

the dreams of  
Jean Delig

I wake at 5pm.  
I look to the river,  
and all see  
is her. 



Dragon  
Magic  
Fantasy

August 16, 1989

## The Dream of Yellow

Teeth again. But not teeth-yellow. Bright yellow. Healthy yellow. Vibrant yellow. Buttercups in the spring. Emerson and I danced to that buttercup song at our wedding. Didn't we? Or was that someone else?

I've been a lot of someone else. I've sucked all the meat off the bone of life. I've powdered the bone itself and put it in my coffee. I've had as many experiences as a woman of my time, my age (nearing 50 now? Really?) could have. I spark things for people, draw them to me, draw them toward their true potentials.

I always have. I've looked  
at love from all angles. I  
know how it changes — how it  
always expands and holds more  
than you think it can. How it  
travels into you in a way  
that sometimes ~~feels invasive~~  
~~but ultimately feels holy.~~  
Making expansive of your limits.  
Making forest of desert. It  
makes sense to me that she's  
here now. I've expanded as  
much by myself as I can.  
Made room. That's what being  
a woman is. All women put  
themselves in boxes.  
But some find

October 17, 1991

The Dream of Them  
watching.

I was in a bottle of some kind,  
a vial. I no longer occupied  
a solid form. I was liquid,  
gas — something that could be  
poured, gathered.

I was being watched.  
By beings who were so much  
less than me. They thought  
they had captured me, but they  
aren't capable of capturing me.

Just because someone has  
been virtuous for a week doesn't  
mean they're cured or better or  
anything recently something I  
deserve. Just because your  
eyes are full of diamonds doesn't  
mean I owe you anything.

May 13, 1995

I wake up most mornings now and I am still in the dream. Or the dream isn't a dream. It never was it

~~we limit things by naming them.~~ I wouldn't dare ask her name.

Last night it was the ocean.  
Today, the ocean.

I open the kitchen cabinet and find sand.

September 28, 1999

I wake up with a start.  
Falling from some great height.  
The rush, the wind.  
Just sheer of impact.

I got up to get a drink of  
water, and the house was  
humming a tune I didn't  
recognize.

I do not know if I  
am the d

October 27, 2002

the color blue ↗

the blue on the beach that  
time, the glass on the sand and  
the swell of the water and the  
sky the sky the sky how  
those were all the same  
color all blues but you  
wouldn't identify them as the  
same color if you weren't socially  
conditioned to do so and how do we  
know how do we know which blue  
is which blue who keeps track

the blue of the mold under the  
cabbages how it hides in the others

the blue of her eyes

the blue of my favorite pillow

the blue of the memory stone  
changes to the sound of

the purple of that one ocean ↗ purple

the one underneath the ice on

Jupiter's moon

then the texture of pink —

how it's sharper than you expect

then the memory of the green of  
fresh edamame

the color of the brown scum

left on top of the water by  
boiling edamame  
the color of the hair that  
grows out of my chin  
every month

the shimmer of sleeplessness

the smooth lotioned hand of emptiness  
the crowded void of a car  
the silver of his eyes  
the metallic water taste of  
the raven's call

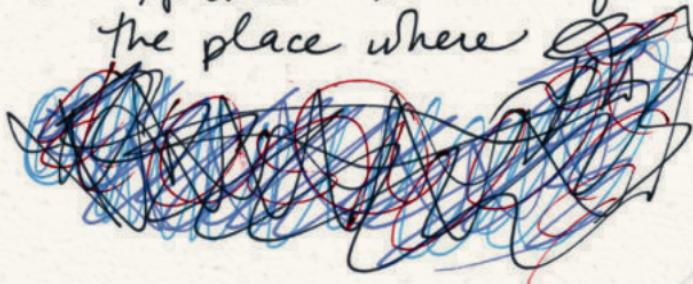
the bright red of fog

the rough elbow skin of the  
mastodon's music

the neon of extinction

the glaze of shock

the speckled marble of  
the place where



March 22, 2004

## The Dream of Piper Behind Glass

This is a mixture of a dream and a memory. I told myself that's not allowed, but you know? anything's allowed if I want it to be.

