

Jacqueline Michaud

## ON THE OTHER SIDE

of sleep I met a man  
though not his wife who perhaps  
did not exist for I never saw her  
living in the past where I found him  
after crossing the sea in search of  
a stranger when he asked my name  
to which I said it could be John  
or possibly Jane he said How  
interesting we sound the same  
but we did not for he spoke  
with an accent and believed I did  
as well though only one of us did  
and it was not I which may be  
neither here nor

there he then said come with me  
on a tour of my horse farm  
where there was an oval track  
horses raced around  
as we hovered over them  
on the narrow plank of a pier  
which reminded me I had crossed  
the sea in search of a stranger  
I believed might be  
on the other side  
but when I said that he smiled  
and claimed There is no other  
only the side you are  
on yet the events unfolding

seemed normal as in waking life  
which made me  
believe both  
might be true  
that is to say  
one and the same  
wherein he  
or perhaps it was me  
who vanished