

Red Patch

By Faysal Mikdadi

Dreams are made of those fleeting thoughts that
Invade our busy solitude running onwards.
Dreams that refuse to face a reality so painful
That our running pace increases in inverse proportion
To its strength; or weakness as it should properly be.
Then, when the dream comes fleeting through
And the phone does not ring to kill it
And those around us do not scream or cry or
Play life's little games of failed aspirations;
Then the dream crawls outwards into the sleepless night
And invades the day's struggle wavering this way and that
Full of good intentions and loveless and alone;
Then some truths gently crawl and creep and
Show themselves: First rather comforting and
Beautiful: A little like the realisation that the long
Unpaid debt is but printed paper and so what.
And the cards that build our house are also made of paper
And those dreams, termite like, eat away invisibly
And the house of cards comes tumbling down
More loveless and alone.

I watched you die many years ago
And took away much relief when you did
For your agony sickened me and frightened the
Other me sitting in the armchair thinking
On what it all meant.

I thought of the things you said
Always tongue in cheek as if the
Seriousness of saying 'I love you and I care'
Were a rope wound around your neck
While you stood on the edge of a chair
Fearful of the inevitable fall.
You said much that made sense and angered me.

So many years later you and those truths
Have become little dreams that crawl and creep
And bring my little house of cards down
Leaving me alone and loveless and without
A oneness that I strove for and killed you for.

Sky, rain down red sand on the red
Red patch where my brother lies.
Rain down red red sand like drops of
Blood on Canaan land turning wine into water
And all our yesterdays into a vast, empty, void
A nothing to play in and dream in and wake up in.
Rain red sand on all our dreams
And all those reddening cards that made a flimsy house.

The red patch is so small that
If you look from the end of the
Universe you will not see it
Just as you do not see it
When you stand on it
Staring into the clumsy ugly
Hole – eternal home for now.
And the universe is so huge
It has no beginning and no end
And neither does my lonely lovelessness
And its ugly house of cards.

Rain. Rain. Rain.