Spring 2011

Russell Lee's Dream Sequence

Joshua Young
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.