

Dreams of the Beach

by *Damen O'Brien*

You said, *come down to the beach and see,*
but I lay face down on the bed in frozen jetlag,
our bags piled around me in various stages
of deconstruction, the bed unmade, pillows
scattered. So you took your canary yellow sunhat,
your sandals, and walked into the roar of light
that is Korora beach, while your father
and our son worked in the garden, cracking
one hive open to make two, and your mother
clattered ambiguously in the kitchen above,
and I dozed and dreamt of buying ladders
until I found the only one that had no top,
or dreamt of opening doors until I found
the only one that did not open to this world
but to somewhere else and another me
went with you to the beach and stood
with our backs against the sun and watched
the silver spatter of the spray, burn its solder-
wash and soda on the beach and you said,
look! How did you know what we'd see?
There in the last light, in every broken curl:
each wave sheltered a rainbow in its fist.