

Spring 2011

## Russell Lee's Dream Sequence

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### Recommended Citation

Young, Joshua (2011) "Russell Lee's Dream Sequence," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 74 , Article 41.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss74/41>

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RUSSELL LEE'S DREAM SEQUENCE

it's not a helicopter scaling its way down the side of the building  
this begins from train windows  
watching willows lit by moon ricochet in the thick pitch—

someone says, "night hums when the moon's out," and sometimes  
if it's just right  
you can see faces ghosted up in burlap, ready for robberies

they'll show at the edge of tracks, moving towards the wreck  
barrels slitting through  
the damp mist of the hillside. now, from train windows i see kasey.

kasey and her black hood floating towards me, like a stalled truck  
through an intersection  
as if the moon is guiding her. the train, even slower, and when i touch  
my face, there's blood. only it's gray and thin as water.  
when the door swings up  
kasey's there, smirking like a crowbar lodged underneath a deadbolt

someone says, "this cadence will be danced."

she's holding my shoulders, when the train stops at the bluff, its cliffs  
tumbling down  
into where the pacific had laid itself. it's not salt i taste in the air

but skin, worse yet, the skin of my wife.

wolves howling sound like footsteps  
in grass or leaves plucking themselves  
from branches as if there's nothing else to do.

kasey says, "down there's where boy get covered  
in dirt, boys become men overnight, they learn to earn  
their keep for comebacks, second chances,  
and the opening and closing of gates.