

In Another Dimension, We Are Making Love

What color is dreaming? you ask.
I answer in the language of fleur-de-lis,
paisley and plaid. *Then, what is the sound of death?*
you ask, so I draw you a picture of dreaming.
What is left to know but that I'm re-writing the formula
for the air between us? Part nitrogen, part oxygen, the rest trace gasses
of love. Like you, I believe most in what
I cannot see or hear. Anger: a wounded steam
rising from the cauldron of your throat.
Alchemy: the steam dissipates, and you reach
across the table for my hand. So—
I note that it was already storming
before we arrived here, though my only proof
is an exhausted cloud passed out in the courtyard
and a thunderbolt curled up beside it.
I point out that in another dimension
this restaurant is a bedroom
in which we are making love. Don't
try to understand.
Just paint the air human,
take off your clothes,
hand back your coat of arms.
What you mistook for a person
is really a country
with a dark and sacred history
and no scholars to explain away the confusion.
Just burn the archives down.
Everything we have to know
we learned from a picture of dreaming.
Everything we need to remember
can fit on a scrap of paper
smaller than your hand.

Everything Is So Delicious

Sometimes
I feel so hungry, so thirsty,
I don't want to die.
This desire to butter and eat the stars.
This desire to pack the sunset in my bag
and run home with her, to make

a terrarium for the moon.
You see, a pirouette
once courted a flying leap.
Rim of day
married the indispensability of night,
and from these, my parents
were born, half-human, half-dream,
unafraid of madness, desperation, delight,
weavers of magic,
gifted with the ability
to bend and reshape
time. That's why
if I climb a tree I can find
the top of myself.
If I dig up the garden,
galaxies start seeding there.
Look at this bloom of world,
this unfurling universe
drifting to rest on my tongue.
Even the mud is prime
for making pies—and the chopped up
meaty bits of sky, and the salted ocean.
And the life in me—
the life in me so piquant and sweet—
I've claimed my banquet
from the ether
and I'm never letting go.

Daughter

—for Rosalind

Because I was a cave,
and you were the bird that flew through
my hollows, when they bathed the pain away,
the light on your face looked like
peace after a long and onerous
war. I knew then what it meant
to conjure fire
from two sticks, to be an ocean
giving life to a wave, to invent
the wheel and its axle, unwind torque,
create a perfect language
from gurgles and sighs. Your body
was a new and sacred space. I was a universe
cooling after a great expanse.
And because bright cells
clung together to be you,
I could believe
I built the ark that saved humanity.
In animals walking two by two.
That I'm the one who sat beneath
the Bodhi tree
and begot the sacred fig
of enlightenment.
I tell you, Athena sprung
from my own split
head. Because
emergence is a teaching.
Because your hands and feet
were softer than sand. Because before

there were canyons
or valleys or lakes or winds,
you curled your hand around my finger,
and, with your touch, delivered the all.

(All poems are from I Ate the Cosmos for Breakfast. Individual poems first appeared as follows: In Another Dimension, We Are Making Love in Life and Legends; Daughter in Pirene's Fountain; Everything Is So Delicious in Quill and Parchment)



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