

## Martin Golan

### A Woman I Know Had A Vision

A woman I know had a vision  
of my father, so vivid and real it scared her  
And it pulled her from me, made her distant and shy  
My father, gone more than a decade, is unknown to her  
I never spoke of him and they surely never met, yet  
She conjured him up, like those startling dreams  
you wake from shaken and confused  
unable to remember who you are  
What day is this? What horrible thing happened  
that you have not yet remembered

Is it fear, or too much thinking, that keeps me from seeing  
what this woman saw when she saw my father?  
When she slipped, unasked  
inside the eternal mystery  
that fathers are to sons?

Could it be that all the fathers we try to know  
are little more than characters  
in the crazy dreams  
of their crazy sons  
who live too much in a too-bright light  
where all they think is overthought  
and all they feel is overwrought  
and need to find a woman  
to teach them how to see

**Martin Golan's** poetry and fiction have appeared in many publications, including *Poet Lore*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, and *The Dos Passos Review*. He's also been twice among the winners of the Allen Ginsberg Poetry Award. In fiction, he's published a novel, *My Wife's Last Lover*, and a collection of short stories, *Where Things Are When You Lose Them*. A book of poetry, *A Note of Consolation for Lucia Joyce*, will be published early next year. You can learn more about him at <http://martingolan.com>