

THE DREAMERS

His body's stilled, taking a nap.
Dark eyes roll white, he yips a yap,
then flicks an ear and shivers skin
and jerks his legs: The dreams begin.

Transported from this mortal place,
compelled to run a dreamer's race,
he courses on in slumber-space,
unable to resist the chase.

Are his companions wild or tame?
Is he the Predator or Game?
Is he all right? I wish I knew;
his twitchings never give a clue.

Some day I'll find out what he thinks
when my mind steals his 40 winks
and rides upon the same moonbeams
that carry him to dream dog dreams.

by Lee Netzler