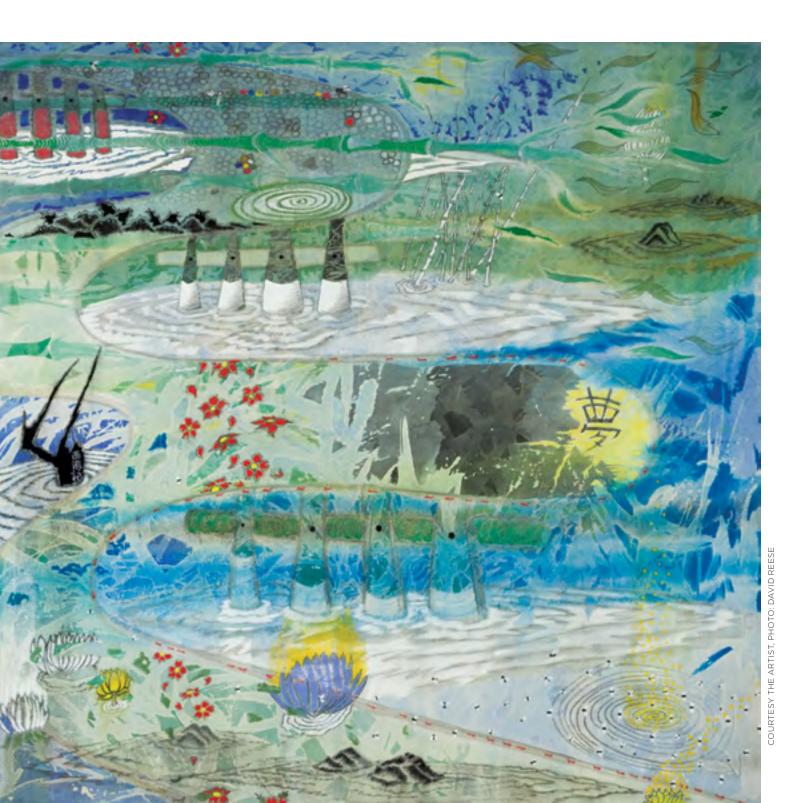
HOWARD KANEG

The Dream, 2009 65 x 65 in, 2009



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, nonfiction, and poetry have appeared in such magazines as Poetry, The Chattahoochee Review, Santa Clara Review, ONTHEBUS, Connotation Press, and Blue Mesa Review.