

“Mind & Body”

Flame and fire

Cinders that burn

Lush amber glow

A rich hearth

Deep in my chest

Water and salt

Endless moving sea

Below cerulean sky

Infinite waters

Deep in my mind

Flesh and temperature

Surrounding a soul

Pale illumination

Glowing incessantly

Deep in these arms

-M. Irene Turner

“Daybreak”

Tangled in the very nest
I weave from the fallen
Branches of each
Remnant of dying dreams
Stuck together with
The spit of a lover
Feathers from yesterday’s affair
Petals fallen as the sky turns gray
Thunder rolling in the distance
Echoing what I cannot let go
A sky turned so true
By the black and gray
That make clarity of difference
Hard to determine
Gusts of wind shaking the branch
On which I build it all
Again, and again

-M. Irene Turner

9/27/20

What if...

we are nothing
but determined rivers
making our way
downhill
carving out canyon walls
shaping a path
with the force
that flows
within us
leaving behind
sand and rust
reflecting light
made warm by sun
turned to ice
in winter
perseverance
amid rock
and granite
only to find
ourselves
merging
back to which
we are always bound

what if...
we are determined rivers
living only
to be
a part
of the ocean
once again?

-M. Irene Turner
9/21/20

