

**Deosil—**

I walk the circle deosil  
north to east to south to west  
the way the moon rolls  
the way the waters pull  
in my Mother's native land  
chasing in Her shadow  
foot  
    follow foot  
        follow foot  
reaching for Her hand  
and only catching  
a luna moth  
in the autumn of life with  
ragged wings as soft  
as baby blankets  
and as beloved  
frayed from use and age  
the color of pale green the same  
as wallpaper in the ancient  
nursery of my mind  
now nursed by trees  
and breeze and moss  
trailing energy behind me that was  
made by both of us  
weaving magic space with threads

## Vessels

of stone, cloud, stream, sun

end

over end

over end

connecting with the sacred

space that enshrines us at every

moment, though we remain

blisslessly oblivious

## Vessels

### **a Vessel**

cast in clay, or skin

maker's fingerprints

within

manufacture warranty

images, identity

breadcrumbs on the trail

get up on that scale

like so much meat

breasts should be big

jiggling

serial selling of cereal

waists should be

small

sports cars full of wasps

stinging

licking sex

off Frappuccino lips

hips, tricky hips

not too big

not too small

36-24-36

SHAPE UP NOW!

naked women sell

## Vessels

frozen dinners  
their hair color cares  
crows are picking  
out their brains  
but their tablets  
hold everything  
if only there was  
a zipper  
they could be put  
back together  
first thirty days are free  
eat less sugar  
eat good fat  
and always, always  
eat protein  
some other mother's  
milk and meat  
the bloodletting  
is lean  
don't ever feel  
guilty  
about the kill  
just about eating  
your fill  
get the brands you  
need  
skinny jeans visually

## Vessels

stun

into oblivion

run faster and wear

higher heels

bloodstains are hard

to get out but

patience evaporates quickly

blacklight exposes it all

live streaming

deficiencies

be the you

you always meant to be

just do it a little bit better

please

and under all

the weight

the vessel

cracks

## **Poppies!**

The Wicked Witch of the West cackles and right clicks  
her black tongue flicking, keyboard clicking.

*“LMAO! Naughty, Naughty!”*

:^D \*grins\*

Meanwhile the planet is melting  
one egg sandwich at a time  
and polar bears  
colonize Mars.

We will follow them, boldly, as  
Arctic explorers to vermilion moons.  
We can resume milking our babies there.  
UN says reduce meat consumption by  
95 percent before 2050.

*“WTF?! We need our protein!”*

;^p \*winks\*

*“Might as well just party. LOL.”*

Ride a yellow horse across the ocean top.  
Watch flowers and grasses wave in waves.  
No GMO crops, but I smell poppies.

No sleep for  
the wicked, or the weary.  
I wish I had known it was so easy  
to run, or to fly.

*“Like and share if you oppose lab tests on flying monkeys.”*

<3 \*love\*