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: thisss . . .
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, thisss

woman with her back to them, turning
toe thigh spine tri ceps flexed
finget
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 . . .