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Limantour Dream

Jane Muir Greene

I wore the wispy dream like a threadbare handkerchief recovered from Grammie's lingerie drawer, thin with time, with tears, with worried fingers kneading arthritic hopes and marking days.

I worried around the fringes of ghost linen, a dream shrouded gauzy haze filtering longing embroidered curly cues and monogram letters knowing only that you were there.

At once, the dream fabric was born new and robust, a dense interweave of impervious thread something to grasp and track caressing dream textures revealing that I was there.

We belly crawled like soldiers over the Limantour dunes sand windswept into eyes pampas grasses shearing cheeks converging finally together counting wounds.

We slumped in a cocoon nest free from the sand, the wind, the war of our lives, billowing a dream parachute with its own starry sky silence pervasive, focus profound taking stock.

There was no blood, nothing broken, no remedy to surmise but your legs were not working and my middle was a gaping hole which all seemed familiar –

we had arrived.

I sank into a newborn's trance the bliss of suckling at mother's breast having everything I needed my gaping hole your useless legs consuming reverie.

Then an unspoken promise crossed between us

I opened my mouth You used your hand to scoop out palmfuls of clay

I knew I would always be the source You would always be the maker And between us lame and gaping We would always make A whole.