FEVER DREAM ON THE EVE OF ILLNESS

A tower of flesh how tall it was
a honeycomb of light how tremulous it was
sheltering centipedes and basilisks
dragonflies bagworms skeletal cranes
creatures too small to be digested

‘Without your blood’s heat and the moist
caverns of your soul they would die:
they are your Self’s selves, your illness’
what a terror it is
what a Christmas Eve

COMMENTARY

Before coming down with a prolonged illness, a form of flu, I was instructed in a
dream that my body had the function of a kind of tall, warm building, a tower of
flesh, that protected innumerable tiny creatures from the killing cold of the universe.
My “sickness” was in fact their survival and nourishment. Though the dream did not
alleviate the symptoms of the illness, it put me in a curiously tranquil, philosophical
state of mind which is sometimes still available to me if I summon it back.