

MY DREAM OCEAN

Every night . . . some girl:
She is beautiful.
Sometimes I near death
Or do some great feat.
Happiness with her. . . .
I kill biting beasts.
Adventure and fun:
Ancient garb and swords;
Protecting my love.
Pleasantly touching. . . .
My family lost!
My money lost!
My clothing lost!
My homework un-done!
My true love un-won!
Escaping my foe
With slow legs and arms:
Almost being caught.
Kissing and feeling—
“I love you, so much!”
Forms in a jumble,
Loud ringing of bells,
Safe back on land, but
Desire for more ocean.

— *David L. Hatton, 1968*