

JASMINE KHALIQ

Witch Bottle

indebted to *The Love Witch*, Hélène Cixous's "What is it o'clock? or
The door (we never enter)," Julia Kristeva's *Powers of Horror*, and
Mark J. Blechner's *The Dream Frontier*

the night I watched *The Love Witch* dreamt of walking through a field
field in every direction night gathered at the hip bone

I might have been naked I might have been clothed

a string pinched in two fingers held flush against the thigh

so much in dreams

 you know, already: tampon dark red, mine.

dream to dream, I carried it— gone blood
my suffering who I was today my childhood

 how the dogwood arrived in all the same . . .

lover's dream luncheon dream rabbit catching
 slatted light a field alone

 beside myself,

train ride . . . my grandmother's porch roses pink
 across the street, cancer season, and only in my mind.

disjunctive cognitions, how dreams go on uncreased
by incongruities: *my sister*, *though it didn't look like her*;
 my grandmother, alive; boundaryless,

thing of me knocking at my thigh.
a given: the abject:
in waste, my constant death.

I miss you. loss I will not lose.

red beginning to red end
red fruit clotting in the trees

in sleep I bottle rosemary, tampon, needles, piss;
in the morning I write down my dreams.
everything born borne and bled

gold and soaking, all my memories.

Sign

the sky is ordinary.
today in 2010 I lost my grandfather.

I kiss my little dog's head and think
I have never been closer to another skull.

the first time I saw a parrot
I decided he must be a monster.

when people first saw telegrams
they decided each was from their dead.

I could find a sign anywhere I wanted
if I could forget that I want.