

DREAM LIFE OF THE BRAIN

I am a small planet
I have no moon
The others are bigger
Whiter
They create their own light

Here
It is dark
Heat lightning flashes
Over the dry sea

I am a planet of dunes
Hills and ripples of gray
Ash
Gravity is the shell
I can't grow out of

Even my dreams
Are small
Wishes for more firing in the sky and
The experience
Of rain

Soaking my face

I dream that rain drops
Turn to hands
Sifting my sand
Smoothing it
Playing in it
By the hour

And where the hands play
An oasis
Grows
Green and waving in the heat like
A mirage

Waking up
Is the moment the mirage
Melts

I know I am thirsty
Because I dreamed it

THE DREAM LIFE OF FEET

When I wake up in the morning
The bottoms of my feet
Are

I find sand in the sheets

I take a bath
Then I take another

I forget to turn off the tap
After doing the dishes

When it rains
I pull off my socks and shoes and stomp
Through puddles

I read Treasure Island and
Mutiny on the Bounty

I buy a fountain
I buy an aquarium
I stop eating fish

I baby sit my neighbor children so I can play
In the sandbox and splash in the plastic
Pool so I can

Take off all my clothes and leap
Through the sprinkler

The children notice the webs
Between my toes

They ask if my mother
Was a frog

I tell them my father is
The Frog Prince

I tell them he calls to me
In dreams

The children ask why my feet
Bleed

We spread the map
Over our knees

It's a long walk
To the sea