**A Dream of Ouroboros**
**By Gregory JM Kasunich**

Sometimes I fantasize about a life already lived
100 years ago,
a century,
already lived

Gracefully, gratefully
penitent and painfully
clattering toward a gnawing future,

full of mis-steps and mistakes and scampering
moments.

And oh how I felt as if I was there-

the clinging- the writhing-
the blessed braying- the pity-
the wondering- the dark hour lashing-
I've lived it all before.
And in that life, I'd seen, I'd swore

that there was another time, for that, for me-
A Blaring Season! A Bending Tree!

A moment of Earth!

and Sea!
that meant
–a possibility–
for something else
some thing before, even this!

a furtive nostalgia for
a life un-lived or un-written yet
So here I am, unsound/unset,

remembering a time, pining for a place
long ago- a dream undreamt
and I Ask myself Right here, right now–

"What will the next me long for?"
Will it be
me somehow?
On some frigid night, will the next me write
"Sometimes I fantasize about a life already lived…