

G. C. WALDREP

## *The Dream of Egypt*

In the dream, we're floating  
down a long corridor  
lined with flowered wreaths,

the sort you see at funerals.

We're not exactly happy  
about this, but we're not exactly  
unhappy, either.  
It's that sort of dream.

In the dream, or what  
we remember of the dream,  
we are thinking  
ahead, mostly, towards  
what is coming,  
what we are approaching.

It isn't clear that this  
has anything to do with us,  
really, only that we are on our  
way somewhere.

Some of the flowers  
smell good. Some of them  
seem to be made of wax,  
or plastic.

Sometimes we think  
we hear music, floating back  
to us from somewhere  
further down the corridor,  
ahead, in the distance.

A guitar maybe, or a trumpet.

There are worse things  
than music, you tell me,  
reaching for the knife  
I find I'm holding in my hand.

Here, let me show you.