

On not losing you after all

by [Bryana Joy](#) in the [August 25, 2021](#) issue

There are dreams where you feel your lungs filling.

What was I doing? you say when the blue water hits your brain

What was I doing all my life?

Have the cars come loose on the ski lift over the sharp trees a mile over the
sharp trees?

Goodbye you say to the good world in which you lived without thinking.

I in my sleep kept murmuring broken benedictions to the white walls whispering
I shall not want

but

like a lamb with one ebony hoof in the teeth of a gray wolf.

You open your eyes on the carpet, a heap of sheets over your head.