

Yearn for Peace

Carved into crevasses where tranquility once was liquid,
like two smooth shells, I'm cracked in two.

To be stitched up again,
delicately, with nurturing hands;
to be filled with soft blood and light and sticky sweet orange goo;
to be put to rest under oak tree shade on a frothy summer day;
I yearn for it.

Give me thick, humid air,
spring water kissing my toes,
and the crackling of stiffness as it leaks from my pores
and seeps back into the earth below.

Give me peace.