

## **Dream of stones**

*Denver Ejem Torres*

I dreamt of Mama last night.  
I saw her  
dragging a caromata  
as a carabao would a farmer's harvest  
to the town market  
of Santa Cruz.

Loaded on it were large stones  
such ones you find  
in mountain streams.  
They were so many that even  
the wheels seemed to refuse  
to do their singular job.  
I came up to help,  
but I awoke.