

## **Man**

In my dreams  
A dark man comes and stares.  
Sometimes he is beside me  
As I lie covered  
With ostrich and raven feathers.  
Other times he swims with me  
In slow-moving jungle rivers,  
But I dive deep beneath the surface,  
Hold my breath,  
And he swims over and past me.  
When I come up, sucking air,  
I see him,  
A silhouette of head and shoulders,  
Crawling downriver,  
And I know that  
He is the part of me I fear.

Once I met a man,  
And together we climbed mountains,  
And traveled down jungle rivers,  
And drew our sleeping bags side by side,  
And listened to the river run by us,  
And watched the moon rise and set.  
And saw snow slopes melt beneath the sun,  
And smelled bitter mountain earth,  
And when he left, I knew  
He was the part of me I fear.

Now I dream of him,  
My love, this dark man,  
Night after lonely night.  
In which there is always a fire  
Over which he hovers,  
And I pray he will call me,  
For he is a part of me  
That I no longer fear.

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