

Marion Dumont

Amrita

Sinuuous lanes lie below flannel skies
stretched tight as a sheet.
Wheels ease over rise and curve, trace
the hara with firm broad strokes.
Alders spread naked limbs, dangle catkins
in hollows swollen.
Along sacral contours draped in crimson gauze
calyx blush ruddy as virgin thighs eager for summers heat.
Deep splashes lick skyward off slender tangles
that twist and lift off pillowed earth.
The morning light fingers curtained lids
criss-crossed with counting days.
I curl the cat beneath featherdown and wait.

Moon-cupped hands cradle wanton souls while
twilight fades the tide into womb darkness.

The cock crows open the lips of dawn.
The earth's arch pulls the blush of its veil
over shadows of blue
and dreams shine apricot warmth.
Loons slip beneath languid waters,
sleek forms plummet zenith
and fledglings fumble those first awkward strokes
until desire consumes and inhibitions
float ashen in the heat.