



Spirit Guide

Sven Davisson

My spirit guide came to me in a dream.
Not as before, in the acid dripping night
Meditating at water's edge beneath stone bridge.
Not in the form of the cross-legged old monk,
Black silhouetted in the candle light.
No, this time he came as a beautiful young man
Nervous college age queer
23, just a year out of school, he later said
pale slight dark brown hair sideburns
plaid cotton shirt t-shirt jeans
thick-soled black shoes.
he appeared in a bar



eyes meeting accidentally
breath catching in recognition
After several attempts,
I said hello—as he knew I would.
We went to a table
introduced ourselves
I finished my beer
He bought a second round
Because he was nervous.
Another beer for me
A double vodka neat for himself.
We continued on
Through the awkward obligatory
praising of first meetings.
Strange light talk
Introducing the necessities
Like people who meet in a bar.
What is your will, when all you want
is to fuck your Guardian Angel?



Photographs by DJ Jefferson Hobbes

