

**#319**

Asleep in the passenger seat,  
your chest moving in unison with traffic lights  
and turkey vultures caught in the wind, looking  
for a carcass to pluck the meat off  
bones bursting with marrow.

When you dream, are we walking down a shore  
our voices lost in waves,  
pulling the sky down to meet them, stranding  
a harvest in a singular cosmic season.  
Do we walk in, letting the stars push us under?

Or are we home, the dog digging up  
the few colored leaves from a gray October  
planted deep in fields of fall,  
blooming for us  
on our Friday walk to town.