

SUSAN TERRIS

from Dream Fragments . . .

Epiphany

Cooper Grove along the Big Sur River and the monarchs have returned. “Hold me close,” I say. “Dance with me here . . . now.” Eucalyptus leaves bruise beneath our feet, and you hum as we waltz until a blaze of butterflies rises and flames the air around us.

Well

No oasis. No cartoon of men in undershirts crawling toward a mirage across the dry cracked surface of what was once an ancient lake bed, but a well, a kind of Jack-and-Jill-with-no-hill shingled well. Bucket up. Rope—yes. Handle to turn. We peer down but don’t see ourselves mirrored. Instead, little shape-shifters floating there. “Oh, Jack, they know the future we can’t see.”

Susan Terris’s recent books are *Take Two: Film Studies* (Omnidawn), *Memos* (Omnidawn), and *Ghost of Yesterday: New and Selected Poems* (Marsh Hawk Press). A poem of hers appeared in *Pushcart Prize XXXI*. A poem from *Memos* was in *Best American Poetry 2015*. Terris is editor emerita of *Spillway* and a poetry editor at *Pedestal Magazine*. www.susanterris.com

SARA FRIEDLANDER

*Blurred Landscapes —
Frozen Lake, 2009*

Original photos and paint on wooden panel,
26 x 48 x 2 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST