

PATRICK APPLEBY

Untitled, 2015
Oil on canvas, 28 x 29 1/2 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

SUSAN TERRIS

Lucid Dream

Before me, dark opals of babies' eyes,
prick of gorse and manzanita. I am waking

this morning as a woman who bakes bread
and sweeps the front steps every day.

Here where arrowed hands alter to
spin counterclockwise, I am rocking a baby

who babbles me messages from the past.
Here the remains of a fine woman whose rants

tug me deep inside, and that's where I need
to go. From a candle: the spill of teardrops,

a waxen thumbprint, a wing of light that
leads me, childless again, out where

a timpani of wild grasses stir the air,
where death-tinted water leaches from clouds

and, from the heart of the madrone, a minor
key tune. A fine ruin on a wet day with

the sound of crying, the smell of a sleeping
woman and of phantom bread rising

Susan Terris's most recent books are *Take Two: Film Studies* (Omnidawn Publishing, fall 2017), *Memos* (Omnidawn Publishing), and *Ghost of Yesterday: New & Selected Poems* (Marsh Hawk Press). She is the author of six books of poetry, sixteen chapbooks, three artist's books, and one play. Journal publications include *the Southern Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *the Georgia Review*, and *Ploughshares*. A poem of hers from *Field* appeared in *Pushcart Prize XXXI*. A poem from *Memos* that was published by the *Denver Quarterly* was in *Best American Poetry 2015*. Terris is editor of *Spillway* and a poetry editor of *Pedestal Magazine*.