



At The Bend

I have made my own peace —
Sun flowers, brick-red walls, streets
given to marigolds

I enter the corners of a hibiscus life,
looking out among green. I am emerald again,
disdaining the crawl and slither —

walking around solid. Whole grains of pollen
everywhere; I look at you, I notice the sun
I form the myriad expression —

faces among leaves. I search amidst
the fallen things — stars on my forehead,
roots dangling from fingertips

I hold sway for a while, looking around —
swallowing the river whole. I talk to myself
in the mirror of remembrance: this bird body

this self sustaining — I make amends with
the last day of spring; the sun meanders behind
clouds, the myths foreshadowing —

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