

Luke Bradford

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F I F T H D R E A M

Again you'll dream you're dying:
sixty miles north, amber lamps,
white china. Muted earth tones:
green, white, ivory, beige, brown,
burnt umber, black. Thick grass.

Dense woods, swift black water.
Rusty wagon axles lying along
rough stone walls. Awake, you'll
think about Annie again, about
those first three years: happy—

giddy, maybe—plain, sweet, clean,
clear. You'll think about every
place you've lived: every sunny
urban block, every shady green
space; cafés, shops, parks, delis.

Every attic, every crawl space:
faded brown boxes piled along
dusty walls. You'll think about
every place you've known: every
river, every musty rural house—

mouse traps, faded books—every
roomy front porch, every green
field. Every beach: white dunes,
quiet waves. Again you'll dream
you're dying. Again. Again. Again.