

Brookfield Lane

wild arms around my inner little girl.
wild I must look in the mirror and smile.
wild my mouth a bitch and fuck you siren.
wild disjointed tree limbs wailing.

I pour myself a trophy of tea.
healing my body in Lake Erie.
there will be pus-filled scabs
that burst in the cleansing

wild unleashing poison from attercops
wild arresting pure intentions.

nothing was the same,
now that it was two weeks since I heard her voice
abhaya mudra
I fold into the fire and become.