

## Thérèse Ferreria-Douglas

### *Blown Away*

Peaceful eyes  
from the heads of damp mums  
stare into my own wet gaze  
as I sit before this strange stone pillow  
cross-legged  
    in knots,  
    disturbed  
by perfect grass and  
damp cards  
dangling  
    from yellow ribbons  
    choked  
    around the throats  
    of flowers.

If I had a dog  
he would piss on this mound  
fetch imaginary rocks I keep  
throwing into  
this February wind,  
into sun-splintered sky  
where  
surely you must be  
sleeping.

Remember when I chased you  
into beach-burned  
grass,

pounded  
your chest  
because you took fresh lilies from  
my hair,  
held on to your  
speeding dreams as if I  
could drive them?

We wasted no time  
no brush strokes  
    making angels  
no sleep in the back of a twisted machine

no hollow metal smoking rush into your brain

could convince me the world stopped today  
until  
somebody  
circled you  
in sidewalk chalk

and you let go.

Your spirit is warm wind  
beating my clothes  
    my heart,  
    my skin...

still  
I cannot find you  
in this  
storm...

In some small universe  
you are writing,  
tearing up letters  
    making dry rain  
fast and light as  
warrior spears,  
needles in my eyes

    One million smoking guns  
    One million crying mothers

Dead dreams.  
Dead skin.  
Dead letter confetti,  
    ephemeral  
as crusty leaves fluttering  
on spindles of wind,  
churning  
    into some other world...

I too must blow away.