

Grimace

by Nonnie Augustine

I dreamt I was raped the other night. Sometimes it was me, that is, and sometimes it was another woman with a dark bouffant hair-do. Definitely outside though and the hulking back of the man was covered by a charcoal wool overcoat. Everybody (a crowd gathered at some point) had their mouths open and I dream-heard yelling, crying, grunts and groans. I woke up angry and I hate doing that. In the bathroom I washed the grimace off, worked at getting my teeth clean.

The women have called out to each other in their dreams, I think. We are weaving an enormous cloth and when it is ready we will touch it with our fingertips or if we need to will grab hunks of the stuff in our fists. Little girls, too. They will hold on, too.

