

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.