

MY BELLY IS THE SOFTEST DREAM I HAVE

**DYLAN
BARGTEIL**

My belly is the softest dream I have,

all white and stretched and kneaded.

I bring my belly with me everywhere—
the sagging soufflé— even as it sloughs
off onto the sidewalk at diners, cafés,
soft pretzel one seventy-five.

“Sir, you dropped this.” A boy holds out a loaf
baked golden brown.

I horror. I nightmare. I holler,
clammy-handed, finger pointed. “That’s not mine.
That’s not mine,” sweating in the sun.