

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Dream Maker

a timed exercise

by Adam Phillips

We used to fish for dreams my sister and me.  
Granny taught us how to do it with stick, lamp and light.

We used to fish for dreams gently poking not prodding.  
These glowing cocoons like huge boiled sweets, behold a torch to  
Narnia  
or a Devil's delight.

We used to fish for our dreams and argue till dusk.  
A monster man I did see with an elephant's tusk.

I used to fish for our dreams when you were inside.  
Is it a man or a wolf or your peering eyes.

Alas, my twin, my soul, my ghostly alliance.  
I did see you in there, cold, alone in starched underwear.

We used to fish for our dreams she said on TV.  
Frail and complex: A complexion so old.

I'll tell you a secret: My sister those lamps.  
I better not tell you, your viewer's might fright.