

DEBORAH T. MCGINN

*The Dream Says*

Is this an action poem  
about blackberries  
and the deep blue sea?

When my hip bones start a ruckus  
and I'm suddenly on the back of a stallion?  
We gallop dead leaves back to life

through cherry trees.  
I hug the head of the beast  
fingers wrapped in mane,

his hooves forcing designs on the road  
that winter will freeze  
that dust will scramble.

Hold your horses!  
I say in flight, and like a bagpipe  
he sings me to blue water.