

Sur le Pont D'Avignon

November 16, 2020

I dreamed that dreams spoke in their own language,
reading from a script, letters in the shape of fleurs de lis.

I was driving west on Philadelphia Street. It was gothically dark, wind blowing, rain pelting down. A Black woman in a dress and heels was on the sidewalk going west past the courthouse parking garage. Her well-dressed little boy was darting back and forth around her ankles. I stopped and rolled down my window. It didn't seem as if I had to worry about cars behind me. I shouted, "Do you want an umbrella?" I pulled the umbrella up from the floor and held it out the window to slip off its cover and open it. Her husband came running across the street from the direction of Ruby's Glass building, shouting, "We sure do!" The umbrella opened out and out and out. There was enough to shelter all of them.

I dreamed there was a parchment hand-drawn map,
a dark blue compass in the lower corner.

I was with a small group of young people walking on an embankment along a railroad track. A teenage boy was near me, in some sort of jeopardy. There was also a dark-haired woman in a white shirt tied up within a wooden barrow framework near the tracks. Although the dream said she was in danger of being attacked and killed, she did not seem to want to be released. I left her there.

I dreamed there was a grey corner wall and beyond it
a wooden colonial blue Dutch door, the top half open.

The path was soft sticky mud and led to an antique red brick turret. Water dripped from the shingled cornice over an oak entrance with brass locks. Men in gray tweed greatcoats stood on their shadows beside a mud path. In leather gloved hands, one of them held a black umbrella; another gripped a large brass skeleton key shaped like a fleur de lis.

I woke with a song playing in my head.
I think I woke. I think once, long ago, I knew the song.