**Planktivorous Fish and the Structure   
of Pelagic Plankton**

I woke up, thinking of you,

but it was a dream,

like many of the dreams I told you about,

I hadn’t gotten up yet,

I was still dreaming.

Then, I woke up for real, I thought,

thinking of you, as I was wont to do,

but, I was still dreaming,

like many of the dreams I shared with you.

When I was still dreaming

I fell asleep in that dream

and dreamed that I woke up

not thinking of you,

and imagined we had never met,

and I was with someone else.

Like many of the dreams I kept from you

I still hadn’t gotten up yet,

I was still dreaming.

Then, in that same dream, I wrote a poem

about dreaming,

and woke up and forgot the poem,

forgot I was still asleep,

forgot you,

forgot I was still dreaming.

But, like many of my dreams,

you were there.

In cleaning the apartment last week

I found, written on a piece of scrap,

the title of an academic paper:

*Planktivorous Fish and the Structure of*

*Pelagic Plankton*  
I had planned to write a poem with that title.   
Unless, that memory, too, was a dream.

It was so long ago, years before we met,

like so many things, forgotten,

the dreams I had, when I was young.