

JOINING

AY Dorsey

Remember the night you woke and told me your dream?

You went to the beach:

my bones were there, gathered at the waters edge,
the skin covering them incidental.

You said my hair ran down my face like rivers
sweeping around stone eyes.

You held me close to warm me.

I dreamed that night too:

You were in the forest.

Moss fingers brushed my ankle.

I turned and saw you alone.

Gathered you in.

Sang to you of the sea.