

doors

there are days the doors stayed closed to keep the rain out.
to keep the splash of cleansing from leaking into my life.
sometimes, doors stayed closed to block out incessant babbling from a tangled mind -
unwrapping itself only to tighten knots of confused reasoning, justification, & bullwhipping false
beliefs i used to punish ourselves when i run out of others.

water drops splatter french doors.
my dream was like this: droplets spackled on wide paned glass.
perhaps this sun will burn away clouds early, sizzle dry evening's scrim from marble

stones laid down as trails to villages - carved in original brown
incognito au natural camouflaged - i think
i dreamt this: being mountains, being stones, being plants -
chiseling sun hammering desire.

explosive blossom - unfurling soul - each fleshy petal open.

