BERSERKERS

“In a dream last night I cut your head in two with an axe”

text from my 21 year old son

The blade cleaves my brain at crown
and I crumple, dead. Miles across
the country in my dream I whack my son
with a crude, heavy hammer full

and square on his ear miles across
the country in my dream I whack him
with a crude, heavy hammer and he
shudders and drops. Nightly like Norse

Berserkers on a misty island
though miles apart in our dreams we hack
away with other cursed souls
until we both fall dead and wake

whole with sunrise like Norse
Berserkers to feast and drink
with the other cursed souls in the raucous
mead hall, nap on benches,
miles apart in our dreams, then we all
go out to the field again to slaughter,
cursed souls, again each other.
Of course, one night miles apart
in our dreams, my son must finally kill
me and not just in dream. And I’ll
have the grace to stay dead,
become a clutch of rags and bones

for wolves and ravens to scatter but, stunned,
as I topple, finally ended, I’ll glance
his warrior daughter come up behind
my son to smash his head with a crude

hammer and enjoy for grisly years
her own dark wounds. The blade
cleaves my brain at crown and I shudder.