

## Refuting Edgar Allan Poe

by Jim Hrbek, SFSPE

**Editor's Note:** This poem first appeared in *Telicom* 35, no. 1, and was later discussed by Jim in *Telicom* 37, no. 1. It is being reprinted afresh in its new form, as Jim's vision for this poem has evolved.



### A Dream Within a Dream

by Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow—  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less *gone*?  
*All* that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.  
I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand—  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep—while I weep!  
O God! Can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
Is *all* that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?



### Keep the Dream

by Jim Hrbek, SFSPE

A dream within a dream  
that's writ within a poem by me,  
Isn't quite the same as one,  
by Edgar Allan P.  
It takes a little time, you know,  
to separate the theme.  
We needn't always feel the need  
to kick and rant and scream.  
The visions and impressions  
of the world we see today  
May open doors and light the path  
to find a better way—  
Nor cry, regret and suffer,  
lest we reach for things not there,  
And grasping now and clutching,  
yet finding only air.  
Reality, the truth, you see,  
when we are feeling down,  
Is every single thing we loved—  
just then become a noun.  
Not just a fleeting memory  
to vaporize in space,  
but something solid, we now own,  
with all its special grace.  
Sand may slip the desperate grip,  
escaping through the fingers;  
That memory within your hand?  
—the noun that ever lingers. Ω