

Fall 1988

Bedwetter's Lizard Dream

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Recommended Citation

Noethe, Sheryl (1988) "Bedwetter's Lizard Dream," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 31 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss31/4>

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Bedwetter's Lizard Dream

For JBT

Your first night in prison & you're young &
 you wet the bed, the top bunk,
 over a giant from Detroit doing hard time.
 You lie clutching the edge of the bed
 while the mattress fills.
 You dream about an open window.
 You dream that you are running in place
 and drowning. You are, of course, naked.
 You dream of falling. Tie your pajamas
 into a knot and look for a hiding place.

The giant lizard has found you at last,
 alone. A child again. This lizard you can't
 resolve drags itself towards your bed.
 You squeeze your eyes shut and scream.
 If you dream of an open window,
 God is watching. He will send his horses,
 aflame, into your dream.
 You are naked at the bus depot trying
 to read your ticket.
 You're traveling light. A 3-legged dog
 with two heads stands snarling over your suitcase
 in a vacant lot. He must know you well to hate you so.
 On the edge of the dream your mother is crying.
 Maybe it's because you're in jail. She is shaking her
 head in disbelief. You are breaking her heart, and
 your own as you climb now, empty-handed, naked,
 an orphan now, onto a bus whose sign says, "Hell"
 or "Mexico". Your driver is a giant lizard who
 calls you by name. Calls you bedwetter. Eats you.
 Lays an egg. Shifts into third and floors it.

You are going now to hell or mexico.
 Your legs are wet.
 If you dream of an open window, jump.
 You awaken in prison. Alone. Grown.
 A lizard. An egg. A stranger on the bus.
 Your cell mate awakens, too, and he is
 swallowing water from the toilet
 with a cup he has formed
 in his big hands.