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Part One

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Part One

By Diane Glancy

The Man Who Loves Dreamsicles

He reads the wrapper with rapture—
*Let the Dreamsicle warm a moment before eating,
so it will not stick to the tongue.*

He unwraps the Dreamsicle watching the crystals form
as it warms.

He studies the striations of frost on the orange coat
of his Dreamsicle as the Earth's atmosphere touches it.
Maybe he is like Christ walking through the wheat field
or Van Gogh studying sunflowers.

The man who loves Dreamsicles is delighted as figures
in Piero di Cosimo's *The Discovery of Honey* [1498],
an early form of the Dreamsicle.

He is passionate as El Greco's *Adoration of the Magi*
[1565-67] in orange Dreamsicle hues.
Or his *View of Toledo* [1596-1600],
in which Dreamsicle flames burn at the stake
during the Spanish Inquisition.

The man who loves orange Dreamsicles
has red hair and beard.
He is Van Gogh's *Self-portrait Eating a Dreamsicle* [1889]
or his peasant family, *The Dreamsicle Eaters* [1885]
in a dingy room in Holland.

He is held by the oranges in Pieter Bruegel's [the Elder]
Peasant Wedding [1656].



Or Paul Gauguin's *The Vision after the Sermon* [1888]
in which an angel wrestles with Jacob—
the angel's wings white as the inside of a Dreamsicle.
Or the splash of Wassily Kandinsky's
Sketch for a Composition VII [1913]
as we move toward the modern Dreamsicle.

There's also Paul Klee's *Twittering Machine* [1922]
where birds made with line and dot
tweet the song of an ice cream truck circling neighborhoods
in summer.

Jackson Pollock could abstract Dreamsicles too.

I think also of Christofino Allori's
Judith Holding the Head of Holofernes [1613].
Her bodice orange as a Dreamsicle.
[Holofernes was about to destroy Judith's village of Bethulia
when she went into his tent
with her saber and removed his head.]

In 1905, 11-year-old Frank Epperson left a glass of soda
on the porch on a cold night in San Francisco.
The next morning, he found it frozen
and pulled the soda from the glass with the stir-stick
he had left in the glass.

In 1923, Frank Epperson introduced the Popsicle to a crowd
on Neptune Beach in Belmar, New Jersey.
Then came the Creamsicle.
Then the Dreamsicle.
The man who loves Dreamsicles has visions of paradise
where Dreamsicles float in the air redolent as orange
blossoms.
He sees radiance in the Dreamsicle orange
of Rosso Fiorentino's *The Descent from the Cross* [1521].



I actually saw a picture of Martin Luther King, Junior giving his *Ihaveadream* speech in Washington, D.C. with a Dreamsicle in his raised hand.*

Maybe George Washington ate a Dreamsicle when crossing the Delaware.

I think of Mars as a Dreamsicle—
or the orange storm-clouds on Jupiter,
voluptuous as Joseph Wright's *Vesuvius from Portici* [1774-76].

Spiral galaxies twirl through the traveling Hubble.
Their orange coating covered with a slight hoarfrost—
their inside white as iced milk, pure as lily of the valley
or a polar bear.

I suppose it's the reverse of the molten ball of earth
that had to cool so grass would grow and cows could eat
and give milk for the Dreamsicle.

Once I drove through the southwest.
The wind blew fine sheets of dirt across the highway.
That same evening, the sun went down
orange as a Dreamsicle through an atmosphere charged with
dust.

At 5:00 a.m., I woke to a gunmetal gray-black light—
as if the horizon of Earth were the rim of a black light-bulb.
It's why I sleep on the road sometimes—
to be near the wildness there
and to see the first tinge of orange-dawn on darkness,
as if a Dreamsicle rising without its stick.

* I saw this on a website while researching the Dreamsicle