

untitled

(the ur-helix?)

So, mother, I dreamt of you last night, of your trying to shuffle down the corridor to my room, not to drown or smother me, not to grab my devil, not to warble a lullaby or stroke my brow, not to straighten my covers, but to whisper a secret about the origins of imagination, the

So, my daughter, I dreamt of you last night, of your non-existence, of your spirit flown before breath, nameless oblivion, spice and sugar down the sewer, the smells and tantrums of girlhood, the fierce self-imaging, the curled lockets around the ears and the cherished locket between the

So, sister, I dreamt of you last night, of the fortuitous consequences of your tragic magnetism, a crotch maven, shaved and hardware, divining rods to the salty pool, the gift of extraction and pounding hearts and balm, taking boys for rides on their pogo sticks, lawns of warm grass, pavement

So, my love, I dreamt of you last night, of the shipwrecked tattoo at your tailbone, of the catch in your throat when you're surprised or lifted in wonder, the bourbon brook of your voice in morning slant, the bowed cello of your pleasure, your barked laughter in inappropriate settings and your whisperings amid

So, last night, ordinary and moderate, measured and rutted, the glass of water and the flipped pillow for coolness, the window open for ambient sounds, the pixie lights around the mirror, teeth scrubbed and conscience tucked, I fell away and I dreamt of a black box, and in that black box I dreamt I could imagine

So, my friend, I dreamt of you last night, of your gout and your dyslexia and your asexuality, your flannel pajamas and your smoker's cough and your shoe fetish, the compassion of your endeavor and the confusion of your position, and I dreamt you took my sister down the old plank road, took her with a

So, father, I dreamt of you last night, of your deadness, of your ashes in my palms, your baritone absence, the historical indifference toward a history buff, your critical influence fading in the grass as your genteel influence rims rising clouds, I'm falling your last intelligible words, your throat choked with cancer crud, your

So, my son, I dreamt of you last night, you as a pilot for royalty, or a bombardier dropping ordinance upon factories and brick streets, your mouth, to yourself, tasting of pineapple, a global war distilled into your marrow, the plane losing altitude toward the sea, its engines

So, brother, I dreamt of you last night, of the curious backwoods cemetery with its diminutive graves and stumpy black crosses, the paper white roses afixed to the crossbeams, you with your swollen ankle and young man's stubble, the one fresh mound, the shovel leant, the rutted road and your photographic eye, the

breasts, calorie loathing, horse
dreams with neighing, daddy's
lap, daddy's whiskers, princess
feminist, tomboy educator, the
eventual heft of a woman with
grounding and mature pur-
pose,

way we create ourselves, and
in the dream you languished
midway down the hall, a
struggle against the current of
my wishful leaving, the urge
of almost every developing
child to flee around the bend,

white noise, the chewn nails
and the midnight flatulence,

of split lips, sprinklers overshot
upon sidewalks, the whole wide
world your to tangle, the roofli-
nes of the neighborhood like
the scratches on your thighs,

myself dreaming, and in those
dreams I imagined I could wield
the second person with legitimacy,
invoking those I wished to consid-
er, those of you mattering to me,

thoughts not upon my future
dreams but upon constellations
of good will, not upon legacy but
upon the firmament of your youth,

constellation of good will, your
uncalloused hands, upon her
ginham sleeves, your words slid-
ing off of her feminine muscles,
the muscles of a girl with a
ferocious thirst for unravellings,

camera stayed cased, the hunting
knife stayed cased, and in this
dream we weren't the gravedig-
gers, we plunged no shovel, we
flung no soil, we were trespass-
ing bystanders, having scaled a
high wall to explore a low valley,

failing, its string having
come undone from the ceil-
ing nail, sloppy paint obscur-
ing the cockpit view, crooked
decals, your cocked smirk
ripe with the tropical long-
ings of youth, your adolescent
moustache darkening with
the gravity of your descent,