and syntax, I'd convey how it felt to have all that adrenalin loose in me during and just after the dream: in short, I went for the fear if not its special tone. The last thing I saw, even in the final version, was that the incredible seriousness one experiences in a dream turns comic when one relates the dream. I suspect that a dream—especially a powerful one—is the poem that memory on some irreducible level of frustration makes in the body when the power of choice and discrimination goes to sleep. In such a "poem," the "voice" often runs without moving or twits frustration by flying—some form of these. So every waking poem about that other "poem" is a species of literary history, funny because it pretends to be the poem it reports. I have to admit that "From Then On" feels like an actor visiting the studio where thirty years ago he starred in a monster movie. Those who don't like such movies are embarrassed by his old costume, while those who are addicted to them say, if he's lucky, "It's almost funny, but he does mimic himself pretty well."

Wanda Coleman

DREAM 27

"i do not like this coming of the white man," the old red chief spoke to me anguish in his braids and blankets. "he takes our women and leaves half-caste babies." i followed his line of vision, encompassed the town, mesas, the dazzle warmth of sun and sand. "remember this place well. you will come here ten years from now. the white man will have it all. i will be dead." i wondered why he said these things to me. how did i figure in the fate of his town? i watched as a beautiful laughing indian girl ran passed pursued by a young blond boy. i turned to the mirror/my cocoa face, there was something stuck in my mouth