

MARGARET AHO
I dream I'm leaving

an island

leaving adults

mulling the ambit, mulling

the waves, wagged.

The children are of one

mind. (push

off) The children have no

bodies; no body.

All around

on every side: thiss . . .

thiss . . . lapping spongy ground

lapping what won't give off

heat light some-

thing breathable. The children can't

breathe! (hush . . .)

The children are of one mind. (push

off) No

body. But see how they see, with a mind's

eye, thiss

woman with her back to them, turning

toe thigh spine tri ceps flexed

finger

→

circling the calendar touching that

round

where the moon should be?

Feel the hubbub?

Feel the sudden homing of one

mind humming

like a tran-

sept, like a wing-

span looking

for a jagged

pulse

to impale it, trans-

fix it? Find it. Fix

this barbed heart pushed off out

here!

(here . . .

here . . .)

roosting

rocking

pierced through breathe

under and all around

(this . . .

motion of breathing . . .

this breathing . . .