Eris herself is fond.”

“I am the dark of Nyx’s embrace,
the very essence of sleep I do not waste,
Erebus’ gleam is my means,
for which I extract my trade.”

And she said these things so unseelie so,
that I knew that of the natural world she was, no,
a creature of dankest pit,
an enemy of Titania and a friend of immortal sin.

And I knew of her form then,
as a Master knows a carefully trained animal,
from infancy to the cage,
an animal as collectable as fine wine,
the kind that does not ripen with age.

Thus I knew my own folly then,
to think that in perfect thoughts I had thought
that a bad thing would never come to knock at the door,
and rest itself upon my shade to make its talons wet,
and kill a calm mind already well set.

And I was taken with what my torture vile would then be,
to wondrously not see again the sights of azure and pearl,
to gratefully never smell again the teak and blue woad,
to mercifully not touch again the silks and folds,
or endlessly hear again the call of a tiring thing,
nor feel again the peace,
of good thoughts dreamt,
in sleep.