

## Fever Dreaming

-- *Punta Banco, Costa Rica*

*Kate Kobosko*

Rotting fruit sours in the life dense soil and I dream  
heat dreams under a pithy mesh net. My mother's  
voice returns to me the way the sea sounds  
over the phone: shore bound, static, in crests.  
Her face blooms violet in the dark of my fever,  
and it is me who plucks the petals from the stem,

shucks it to nothing. For a moment, I am gone.  
A sleep jaguar has stolen me, or the sky has grown  
a gaping throat and rows of cosmic teeth and come  
to claim me, or the current has surged past palms  
and stone road, where black lava rock is ricocheting  
up the mountain with reverse gravity. And then—

her voice, again. My shallow roots have tricked  
me into thinking I will always belong to this dirt.

**Kate Kobosko** earned her MFA in Poetry from Emerson College and has an undergraduate degree from Eckerd College. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in *Autofocus*, *Humana Obscura*, *Oakland Review*, and others. Originally from Maryland, she now lives in Charleston, South Carolina, where she teaches elementary school.