



# DREAM LANGUAGE

{FOR 3 VOICES}



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*{for 3 voices}*



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The ego is not master in its own house.

—*Sigmund Freud*





snowed-in a hyphenated dream

eyes glued ridden by a horse, the sea

I wake on a beach  
thinking  
it must have been a dream  
but always after  
cold hands  
and the lingering taste of salt

my phone on charge the thighs first

curled in my lap  
mother  
a jaguar

with eye-lids sewn I see  
the woman I loved  
quiver like quince jelly

assination  
I caress  
the tattooed man's  
high-heeled shoe

pinioned in a cellar...  
breaking glass – a dog's snarl

ripened fruit lizards drip from her fringe

Immaterial  
I wear a suit  
of shark skin

the girl in pink panties  
wants me to kiss her  
we're both dripping

my parachute carries me  
west and west  
how will I ever get home?

get there and empty too

The subway line demolished  
I reside permanently  
as an underground **shade**

they'll think I'm just saving myself  
but I'll go back for them  
I will — **I will**

**syntax error:** you were once old



I put away the sword my parents are small  
I sharpen the edge when they grow large

hide    hide    hide    RUN    **HIDE**

voices almost my own

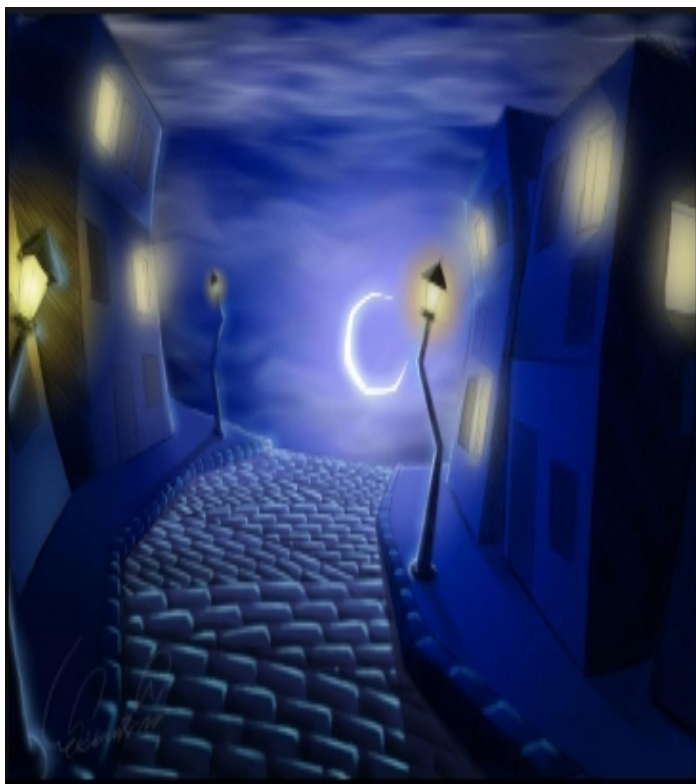
My parents stole my wallet  
my I.D., my license, my money  
captured since childhood

tumbled from a parapet  
falling falling  
knowing I'll never land

cacophony placed three ways above my headboard

Streets with detail  
I'm a stranger in the world  
of my own making

faith virus simmering on that swollen moon



carried away in the river's flow



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*Dream Language {for 3 voices}*

crack open his skull, grab the nothing

in an unknown place  
a body of water without a bridge

x = a colonic misfit, *winged*

like a chicken  
with its head chopped off  
I run through sawdust





after refusing the tip i sleep in it

People eat different species

Calvin Coolidge  
laughs in the rafters  
as the house begins to burn

under a new way to spell under

dead rose only that that didn't

The figure skater  
dances with herself  
on the iced night pond

I slip over a wall  
dive beneath a breaking wave  
and dissolve into the sea





murmurings in a lost language  
annotations scrawled in chalk  
an illuminated page in flames

