

CLING

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Poetry

never certain
whether it's the
melting icecaps
or dancing molecules
the churning
of the butter
the washing machine
cleanse
soap suds or snot
unneeded
salty rainwater tears
on the edge of the brim
a broken lava lamp
goo seeping through a crack
watercolor paints
flirting
with the edge of the liquid border
hushed and swirling
moving alive breathable

foam-cradled
it shivers

the miscarriage
of diamonds

the lifecycle
among the immortal

the dying immune

clinging icicle fingers
holding a tsunami
warning

hanging on,
with the desire to be

a crystal soul
innocence receiving
a death sentence

becoming of us
the end of an era

predicted unprepared

The end