

Steve Cartwright

I Had a Dream

I had a dream
It's almost too embarrassing to tell
But tell I will
For fear and judgement these are things I need to overthrow

I dreamed that I was in a room
A room of empty chairs turned inwards into rings with groups of people
There was a woman in a grey and woollen top
Her breasts were swelling beautifully full
And pushed against the giving nature of her woollen vest

She wore a pencil skirt
That squeezed her bottom out
Locked her knees together
And you could see the wedge of thigh
That brushed so soft against the welter of her stocking tops

There was no sound as I recall, except the whispered brushing of her stockinged thighs
There was a broodiness about her sex and also in the perfect bob of hair
That like a jet black helmet framed
her full and slightly parted lips
The whiteness of her face

Her eyes that I could hardly see had turned away
and lingered on the gently clasping fingers of her hands
that lay across the cradle of her lap
It was not modesty or shyness took her gaze away
But this beguiling downward gaze somehow exaggerated
the nature of her exquisite sexual beauty
and drew her thus to me
Somehow she was familiar
I knew her either from some other place
or perhaps another life

I felt her name was Angela
A girl I knew who'd killed herself at school
And I was seventeen, but I digress
For we were in a room with lots of others
From somewhere in the depths of her beguiling form
she called my name
Somehow I knew she would
She had a clapperboard and something written down
Remember we were in a dream

Then suddenly we found ourselves
in Leicester's busy bustling streets
Out in the crowds and we were synchronized in walking
Not fast but somehow synchronized
Our feet in two-four time
Her left and then my left, swinging slightly over to the right

Then my right, her right, swinging slightly to the left
Locked into a quick step or perhaps a gallopede.
Who knows, but we were synchronized alright
And though we drew no huge attention
as we walked among the crowds, they fell away,
fell back as we came near and we passed through
and they again resumed their ranks
The way that water moves around a rock,
then closes up again. It was like that.
As though a bubble breathed us in
and squeezed us gently out again
But I digress, for as we walked, don't ask me how
for remember we were in a dream

She took my hand, yes even as we walked right through the city crowds and up where Lewis' once
stood,
she took my hand and lovingly, yes,
and even as we walked she slowly slid it up beneath her skirt along the whisper of her stocking tops
and up into the ride and V-line of her knicker leg
and there among the tufted hillock of her sex,
she eased my fingers into her moist vagina
and somehow I still wandered by her side,
my arm extended down and up her skirt.

Like this we walked across the town
and even though we stopped to look in shops,
my hand still found its way back up and in
- and natural as you like, we wandered round the city streets and up by Thomas Cook.
And I am sure his statue winked and gave us both a little grin.

But no other soul seemed shocked to see this gorgeous woman clasped between the legs,
it was as though my arm had grown and gone against the normal shape of sinew and of bone and
wandered down and angled up again.
And Angela seemed pleased to have me there
And on and on and on we walked, her tall figure striding out with me attached, and synchronised into
our gallopede.

Then just as suddenly, we stopped
Her car was parked and I was ushered in
She put her Clapperboard across her lap
And started filling papers in
Who was I ?
What was my address ?
My email and my telephone ?
And could I read the registration number on the car ahead

At some stage on our journey now she said,
I'll slap the clapperboard upon the dash, and you must stop

Then off we went along the road
And sure enough
The clapperboard came hurtling down
There was a crash
And I fell out of bed
My arm resumed its proper shape
The clapperboard was gone
But Angela was lying next to me,
and she was stone cold dead