

Nightly, the Heavens I Dream

Water, waters. So often I dream
a water baby. She swam
her way into life
when my body broke
in waves meant for life. *L'chaim*.
She never breathed in the
life of day. Out of my depths
into the depths. I dream
a tiny hand buoyed
atop a wave before it
Dives

As she dies under the
Moon's watery glow. But no.
In my mind's eye, she swims
from me, a mermaid now at sea.
In one unearthly gasp above the
wet shimmering, she glimpses
mer. Mother. I see her shadowy
wave into night, shimmering,
slithering away. Trembling, I
wave back but she is
Gone.

I have no name to call back
under a wavy, watery Moon.
In Hebrew, the tongue
Of our foremothers, the
Waters are *mayim*. The
Heavens, *ha'shamayim*,
Waters above. *Sham*: there,
not here. I dream her floating
up, flying up to the heavenly
moon. I cry out her name,
"Mayim!"

It was not meant to be
like this, Mayim. I am
not meant to stand alone
every night, atop decks
broken, sticky wet streaming
down my legs, my skirt heavy
with mist and menses. Salt
stinging my eyes. . . I hold back
tears, they do not allow us breath
to bear the ever breaking
Waters.