

PREMATURE MEETING

a dream sequence

And, suddenly aware, I found myself
Walking through strangely half-familiar streets
Yet knowing even so, which way to go,
Though not yet why it was that I had come,
Except that I must seek that I might find,
That to some end I made my wondering way,
Until, at length, I chanced upon a door
Which somehow seemed the object of my search,
On entering which I met the questioning stare
Of doorman seeking my entitlement
To pass into a spacious suite beyond
And join the crowd of guests foregathered there
I proffered my credentials on a card,
My claim to validate identity,
But, at a glance, he quickly shook his head,
And handed back the card dismissively;
But now I saw beyond him where there sat
One whom I knew who knew me just as well,
Half-turned away but unmistakable;
And I, resolved to meet with him once more,
Pointed him out, calling him by his name,
At which, the doorman shrugging patiently,
Crossed through the crowd to pass my message on
To him whom I unknowingly had sought,
Who turned, expressionless, his face to me
Nor sign of recognition gave me then,
But heard the doorman out, then sent him back
"Regretting that he could not meet there,
Though welcome might be made when next we met."
At this rebuff, for such it seemed to me,
Sadly I turned away and took my leave,
As, from a dream of half-familiar streets,
Awakened and aware, I recognised
The neighbourhood where I, not he still lived

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