

**P**etals Floating Quietly in My Blood

I know there is something  
out there and  
When Amy says,  
“There are no real answers,” I have to  
laugh  
because once I lay my head  
on velvet grass  
and smelled something cleaner  
than soap  
stronger  
than muscle

and later swinging in the yard with my  
self and the dusky moon  
I picked a blade of grass out of my hair  
I was tired and cleaned and stilled  
I looked up, expecting to find black  
and I saw purple faded  
And my dry dreamy drunken eyes  
saw  
everything  
The night felt smooth and dusty  
weather violet  
And I thought  
There must be petals clinging  
to the insides of my bones  
And petals floating quietly  
in my blood.

Stacia Mellinger