**Landscapes**

Often, I am tempted to pour my
too-small feet back into my mama’s high
heels, to awaken where trampled petals
cling hopelessly to their soles and I
slosh in and out of myself like
      kool aid and chlorine.
      No idea, Every idea. To
lift my eyelids and find cornflowers
blooming beneath them, to stare into a
                     white, synthetic sun.

Often, I am tempted to drip my
peeling fingers back into the disinterested
grass, to grasp her so urgently she’s
torn from her roots. To crawl softly, courteously
though my feet have grown into mama’s heels
        as if they belong.
        No idea, No idea.
Waning crescent swinging low, an unnaturally
yellow sliver of sanity who hangs from the
                      cosmos by a string.

Often, I am tempted to spill out of my
own eyes like tears, to emerge from the
forest in which I gurgle and ebb where
life is held in the heavy jaws of night
saturated in an undiscovered color:
        dirty hair and earl gray.
        Every idea, No idea.
Particles of wind made visible, flocks of
faith circling smoothly around two feet,
                      naked on my Earth.