

## How I'd Paint a Certain Dream

Brian Allan Skinner

In a corner of the mirror  
floats a white feather  
which I, beyond the glass,  
cannot grasp.

It might be a quill,  
so the dream means  
I shall not write again.

In the background of the mirror,  
above my unruly thoughts,  
a boy like me, on a stage,  
speaks to a beautiful white bird.

He might be an actor,  
so the dream means  
I don't mean what I say.

In front of the mirror, I stand  
drawing all that I see.  
I show it to the boy on stage,  
the one who can fly.

He might be a dreamer, too,  
so the dream means  
I am the boy in the mirror.