

Flow

Fireworks bloom asters
among dandelion coronets.
Reflections blossom
in a pond.
Without creating ripples,
petals burst and shed.
In both fields,
in both skies,
stars remain
as still as summits
as if other worlds
are beginning
to sprout
into this one
like stalactites
and stalagmites.

--
The apex
of your heart
is the lowest point
of the muscle.
If aligned
with clenched fist,
it will match
exposed palm,
the part unable to close.

--
Along ribbon of middle ground,
between meadow and mountain,
pines grow low. Snow glints,
reflects. Sky
opens. Opens blue, blue
like a belly of a whale
who swallowed a sea.
Snow, sky
roofs each blade of grass,
furs each needle of pine,
curves pines
into ribs for the whale,
collides horizon
into endlessness.

Broken Bits

I scream

and am answered
by caws.

Here in this world
where only ice moves,

she flies below cloud cover
like a bow that has outgrown string.

Raven
knows herself too well to pity me.

She swallows my scream
like a journey:

*A tornado without a mask
dances around a fire.*

*Broken bits sail
into night as charcoal,*

like pieces of a room returning.

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