

BlazeVOX 11

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On the Edge

She stood on the edge of a rain cloud.
Closed her eyes.
Exhaled.
And became like rain.
I stood on the edge of today.
Closed my eyes.
Inhaled.
And became baptized by her tears.

The Rye Is Burning

The Rye is burning,
Burning Rye.
And I can see the fire
In Salinger's eye.

The Rye is burning,
Banned,
Now abandoned.
Burning Rye.

"People never notice anything."
But I noticed you, the burning Rye.
The fire gone,
But the ashes now reflected in my own eye.

Holden might be "the most terrific liar you ever saw,"
But now lies,
In the dust,
The burning Rye.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust.
In my hand crumbles,
My beautiful burning Rye.

Him and I

Tauremini,
Him and I,
The fish and the bull.
What is it that pulls
Me to you?
The second sign,
And then
Add ten.

Opening parts of my soul
To peek in.....digo.
Like the color of the 6th chakra,
The all knowing, the mind's eye.
I breathe in, out, sigh...
And seek the knowledge that is you.

If only the 6th star
Would sit in this lotus flower.
Not in the cosmos,
But in this world.
It might help fulfill my soul.
Because, I knew you before.
Another time, another place.
The same soul, a different face.

We are the water and the earth.
I swam as Aphrodite and her son and I could see
You carry Europa from that earth, out to sea.
Now we rest in the water where the lotus blooms,
Him and I,
Tauremini.

The Leaf

Bitterly cold Wednesday morning,
Halfway through the week.
Downtown traffic sitting still.
And there I saw it.
They usually travel in packs,
But this one was alone.
It wasn't a breezy day,
So it was not lightly flying in the air,
Dancing and gliding like Fred Astaire.
And the wind was not a gust,
So it was not a sudden whirlwind of craziness,
As if Medusa shook her hair.
The leaf was barely moving,
Inching along.
It crawled,
Alone,
On the cold city street.