

Another Dream  
by Frank Cavano

drowning, drowning in this dream she sought another  
another dream absent of black roses and the twenty-five  
hours the sixty-one minutes and the single second that  
strangled hope dragging the tragic past into a future  
now made of that past that blackened rose memory of  
loss which had made of her life a Dali-Bosch painting.

clinging, clinging the barnacle of grief was her solitary  
rudder through storms she hardly noticed except for the  
rain pouring from swollen, reddened, handkerchiefed  
eyes, the rain still feeding the blackened rose memory  
until finally, finally and as if by accident she brushed  
into a gentle man whose strong arms held her fast in the  
present and there the past receded just enough for her to  
smile and with her heart paint for herself another dream.

Frank Cavano is a retired psychiatrist, who has written poetry, published and unpublished, when moved by his own life experiences or by those of his patients. His poems and short stories speak to what he has learned about the healing process. They emphasize the importance of being there for those who are hurting, the importance of non-judgmental listening and the key role the Spirit can play in healing. You may reach him at: [frankcavano@hargray.com](mailto:frankcavano@hargray.com)