

Of Ink Blots and Credos: A Love Poem

Once, after the knot of grace, after the brawl
of the heat-wave sun, and the smooth serenity

of death, and the stars melted in their eaves,
pricked by the coiled warp beat of their shadows,

you were the stillness after a meteor's flurry,
like a volcano beating its slow drum

beside the shadowed, pierced purity of a sky mountain
melting in the world of its soul, twitching its mind awake,

hidden amongst the clouds wilting at the edge of what
we knew. You were melting valleys and tangerine

cherries slumming in a sky of fire, a dark, sinful,
angelic turret of matted purity. And I loved you,

like a static shiver, a frost-bitten breeze,
a trickling bead of icy sweat. I loved you,

through the chutes of water filth, with the rippled
whisper of a star lake filled with fresh apples,

like a fire tribe of death wind blowing through
a consciousness of a town. I loved you,

with the beating sincerity of angels, with the purity
of the sun's lacquered heat. I was wearing a prom dress

of lost dust, girdled in the serenity of your touch,
of your freckled wing matted against my cheek.

I remember, we were walking toward heaven,
by the lost pool of our majestic ashes.

I remember it all now. I wear it like a
filthy staple or a band aid. I remember it all.

(Contributing poets: Deb Noll, Jill Valentine, Carlee Mabray, Saretta Main, Tabitha Albright, Mike Beatty, Terry Hermesen, Dominick Berg, Dennis Millisar, Honey Carr, Stacey Wilson, Zach Wheeler, Stephanie Howard, Shandi Pryor, and Stuart Lishan)