

THE SISTER

And the underbelly of convection clouds
become blossoms in their benumbed geometry
and the ground-blooms are roughhoused in the wind.
Scrub beardtongue crackles with no sound
and I use my straight nose to touch them.
And where the birthing grass is raised with white
flowers, I toss my soiled clothes for good.
On a day when wrens are perfect carriers of light
am I wicked, I ask, am I wicked?