

PENELOPE'S VISION

Natalie Eleanor Patterson

*She knows it; seers recognize their visions
as distinct from other seeing.*

—Cynthia Macdonald, "When Penelope Was Happy"

In another life, she marries in blue
a butch with matching vest, they dance
around the barn of their rustic reception after the ceremony
shakes the doves from their trees at forest-edge.
By now she's made new friends, doesn't recognize
the bridesmaids, but loves them all the same
as we love the strangers in our dreams.
Just like we love a bit of postwar irony:
the cake is red velvet, a massacre of sugar & cream
on her new spouse's face. They'll honeymoon
in Maine, adopt a mess of dogs, raise bees
not for their honey but for their lives.
She'll never sleep alone again, never wait
across a wine-dark sea. This she sees, somehow,
as she weaves.