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## Dream of the Anxiety Clinic

Shannon Castleton

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# Dream of the Anxiety Clinic



Shannon Castleton

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.