

Waking to an Ocean on Fire

HEATHER LANG-CASSERA

where morning's first light
graces a cheekbone like an aerial perch for every song
we have unsung, follows constellations urgent
as blooms of delicate wildflowers, meadows made of never-ending
shadows, temperate belongings, absent coasts—
we witness our collective breath as wings pinned to maps
by gravity, by longing, by quickened stars, here
where affection has been hidden in
the voiceless whispers found in the ferocity
of coordinates
 stark and untamed