
Poetry by Pat Verhulst

Speak Your Dreams

Speak your dreams aloud
That I may hear them speak
To my dreams.
Grow the wings
Long silver shining black
From our temples
Reaching out
From places we do not visit
By day.

Grow the wings
Long silver shining black
Lift me
Lift yourselves
Lift us all at once
To places we recognize in dreams
Alone
All at once
Together
Lift me
Lift yourselves
Lift us all at once
Dance our dreams on molecules of air
Air our only teacher.

Speak your dreams aloud
That I may hear them speak
To my dreams.
Let our dreams provide
Air fire words wings light
Lift us all at once
To places we recognize in dreams.

Pat Verhulst

Pat Verhulst is a native of Asheville who lived outside of North Carolina for fifteen years, then returned ten years ago to live in the mountains, teach and write. She now teaches English and Creative Writing at Mars Hill College. Her recent publications include the Mountain Review, The Lyricist, and the Literary Review.

drawings by Nick Edwinn Wade

