

On another public transit. Ship or boat but on a track with specific stop points, a transfer involving a gangplank. All women and children aboard. People in my care, not traveling alone. Watching people board saw Dana Kirk and "her sister." We were each on cell phones but made eye contact and recognized each other immediately. Her hair suddenly short and we're talking, sexual tension. Hawklike face. Mariel Hemingway. Others can see my lean. We go to have a cigarette outside, still a ship or ferry. She tells me what's been happening with her for the last sixteen years. I was thirty-two. She said she had been wild, there was trouble, been through a lot, she's starting to heal.

Dissipates. I woke up with the light.