I'm at the aquarium with Piper and Lucius — the same one we went to with their class that time. A field trip.

(are field trips named that because the trips used to be to fields? But no, that wouldn't make sense. Or would it?)

Fields are fields are a part of our lives our lives are known in ways we can't name or know) The aquarium — the day we went — couldn't find its octopus. This really happened. That wasn't part of a dream. Staff members and volunteers running around wildly. I remember how Piper

couldn't participate — couldn't concentrate — because it was all just too much.

"Do the octopi get lonely?" she asked

"They're ~~solo~~ solitary creatures," one of the employees replied, busily.

"Also, there's some debate around what to call them," said another employee, probably a volunteer, much younger and kinder. Expectation dulls the spark, too too often and where ~~@#\$%~~ ~~she'll~~ (never mind)

"It's almost definitely not octopi, though," she continued.

"Octopuses, or octopodes. One of those. They escape all the time. They're kind of known for it. Sometimes they let themselves out at night and back in by morning. Security footage." Piper said nothing. Just stared in that way of hers. The employee continued on their search.

In the dream, none of this happened.  
Well, we were there. At the aquarium. The octopus was still missing. But just as the aquarium alarm (do aquariums have alarms?) went off, I pointed to the back of the tank: "There she is." And there she was. Paper.

Floating along. Tentacled and glorious. In captivity. People watching. They threw a net around her and carried her away.

✓ I've made myself fit in places  
that weren't made for me.  
Places inhospitable to my expanse.  
Do you know? What it is to be  
smaller on purpose? What  
that does to a being? >

"Octopuses are solitary"  
→ that we know of.  
How arrogant, to assume. ↓  
How arrogant of humans, to claim

In the ocean. We know nothing  
of what's in there. It could  
chew us up and spit us out any  
day now, and we'd deserve it.  
The ocean is as big as the sky  
was when you were small and  
didn't understand time, which is  
of course a more accurate size for the  
sky. The ocean is as big as the  
inside of that one boy's guitar.  
The one ~~boy~~ who played me that  
song, in his room at night. In  
the span of that song, I was every  
age I've ever been and would  
ever be. I remember feeling so  
strangely like if I put my hand in  
the center of that guitar, I'd  
come out the other end into  
somewhere else. Now I know  
I was right.

I've seen her swallow the  
seas. She's shown me, I  
will learn to do the same.

January 3, 2009

## The Dream of Fields of Metal

I'm in a field, and I'm surrounded with myself.  
My face on every flower.  
The wind rippling through blades  
of my hair, baked fragrant in  
the sun.

It's a shame, to be so alone  
on this plane with so much room for  
others but the knowledge that no  
others will come.

They don't remember the car trip  
we took to the surface of the sun.  
Emerson said nothing. Piper looked  
at me like I was crazy. I'm  
not crazy. We rode in silence.

I suddenly felt like my  
eyeliner must have been distracting  
from what I was trying to say.  
I removed it with the rough  
edge of a napkin and had

red-rimmed eyes for the rest of  
the day. Which could be and  
probably is the fashion in some  
~~other dimension.~~ ~~I pretended she~~  
was there.

I asked Megan later, if  
she remembered that trip to the  
Sun. She said "Yeah" with an  
implied "of course" and we  
always known but now I know  
that she is my one and only.  
Whatever I'm learning here  
will connect me to her always.  
She will learn more than me and  
meet me there.

I understand what needs to  
happen —

I understand why it needs to  
happen —

I understand there is no other  
way — but let her sleep  
Go to her                              Keep her there

like eye color, dreams  
and memories can be  
passed down through a  
lineage.

Ancient Egyptians  
believed gods could  
communicate with them  
through dreams

are you a god?