

Dreams
by Jessie Winokur

In the beginning
our nightmares tell us we aren't made of stars
the dissonance shakes our bones
when we learn the arrangement of our atoms
tore us
from our raw materials.

Some day we begin to weep in tandem
pin little daisies to our breast
and try too hard to smell and taste
what's missing from our bodies

At last
we stop drawing boxes around our branches
stop measuring what separates
our roots from the soil
hover around tornadoes until
they tire of their own whirling
and die.