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Dreams, Garbage

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Dreams, Garbage

When the dreams began
crowding potatoes and beans
from the counter,
you dropped them in the garbage
among banana peels slippery as foreskin,
the wet news. The garbage lid's
clamped tight as a migraine.
The house is tidy. But someone has
framed your arm in oak,
tacked it above the couch.
And your breasts, those two dachshunds,
nose against your blouse,
trying to get out, trying
to stop the cat's tongue
from licking away your ankles,
your legs disappearing like milk.

Diane Averill