

Jason Visconti

**FOR THE MAN WHO CANNOT DREAM**

I wonder what you do  
when you lie flat on your back  
searching for that miserable light  
that escapes you. You knock once.  
It isn't there. In the pure black sky  
the night's stripped you clean. The bluebird  
lands on your window-sill as if  
it's the beginning of a long long story  
but the plot won't unravel, the bluebird won't sing.  
Maybe you're fortunate after all without  
all that clutter-- a thousand symbols in one mind.  
The subconscious always looking for that deep joke.  
And the dead? They don't come back.  
You should have known better!  
What are you missing?  
If it was there, it's already gone.

I slip into my bed

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A leaf turning in my  
mind--weathered, almost lost

the weight of sounds and sights  
an avalanche, a dream.  
Its story spins and spins.

And there are others not  
included in the plot--  
though some plots do make graves.

There is motion, without  
much motion--life and death.

I scream. I wake. It starts.

## RIDING THE TRAINS ALL NIGHT

Each stop another family  
another cameo. The man with the  
sunglasses evaporates to the man  
with the patch. Three seats to the right  
the woman slopping on her makeup  
is replaced by the lady with good manners.  
Excuse me, you say, but the woman with  
the curves is gone, replaced by Bruno or Mac  
who is replaced by a goddess, sexy, let's say,  
sexier than the woman with the curves,  
who is replaced by the teacher with a stick  
that doubles as a cane, but if you look close--  
nothing's really changed. As the lights black out  
you come to see you're not the person you were before.  
It's you that's changed.

## A GOOD THING NEVER DISAPPEARS

The sun dirties  
and muddies these  
perfectly made

snowballs--icy  
blue garbage--think--

these won't bounce, no,  
so you'll see them  
later, smitten

with rubbish on  
the sewer gate--  
not quite melted.

## SCOLDED

As if the teacher loved me eleven years  
she lifted her hand, and, like a mother's slap,  
leveled it to the table. Her rage was not over,  
we slipped into a discussion of my favorite toys, how  
they'd be backed up toward a wall  
and severed of their spindles, prods, and wheels,  
and stripped of their sparks sucked straight out like lightening,  
until their fuse opened in my eyes. And I grew darker with listening:  
was there anything but my skin left for me to hide?

She turned her back to the chalkboard  
and spoke up through the far window  
into the open shade:

"If anyone wants to be beneath the trees  
during recess, you mustn't behave like Jason," she explained.  
And the boys and girls quietly listened.

But I was still sobbing while children heard  
the sounds of leaves brush against the window-panes.

*Jason Visconti has been writing poetry and fiction since he was 15 years old. Now 33 years old and attending writing workshops, he still enjoys creating unique imagery in his work. He has been published in various internet and print journals for both his poetry and short stories and has a poetry book published called: "The Death of Equal Handshakes".*