Blown Away

Thérèse Ferreria-Douglas

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,
to 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.