

**Title: Green.**

The bones in my chest rattle  
I throw my head back to stretch my neck  
Push my sternum toward the sky

A small crack  
A soothed pain  
The weight under my sternum grows lighter

I flex my feet and curl my toes  
I elongate  
Tug at my own limbs

The tightness in my hips  
Is not mine  
I curl under

I feel a space open  
Through my back  
Expansion around my waist

I can breathe easier, knowing  
Where love is  
Within me, alongside me

Infinite, without time  
Beyond what I see  
What I understand

**Title: Collection Plate**

I stood on the banks of a creek in my neighborhood  
Placed flowers in the water  
Grateful, I offer them back

The birds sing  
The air is dewey, sticky, sweet  
Like falling in love

I savor the air, it's nutrient  
I forgive myself for my unwillingness to wait  
I had grown impatient

We can only give back to her what she provides  
In the end we give our bodies back  
We fertilize the land and air

For those who are next  
This is their inheritance  
We collect and re-seed

Touch dirt  
Sow seeds,  
Water and tend

The grooves in a tree,  
Carefully etched and earned  
Woven and sturdy.

Collecting time and wind.

**Title: Revolt**

Time like liquid on a Red river  
A rush of fear the drowns the voyeur  
Unhinged, inquisitive, selfish lust

The angel of victimhood  
Front and center as expected  
The Barbaric margins illuminate piety

Her God has imprisoned her at home  
Yells in the distance shake the chains  
Sound peeks through the lush growth

Cries like a plague  
Whimpers to write about  
Suffering as an art form

Praying to be rescued by savage saviors  
They come as they always do  
Blushed cheeks and frothed lips

To ward off their copper toned enemies  
A Red victim, hostage to the Pale captive  
Jemima like the Mammies to come

Gaze impeded  
Blind to all but the self  
Eyes set on mercy

**Title: Buried**

These forests are laden  
With creatures that frighten.

Fears unfaced attack uninhibitedly  
Triumph overcome by the forest's growth.

And at the bottom of this mass of moss-covered land lies  
One who is void of the sunlight.

The limbs are bruised and broken  
Torn apart by the vengeful natives of the land.

This lonesome and broken soul finds peace  
With a severed mind and broken spirit.

This being found its own light  
Bliss among the depths of the rot.  
Happiness within an abyss littered with refuse  
A smile stretching across the grave's distance.

**Title: Mass**

I claw and climb  
At seams once thought strong  
Gripping, scratching, tearing away  
Through these barren and lonely tombs where  
There are hidden, steel, vice-like grips  
That hold on and choke.

My short supply of air is all I have left.

Deep resilient roots spread and take hold  
With roots that grow heaven-bound  
And have weathered storms to show they are permanent.  
The growing forests breed insecurity and self-doubt.  
A twisted photosynthesis that runs  
With rivers and streams of manifested mistrust and frustration.

They make mighty tides.

Affliction, reassurances that face skepticism  
Promises broken by the voices internal.

Affliction, by breezes of affection presumed false.