A dream I once had

by Adilene Hernández

I dance with hummingbirds and toucans nipping at my neck, while your hand swats leaves that press too closely to my chest.

When I hold your hands, a touch of sunbathed flesh born from Cotopaxi, I hear wings entreating the valley's wells to sing in pulses, one

after another.

Perhaps this is the only song I want to hear when we pant through the hot air shared between us on our way up this mountaintop.

Perhaps it's my lashes fluttering or the swing of my hands as I drown

and reach

for the stone nestled between silt and kelp shared by shores we each

return to while we wait for one another, remembering the promise we made but never spoke.

Play me that song that chimes to the breath we pass on to those before and after us. The song no one else can hear unless they can hold the lava cascading down your fingertips like I can.