

POINT DEFIANCE

Jenny Miller

Poetry

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.