

I dreamed I saw

a team of horses under the hood of my car
nimble fingers flicking an abacus in my computer
the big-hatted town crier within my alarm clock
ice blocks cut from the lake in my fridge
a woman scrubbing her washboard in the washing machine
sleek islanders with palm fronds inside my electric fan

and then I heard

my mother's long-ago neighbor Millie yelling "Yoo-hoo?"
when I lifted the telephone receiver to my ear.

Ellen B. Ryan 2007

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