

Burn

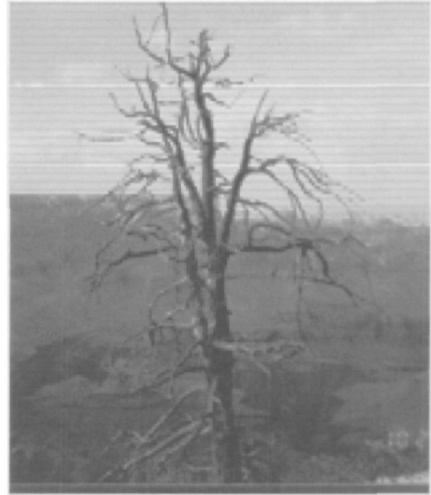


photo by Rachael Johnson

*Wicking
bright perfection
dissolves
into connection with
deep opaque
weeping;
tears impasse
on the face
of the outside. Slowly I
curl back – expose
the imposing inside, the licking-hot
flame, moist heat, thin reed of charred
tunnel; waxen pools of frozen tide-water at my
root, deepened into place, inflexibly fixed; still.*