Nikola Tesla In The Bears' Dream

John Beardsley

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He moved like a puppet
in an experimental film
shorn over
with the greys
of some late country
crippled with blood
belt-sanded, as if only bits
of him could be held in time.
The bear regarded him
and pawed behind
his great brown ear.
Whatever Nikola Tesla said
was lost in the sounds
of the bear breathing.
He didn't seem to know
he was in a dream, but
not the subject of that dream,
and gave a yelp when
from the bone-white architecture
of birches came one
after another bear, exactly
alike, and none of them seeing
each other except the one
who dreamed it. He (that
dreaming bear) made
a low growl and touched
their fur with his fur. He
ran down his claws among it,
but none felt. Tesla in the dream
thought: how like life. He thought:
how like it, indeed. He flickered
in and elsewhere.
The bear slept a long time.
Tesla began to dance
& to the bear it seemed he might
be caught in a web, or flying
drunk on wrong fruit.