

Dreams

Tonight, I watch my husband sleep. He is dark amid the grey dark, the terrorist. It helps me to think that violent people also snore. It helps me to think of a little seed of mercy here and there. I sometimes practice seeing my infant son as the terrorist's son. I think, *His son will also amaze him by waving for the first time, by calling his parents by name.* I'm not sure what I'm looking for this exercise to do. It's a little like quizzing yourself in a second language to see if you've still got it. It even resembles another language, this process of carrying away the rough sides of the imagination, of delivering the mind's eye away from fear. We remember too much; so we forget, gestures of faith take practice. And peace takes peace. And we make each other. And making each other takes seeing light in the mind's eye, takes knowing: how dreams make real.

Ashley McWaters © 2012

Ashley McWaters - Her work has appeared in *DIAGRAM*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Hunger Mountain*, *Northwest Review*, *SpinningJenny*, and *Caketrain*, among others. Her book of poetry, *Whitework*, was published in fall 2009 by Fairy Tale Review Press. She teaches at the University of Alabama, where she directs the undergraduate creative writing program.