Dream of the Anxiety Clinic

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I float through leaves to a sign, “Anxiety Clinic”—the building glass-fronted and next to Ultimate Bodies where men and women twirl in their bright skins like fish. A woman asks can you say circadian rhythm, explain how we see dreams with closed eyes? Wrapped in gauze, a man slouches next to me. I unwind him—so much wrap my arms are knotted in it. The woman says meet your grandfather, found crushed and drunk at thirty-six beneath his horse trailer. He calls my name with music like tears. I think where is my father who dreams you back? And my father comes, presses his face against a window. Even in my dream he is tired of dreaming. He is peering through the glass for bodies he can’t see. The woman chants who will hold him? She deals numbers and orders us in line, me in front, my grandfather plaid-shirted at the end, my father alone, his fingers tracing veins on his wrist. I smooth his hair with my palm. I love him with short words I don’t understand. When a voice calls time, I have already left him. I am a sheer body unfolding in light. I lift my arms and blur past the window.