Dream Of What's Below

John Kinsella
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.