THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

A Village
Michael Martone

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Michael Martone

A VILLAGE

"Who dreamed us here?" the inhabitants of this village ask in their dreams. They try, upon waking, to renegotiate the covenants inherited from their ancestors—the dazzling hue of their houses, the shifting distribution of the neighborhoods. Their undreamed dreams accumulate, cloud the black, black night with sparks of color. They forget to ask. They ask. They forget they've asked. They ask. Who smudged out the road that was never there? Who erased the sense of a sense of direction? They dream: "Who dreamed us here?" "Did you?" they ask. "Did you?"