

## Écriture

*The dream that unfolds from the female writer's pen*

Her dream: a green field  
with dandelion stream  
staining blades of grass  
that cut, tree sap  
oozing as her roughened hands  
grasp for branches to swing from her legs,  
to see the world turned  
as it is, upside-down.

In that field, she was one. A whole  
person without debt to another  
without an ominous bird  
knock, knock, knocking on her mind's door  
to be broken into and conquered.

A sexless abstract figure, weaving webs of doubt  
into the folds of her thoughts,  
curling inward from their weight.  
Her nature flows in and out of her like breath,  
lets in and lets go.

This is that day  
when she picks honeysuckle  
off the rusted chain-link of childhood,  
tastes the bees' nectar, its sting on  
her fingers, as what's real  
pours into her blood.

This is that day when she climbs  
up the aged ladder of a tree trunk,  
feels the ridges and carved letters of lovers,  
of hearts, plucks the sour plums of daylight  
dimming into dusk.

And as she comes back to her room,

the papers' chaotic leveling  
reminds her of every surface  
surrounding her, still  
life keeping her in.