

Cycles

The history of grief finds its roots
In the parting from the womb.
And the flight of a bird
Can be traced back to its birthing nest.
But the bulb in the womb
And the egg in the nest
Have guilty creators
Who ran from their roots
Because their leaves
Said they would die too.
We have all tasted a heaven
Like we have all tasted a hell.
But what does it taste like
To deliver, to god, a moment of existence
Where you feel as if you are not responsible,
Asking him instead to serve the delicacies
We aim to devour?
Porcupine stew perforates the glands
That now drip with the salty sweat
From ancestor's work in the fields.
They are the catalysts for all ambiguities.
A great grandmother who was bitten by a dog
Has alleviated the phobia
through the passing on of her genes.
But the dog bit her because it feared
Old women with canes.

There are no heavens without hells
no hells without heavens
no true moments of existence
or roots without roots.
History comes from history,
Which is a child of your own
That you will never see.

-Erin Kelly