

PAIN WILTS AWAY

Persimmons bangle bright,
on leafless skeleton branch.

Winter wilts itself brittle & rose petals
persist, hanging dry to the thorn.

Under a black & blue sun, the twig
turns scarlet, separating itself from trunk.

Iceplant veins crack cold,
taking us to blood-red aquifers.

Hawks circle above as breathless peace
builds its strength and will not blow

Spanish moss to a darker olive hue. Lichen
hair is suspended like the Time of Joys.

Same-shaded, ash-brown hills and trees lie
invisible. Pampas grass feathers white with a fern.

Grapevined hillsides pincushion precisely.
Firewood fences weather irregular.

Confusion curds fractal
from this, a buttermilk sky.

Clouds Zorro the heavens, zippering into eternity
as dehiscent mortality awaits its opening.

Zigzag flutterings & migrations
take twelve birds to the Holy Land.

As death approaches, inland rivers push the ocean out,
traveling to the tip of the world on Hwy 1.

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