

ELANA WOLFF

THE INNOCENT SPIN OF DREAMING REAL

I fell asleep on my elbow once and woke up
on a donkey that I rode into a monkey

sitting jauntily on its back. *See me as a rabbit,*
it said, believing it could speak:

The great thing is the no thing that is not,
it said repeatedly and threw me rudely off.

I think of monkey's rabbit and its 't'
becomes invisible, which shifts me to a city

with a wall where people come to wail
and pray and tuck their notes to God

into its broken gaps.

Once you said you were praying there—

forehead to the ancient stone—
you glanced into a cranny and saw,

a mote or so from your nose, the wide eye
of a pigeon staring back. The hole in the wall

was big enough for a messenger bird, so scared
of you, it couldn't muster a single note. Or coo.