

STARLIT WATER SPIRIT

I use to be a swan, with a floating heart.
Flying nuns followed me over orchards and sailboats.
But now I am a black cherry with a heart of swamp rose.
His siren song lulls me into a starry-false Solomon's seal.
I have fallen out of solitude,
slipping over the curvature of his lips.
We hid from the lightening,
but I can't even remember him in the rain.

I use to be a swan, but now I am a harlot.
Dreams of baboons and periwinkles evade me.
The blossom has fallen , and he never sleeps now.

–Tiffany Hord