

Bank Account Blues

Hand over your dreams—
your straw-bale house and
your climbing outfit, the clinic
built on healing hands.
Annapurna, K2, Qigong
and Brazilian jiu jitsu.

I'll tuck them in my bra
next to my tissue
my passport
my miraculous medal.
Keep them safe
while we bide time.

I'll keep yours with mine—
my art, my ashram, my fields
of marvelous medicine,
the holistic school,
kundalini yoga and running
that cafe on the beach.

Maybe one day some kind train conductor will pull up at the platform with fast-track coupons
he'll call our names at the station and if we slow down and roll the windows down and cock
our heads at the right angle maybe we'll hear our names being called over the rattle of the tracks
and our hacking muffler and I will unclip my seatbelt and jump up hitting you on the shoulder
pullover!pullover! and I'll pull all the things we've searched for out from next to my left breast
and I'll yell hanging out the passenger window

"Hey! It's us! We're the ones you've been waiting for!"

Maybe someday we'll find ourselves looking more like ourselves

instead of these two sunken-eyed dogs
digging holes for dollars,
skipping breakfast, burning
gas and the midnight oil, stuck
on youtube watching viral videos
of our dreams unfolding
in other people's lives, too tired
to mow our nice green grass
or polish the piles of gold
beneath our feet
that somedays
we never even see.

*Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.*