

# UNDIALLED DREAMS

i.m.A.A.

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A still, still night; the lake cat –  
patient laps the shores, licks  
paws of ice. Ghost fish sway below,  
foil strips with open eyes.

Wintering geese shift into  
ranks and reeds, warned by instinctive  
ESP. Stars move further out of reach,  
much higher up the sky.

Frost tips its sack of pins over  
stiff blades of grass, chestnuts'  
naked arms, palm's frozen  
hands, the birch's fright.

I wake. Her mother, restless, dials ...  
The same recorded voice ...  
Her mobile's never off! Careful  
always to recharge – the boy?

Engaged, engaged, engaged. The irony  
words hold, the awful play of chance –  
or fate? Her mobile slipped behind  
the brake. The engine's purr, they

sleep embraced. The load of heat  
coughs down the bank. He wakes  
in time to jump. She slides through  
cold, undialled dreams.



By Gabriel Griffen, Orta San Giulio, Lake Orta, north Italy.  
The poem is based on the drawing **Out of the Night a Shadow Passed**  
(1928).