

In My Dream Last Night I Kissed a Girl Whose Face Looked Like Mine. I May Have Been Looking in a Mirror.

In my dream, it was hard for me  
to give myself time for anything.  
I woke up late and scraped my knees  
while running to the bus stop.  
I had decided that I wasn't hurt enough  
to heal so I kept running with bloodied kneecaps.  
It had made her laugh when I told her  
which made me giggle as well.  
Later, I was in the bathroom  
and I found her face in the mirror.  
I couldn't tell who I was looking at  
but I kissed her anyway, I felt our teeth  
clink like a fork does on China plates.  
Her skin was soft and her hands held mine.  
When we stopped I felt lost  
like I was sitting alone  
in the middle of a lake, the light  
catching on the seaweed below me.  
Or perhaps it was the sun pulling me  
into the day. Either way I could feel her  
leaving me, and I sat in a loneliness  
that felt uncomfortable on my skin.  
I did not wake up for a long time  
I sat on a blank canvas while my body glowed  
from outwards-in.

Holy (adj.)  
/'hōlē/

i.  
Godly or Godlike

ii.  
White dresses on wedding days,  
tears of happiness.

iii.  
Women, breathing  
in fully  
is Holy.

iv.  
Full bellies,  
how mama cooked us dinner  
every night, her careful hands  
stirring, chopping, cleaning.

v.  
Funerals for my great-grandparents,  
the calla lilies in their raindrop shape are still mocking me  
for not crying. They are Holy.

vi.  
Fishing. Catching a duck  
on accident and crying  
for the rest of the night.

vii.  
Praying in church and feeling sweat  
pooling on the backs  
of your knees is Holy.

viii.  
Not believing in God.  
Meditating until your legs  
go numb. Your father helping you  
learn to walk again. My father,  
his leathered palms, his heavy laugh  
is Holy.