

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Laura Hymers*  
**Loose Words**

There is a thing called a poem  
like a moonbeam held in the palm  
gone as soon as it is remembered

There is a memory of whom I once was  
before I knew that I was  
the first time I saw my face in the mirror

There is a mirror, a bright shiny thing  
that stands between you and I  
and cracks as I reach in and cut my hand

There is a scar on my hand from the day  
I shattered that mirror. Do you remember?  
It was blue and you said its reflection told lies

There is mirror that I hold  
in this scar that is my memory  
that I give to you here in this poem

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### **Dreamer Oblomov hypnotizes the Great Freud in Vienna**

Oblomov was sent, a great holy fool of old,  
Secretly to Vienna, to see Freud, who is told  
To heal him of dreaming, as communists fear  
He is spreading sleeping sickness, far and near.

'Professor, it is an honour to be here, most kind.  
I am quite able to sleep on your sofa, if you don't mind,  
You see, spreading dreams, is just like planting crops.  
First communality, we are all involved, lots

'Of us. When people just spread violence, pain  
Angst and so on, there is nothing to be gained,  
Professor. You should be the first to recognize that  
With all your theory of dream-swatting, claptrap.'

'Sending me here is more an excuse to me, a sign  
Of Lenin dithering to build a paradise for humankind.  
So although you answered with good intentions the letter,  
You must admit I am mesmerizing you, better.'

'You are an eccentric, a collector of holy fools,  
Professor, and I? So who slaughters who?  
They kicked out, in Russia, the bathwater for the babies.  
Your dream interpretation, however, shows me your interest in the ladies.'

'I would suggest less time in the office, a loving family life,  
Might keep you from abuse and misjudging your wife.  
You see, if I talk like this, in rhyme  
Your eyelids grow heavy, but it is not a crime.'

'Sleep sleep' and with that Sigmund passed out fast asleep.  
Oblomov ran directly out on to the street,  
Making good his impressive escape,  
before the Professor might awake.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### In the Wake of Tsunami Oblomov

In the wake of tsunami Oblomov  
I realised how being in the Amazon  
in the solitary sandpiper's company  
in the jungle, listening to monkeys in the tree  
presaged a time when lichen would grow on me.  
An enchanted city dweller it still amazes me.

The Green Woman has replaced the Green Man  
Pub. The Green Woman is a not a pub, it is a land.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### Lissie aka Lysistrata laments

'I had built a nest of fears  
Which had grown over the years,  
but in his arms I found rest  
I knew only warmth in his nest.

'Before you look for others to cure  
Make sure your dreams are secure.  
Don't look on those climbing heights  
As lost, they may have found their might.

'It was warm, protected from the cold,  
Unlike any place of which I'd been told;  
I had only known conscious lips,  
Dull, next to his avid kiss.'

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

### **Dreamer Oblomov hypnotizes the Great Freud in Vienna**

Oblomov was sent, a great holy fool of old,  
Secretly to Vienna, to see Freud, who is told  
To heal him of dreaming, as communists fear  
He is spreading sleeping sickness, far and near.

'Professor, it is an honour to be here, most kind.  
I am quite able to sleep on your sofa, if you don't mind,  
You see, spreading dreams, is just like planting crops.  
First communality, we are all involved, lots

'Of us. When people just spread violence, pain  
Angst and so on, there is nothing to be gained,  
Professor. You should be the first to recognize that  
With all your theory of dream-swatting, claptrap.'

'Sending me here is more an excuse to me, a sign  
Of Lenin dithering to build a paradise for humankind.  
So although you answered with good intentions the letter,  
You must admit I am mesmerizing you, better.'

'You are an eccentric, a collector of holy fools,  
Professor, and I? So who slaughters who?  
They kicked out, in Russia, the bathwater for the babies.  
Your dream interpretation, however, shows me your interest in the ladies.'

'I would suggest less time in the office, a loving family life,  
Might keep you from abuse and misjudging your wife.  
You see, if I talk like this, in rhyme  
Your eyelids grow heavy, but it is not a crime.'

'Sleep sleep' and with that Sigmund passed out fast asleep.  
Oblomov ran directly out on to the street,  
Making good his impressive escape,  
before the Professor might awake.