

The Recurring Dream

None since 1994, until tonight. New setting: glimpsed him across crowded room of professional men. Found right moment to approach. He knew of my career, website, poems. Seemed proud of me. I thirsted for his every precious word. We parted, again too soon. I'm eighty. Can't wait another thirty years.



J. W. Dana (1874-1955), photo circa 1910

7 April 2025



dandana.us