

DREAM OF WHAT'S BELOW

Because it's temporary, while we build on rooms
for the family, we stretch out in the heat
on the sofa bed. It's called an "Albany,"
though we're seven hours' drive away
from the coastal town, its namesake,
and the inland heat is devastating. We
try to recall sea breezes. I fan Tracy
with whatever comes to hand, then drift off
into a half-awake state—I can see my hand move,
the fan move, then I briefly dream... a breach in the fabric
of wakedness, heat, sleep, the fan, the sheet
over the Albany dampening with sweat...
I dream of what's below this stony place—
Coondle, the Ballardong people call it—
"stony place." Loose stones and larger stones
and a solid dome of granite beneath.
A hundred eighty feet down the bore
was drilled through rock and dirt, into
porous rock, into a freshwater stream.
I dream filtration and the passage
of water through sand, subterranean
sand, the tunnels and sheets of liquid.
I wake drowned in sweat, the fan
dropped by my side, and Tracy
sitting up, faint with heat.