

In your room

In my dream  
I saw a harnessed  
woman drag behind her on a beach  
a whale,  
her hair muddy, dripping, earth-  
soaked, soft, liquid, leaves  
a long fluke trace across the sand  
and toe touches.  
Mussels on the animal and in the ground, between the grains, slides  
slides  
slides by her gentle pushes from  
the pelvis  
forward – she ached

slightly into salty air

while the whale slid lightly as through a still lake,  
sashayed smoothly and wet behind her  
like a baby being birthed.

Huge, light. Woman, walking,

making tender traces  
with slippery masses. Sometimes

turns around in her harness to water  
the whale with water  
from the sea beside her.

The whale breathes from her hands.

Blue blue whale breath under the moon mirrored  
against pale beach sand. Then

the shocking beauty of a million different weights  
turning into thickly saturated night air.

Waves on one side of her like an organ—one  
big body,  
both fluid and flesh and fin.

I ask her: How can you pull it so graciously?

She says: He is my whale.