

# POINT DEFIANCE

*Jenny Miller*

*Poetry*

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I walk alone  
beneath  
a  
mottled  
green  
sky.  
Finally  
I Can Breathe

The moss massaged trees

know not my name  
wee fungi spores  
dancing  
in  
my  
lungs

know not  
what taunts

my tenderized  
nerves

this sun poked  
Prozac bottle  
wonderland,

Only waits  
to sip  
on my

80 proof stress  
exhales

to cleanse  
my grated soul

And replenish

my world heavy eyes  
with Sound's brine breath.