

NORMAN DUBIE

Ur-Dream

—for Mila

The night sky is a desperate
clump of blue dye.

The mountains are like mirrors
in an ocean-liner
draped with snow and ice.

This inland sea is lime-green
to please someone
other than me. The sandy cove
is mustard with a stone boat
that is a fossil of walrus.

The other boat is a thin slice
of amethyst trash. *Light*
dancing on its teeth.

I push it out
over the smooth waters. A creature
now wakes on the beach,
a Klee triangle of spring-jade
for a beard. There's

a sack of buttons somewhere
and someone sings
who is boiling
water for the silver thermos of tea.