

“Dirty Hands”

Dirty hands
picturing the black
moss covered
minerals
becoming stuck under the nails
you were trying to grow out
with the urge
of rubbing the remains
along your face
down the bridge of your nose
straight
down, the center
of your lips
thoughts hadn't become clearer
but the experience, filled
your hollowed center
bones
with life
enough to start a new

"In the caves"

Heavy
as stone
ground
into
charcoal
Smeared
on your burial
of shadow
And possibility
of the return
to be the miner
you didn't think
you were destined
to be