

*I wrote "Toward a Dreamed Eulogy" after a series of urgent and intense dreams that took place at my parents' graves in Macon, Georgia. My father passed away when I was fifteen, and my mother five years later; the dreams occurred in my early sixties, decades later. I discovered later that highway construction had disturbed their graves at the time of the dreams. This poem blends images from those dreams to make a long-overdue eulogy for my parents and for their persistence in my life and my dreams, where I believe they speak to me still. My mother's self-portrait now hangs prominently at the top of my stairs.*