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# DREGS

*By* JOSEPH UPPER

There have been dreams that poisoned all our sleep  
With visions of the thing that might not be,  
And filled the measureless immensity  
Of night with gliding griefs that could not weep,  
And dared not speak, and would not die. The deep,  
Implacable, uncomprehending sea  
Of thought was choked with their foul progeny,  
A plague of scaly things that swim and creep.

My soul is like that slow congealing sea  
Where loathsome creatures breed and churn the wave  
Into an oozing flat, a black morass.  
Serpents sleep there, and all the seasons pass  
Unnumbered, and the crystal love I gave  
Away lies there and hugs futility.