

## **Solipsism Unwound**

You, with all other dreamers,  
are the dream I dream,  
as I inhabit all dreams with you  
dreaming the possible real.  
Where I look my dream looks back,  
sees me in my dream,  
my sight made solid by its seeing  
as I firm its with mine.

I am no separate thing,  
not as it so pervasively seems.  
I may no longer confuse  
the edges of intent for detail and truth,  
but curve my soft thought around  
this diffuse enormity  
of which I am but a tiny wave  
inseparable, and somehow learn to love

the horror we have put  
into God's eyes.