

Migration Patterns

By Melissa Studdard

In the dream I tell customs my llama is a goat.
Because sometimes the heart is not large

enough to hold what is beautiful
if the mind finds it exotic. Sometimes the mind

mistakes itself for a hoarded piece of land
and little campfires spring up everywhere. Smoke

slinks through chain link. Small hands and shoulders
capsize beneath a dehydrated, salt-sick

sun. In the dream I carry mountains through
international waters. I carry the hills, their babies,

to safety. Sometimes I wave away a predator
and there is fire in my hand and my hand

does not want to be part of a human body.
It wants to belong to the llama, the goat, the hills,

the mountain. In the dream I've got the North Star
in my trunk. I'm driving it across a border.

I'm taking it to a different part of the sky. It can't
stand what it has seen. What we need

is not a fixed point. What we need is a world
anthem that everyone knows the words to, one

that says, *Come in, come on, come over. I've got you.*
In the dream, light leaks from thin cracks

where the trunk door meets the body of the car.
The star says, *Put me on the dashboard, and I will guide*

you. The officer says, *Illegal. You can't take a star*
to another part of the sky. And I say, *Watch me.*

I say, *I've got enough light to do anything.*