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First Winter Poem When the Dreams Lift

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First Winter Poem When the Dreams Shift

I dreamt a bowl full of pearls.
A white boat dressed the horizon.
There once was a dressmaker
whose dreams filled with bolts of white
fabric so porous it took its wearer's shape
upon touch, temperature.
And the next night, a pearl sword.
Death felt like nothing.
Even the moon is battered
like a silver bowl when its ellipse
flies less than perfect.
*Have I not somewhere scrutinized
a dead white-feathered moth laying eggs?*
Did the eggs first bother me, or the death?
Were they not the pearl earrings
I dreamt I lost when I escaped the chalk
prison dripping water from its ceiling?
In another, I am the woman sealed in
by heat, a second skin of white fabric.
I am a cut out of another person,
white even on the soles of my feet.
I am guilty in my dreams, running
with white teeth from the bright contrasts
of bodies in snow. Dark coats and pocked
landscapes. The dressmaker stitches
the shutters. I am trying to equate
my mistakes with their consequences
and everything adds up to the pearls.
They pour out of my mouth in strings
when I try to explain.
I have stayed too long on my back
where the stand sticks to my tongue.
I dreamt the white-feathered moth
left white cutouts on the moon
which had turned into a bowl of water,
pearl bubbles expanding from the center
and white boats popping at the surface.
Everything is brighter from far away
and set against the snow. Close up,
dull as beach glass wintered with sand.