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Dreams

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DREAMS

Debbie Ryel

You too have moved — now,
I can't remember your
address or what your street
looked like. Probably
your phone is disconnected
or I lost the number.

The closed door of a
classroom: I tilt my head,
listen to the rise and
fall of a teacher's voice.
Not my teacher, but I
leaf through her book. I want
to buy it.

Night: I am lugging
my heavy suitcase into a train
compartment. All my friends
have gotten off at the last stop.
The car speeds along elevated
tracks, high above clapboard
houses, grey streets
wet with rain.

My bed afloat in the wide
sea. I sit up and look
across water, hoping to see
the castle, its gate
standing open, I have
no gifts and haven't
learned to swim.