

Illuminations

Laura Pendell

My heart is green and clouds with water. Grows rooted without seed.
Forest shroud of devil's club. A canopy. Splinter between blue. Some
fall into it. Or breathe. Hold me like a tree envelopes stone. That
completely.

The desert blooming so dense each footfall disintegrates. Fragrance
floods the salty grains. A new nexus of the skin. Of the earth. Of the
body. Visioning the interior. Lapis lazuli. A circle of fire.

The inflorescence of promise.

Two bits for the horse with wings.

I am still asleep and the world is as white as piano keys.