**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.