

# The Messenger

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Volume 2005  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2005

Article 20

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2005

## Dream Real

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### Recommended Citation

Harrison, Matt (2005) "Dream Real," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2005: Iss. 1, Article 20.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2005/iss1/20>

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## Dream Real

Awakened by anguished clutches,  
her fierce grip rips  
the slumber from my sleep  
bedazzled eyes.

Itinerant Rapid Eye Movement disperses atop sweat moistened lips;  
she greedily partakes of my passion.

My eyes want to clamp shut  
—to focus on her heavy breath  
billowing past my chin and rolling  
across my cheek,  
only to slip down my neck  
with the silent ease of  
freshly woven silk.

I hear her tremble;  
her breath catches in the air as it  
traces my profile, stammering with  
expectancy.

I want to watch  
—to see her eyelids flutter  
and wave their hastened invitation.  
Nestled snug against her clavicle,  
I daintily brush her shoulder with my lips  
like a practicing pointillist.

Molecules encompassing us  
provide an invisible canvas  
of intangible fiber-optic fluidity.

I strain with all my senses  
to capture the onslaught of  
brute physicality.

My fingers tangle her auburn tinted hair  
in unintentional dreadlocks,  
before raking down her creamy mocha back.  
She pulls me closer  
with hands draped around my hips,

reassuring me with carnal conviction.

I try to engulf her

—to nibble off the puckered icing

that is her skin

—to taste her ephemeral,

ontological foundations.

A slideshow of instants propel me inside of her,

I kiss deep beyond her lips, and the canvas around us  
dissolves into a reflecting pool.

She holds my face between her hands,  
smiling audaciously, flirtatiously.

But an errand as though intercedes

as I silently ponder, why?

“Because you can do anything you want,”

she quips

as her eyes betray an oblique wisdom  
tucked beneath her amorous gaze.

Awakened by anguished clutches,

I find contorted pillows

clamped in my hand,

as loneliness rips the slumber from my sleep  
bedazzled eyes.