In our intercourse  
mother pulls on her breasts  
this goes on

low sun crawling into a filthy creep

I fall from a cliff  
and strike the earth  
awake and brush myself off

**7** minutes passed the last his virginity



keeping to the trees

I tumble down a hill

a suburb

should I knock on a door? this one? that?

the dark harbor – cold – swim – swim – swim



I knew he couldn't sing with the petrol can to my mouth

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*Dream Language {for 3 voices}*

cold snap a hindrance gouging my eye

I put on a bib eating with crustacean claws

**on the landing a dark and a dark reproduce**

How we **stop** **knock** and **wait** **forever**



Undulation of starlings in bed we're a two backed monster

long night wearing out this candyflip

In the morning she left snakeskin on the floor



Awake in a dream  
slowly cooked alive  
friends of a thousand years

quantum fear the place of dead roads

a rickety tower  
a corner, a closet  
a cupboard with a trap door



on waking the songs of self-death

Father transforms me  
into a fly and swallows  
before I'm powerful

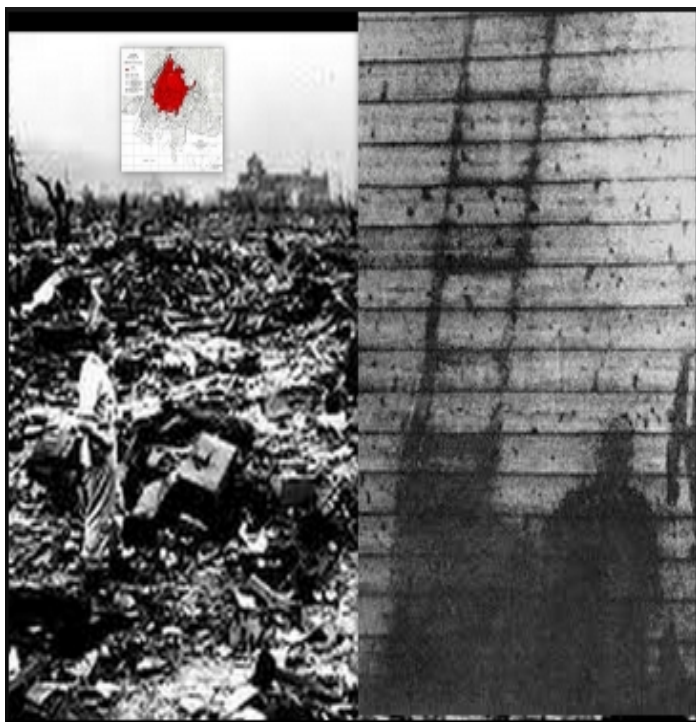
defeated  
the army of robot colossi  
slowly being covered  
by falling snow

I'm blind but given foresight  
like Tiresias  
I've taken both sexes

In the sky a laundry line clothespins with birds' claws

Recurringly  
I return to the ghetto  
to ride the horse

always this dilemma:  
run or hide? run or hide?



ghost shadows  
bright new cities  
are built on ruins

**circlesbisectingodintersections**

Neurons exploding know me quite well

an open field  
field of fire

He had to button  
his robe in an exact way  
then leapt from a bridge (to go away)

captive in an old house  
we hear rumors of flame  
and choose to flee . . .  
our held hands form a V  
as we fade into falling snow



