

Bitter Harvest

Vena Amora, vein of everything
Feeling love straight
Through this wrist,
The rolled up sleeve-----
Statue arm, bare & white
With marble mottling.
A bottle of life, in
The genie blood beats
Baring memory,
Each now a Sanskrit
Of free fancy cats & how,
As wildflowers, we play
In the sway of breeze
Grave-blooming every spring
The earth turns its fertility up again,
An urn harvest sweet
Despite what pain
Our unforgettable skin bled
Over hands laid pressed
As flower petals in a book,
Resting