

HOWARD KANEG

The Dream, 2009
65 x 65 in, 2009



COURTESY THE ARTIST. PHOTO: DAVID REESE

JOAN MCMILLAN

Night Cove

Long after love has veiled us both with salt,
we lie beneath your raveled blanket,
soft breathers, our sleep a tide going out.
Your skin is freckled like sand and my dark hair slides,
slippery as kelp, into both our mouths.
Here the sea is so close fog muffles the sky in white wool
and the mile buoy sounds its dull gray note
all night until I float precariously on the surface of dreams
like the small boat we saw off Monterey
anchored after dark, its lantern eye
shining into waves slick as spilled ink.
You told me how squid rose to the net, silver souls
drawn to the beams of that artificial moon,
while, thin as a kayak, the real moon rode
through flowing sable clouds, its whiteness vanishing and reappearing
like the glimpse of a woman's shoulder in the folds of a black silk shawl.

Joan McMillan teaches composition and creative writing at San Jose State University, where she received her MFA. Her fiction, non-fiction, and poetry have appeared in such magazines as *Poetry*, *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Santa Clara Review*, *ONTHEBUS*, *Connotation Press*, and *Blue Mesa Review*.