a high window  
I scramble up  
unhinge it  
and slip out

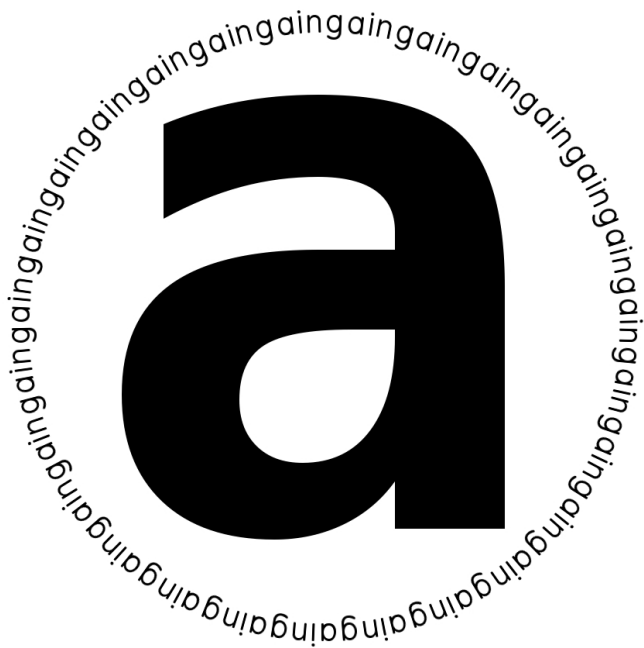
A waterfall I crash to her below

under a spell  
I'm a snow maiden  
imprisoned  
in a castle of ice

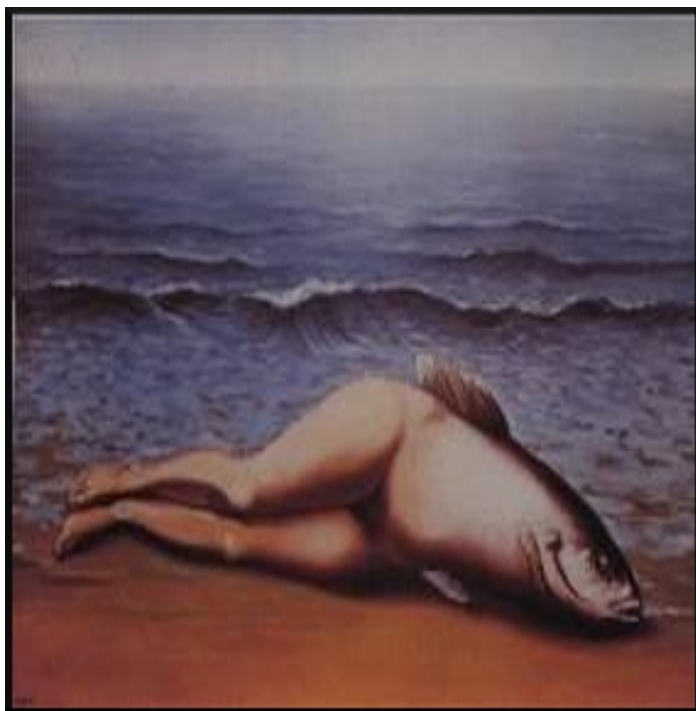
another dream  
of my childhood home . . .  
as nights turn chill  
silver eels undulate  
to the far Sargasso



I sneak through reeds  
and into a stream



Night fishing shades of blue seep through the orbits









# DREAM LANGUAGE {FOR 3 VOICES}

[www.yettobenamedfreepress.org](http://www.yettobenamedfreepress.org)

This new book goes not gently into the rugged terrain of dreams. Here we are soon falling into a dream language, where sharper travails of identity are led by the creatures of archetypal realms whose very appearance may signify a path of transformation. In this language, parents are the givers of more than the usual human inheritance; they burden the dream-self within doorless rooms. And here, too, water is never far: falling as snuffing snow, drowning emerging steps, only rarely comforting the dream journeyer. The three voices are not attributed to their authors, thus making of our reading an even more varied dream language, grammars challenging our temporal world, and wisdom sought through alchemy's fundamental elements—earth, water, air, fire. The periodic illustrations confirm the disequilibrium of dream journeying. If transformative haiku interests you, this book will soon enter your favorite reads, perhaps even engage your own dream language within the REM-cycle hallowed halls where becoming calls.

—*Susan Diridoni, poet and psychotherapist*

poetry/  
short verse