

## Notes of a Madman

Tom Brinck

'87-88

The madman woke,  
his dream complete,  
to find the forgotten  
at his feet.

He watched the doorway  
as he got up,  
but there was nothing to be seen.  
He walked across the floor  
and opened up the drawer  
and found a notebook  
in which he began to write.

“I saw the sky this morning  
inside a hollow tree.  
I tried to show the others,  
but it was a sight reserved for me.

“I watched a small dragon  
as he flew around my cabin.  
I smelled his breath like burning tar,  
and then I laughed  
and with one swift leap  
I captured him and put him in a jar.

“I threw the jar into the sea  
so that it would drift upon a distant  
beach,  
so some lucky boy  
could see the dragon I have seen  
and reach the beauty I have reached.

“There was a beggar  
in my dream.  
He asked me for the time.  
‘Time to wake,’ I replied.  
‘Don’t leave yet,’ he cried,  
‘for we’ve barely met.’  
But it was too late.”

The madman put the notebook  
back in its place,  
for he had heard a knocking at the  
door.  
He went to the door  
and opened it up,  
but no one was there.  
There was only a rainbow  
and a large blue tree.