

my head is in the Earth screaming thank you

bruised like a sunrise
skirting the edge of tomorrow with
my eyes inside my hands

three walls outworn by a thirst i never felt,
the fourth - collapsed -
as i sift through a familiar rubble and
take breaks to
chase the birds.

what can the world and i
barter on? i ask you
on the threshold but
you never answer back.

i walk on wooden floors
where the sky is blue and
the sun is hot and
truth is the rug i kneel on,
wrapped in shawls of wonder.

my head is in the Earth screaming thank you
and i'm crying.

save a moment but
not yet,
for wreckage becomes fruitage:
battered brains into blossoms—

the mourning is eternal but
so is the morning,
watching the sun rise like the hues of
my bruise,

another day to the sky with a knee
pointed upward.