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The Dream Says

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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.