

# Ash Spring

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We bundle memories like galaxy,  
hoping that if we name them, gravity  
will become nothing more than a label.  
Pushing cloud-ward, palms open, the stable  
door closes with a metallic click, bright  
like what runs through our veins, curved and so light  
that tomorrow's permanence will breed for  
us atmosphere. Here, and now, is one more  
breath-like bloom of sun veiled in our upturned  
encore of mesa-laced mistakes. Concerned,  
even heart-red sandstone blushes our cheeks,  
your hand tracing your collarbone, these peeks,  
these clearings, these basins. Your feet, arched,  
sing of joy, of grief, of friction, parched.