

*she*

*She will hide in silence,  
Then her day will come*

Glenn Danzig

She wakes me, tempts me out of bed with Her voice, Her promise, Her encouragement. A veiled world evolves outside, tremulous and grey, threatening to others, but teeming with possibility for me. The chickadees chatter away, full voices filling the air, the crystal air of this lovely winter morning. And Her voice, it fills me, the gravity of Her cerulean eyes, they allow me to rise against myself. Yielding yet strong, fluid yet indomitable, the ocean letters conquer the sky, shielding all from shattering light. Soft hands, blushed lips, and an emanating energy, and, yes, she pulls me out of bed. The sinuous, swirling songs of the thrushes commingles with the chatters of the chickadees and Her voice, forming a complete album, a complete record of morning. Together, we rise, and we sway, we sway to the light, cheery beat of the thrushes and chickadees.

She, emerald eyes, naked, creamy skin, like velvet, glowing buttercup tresses, the lacy moss swaying from the sagacious oaks, sine curve of ass, of back, of strawberry-tipped tits and cherry-tipped cheeks, the celestial energy of the waving sky made flesh, made warm, made serene, made poignant. Those sparkling eyes, they soar into my soul, flaking off all the fucking dirty old concrete ice and frozen asphalt and ashen soda that coats it, that weighs it down, that smothers it. Actualization of millions and millions of years, epochs and eons, flowing through those everlasting eyes, those cleansing eyes, to bare my soul and save me and let me feel, let the energy so buried under the lizard layers of dead skin, a confining carapace, free.

She comes to me. Flowing almond hair, freckles peppering tanned cheeks, auburn eyes deep like depthless canyons, a silvered aura surrounding Her. An old cabin, all wood, hewed faded wood timbers for walls and ceiling, open window with glass long gone, and it rages outside in a glinting summery thunderstorm sweep and swoon and gale. Kissing rhythmically, back and forth, smiling, acorn freckles peppered randomly on smooth tan belly. She laughs, at ease, in the old cabin's room, a short song sweet and lusty. Her arm, peppered with freckles, stretched out, hand on my arm, slowly, rhythmically, caressing, backward, forward. Freckled thighs leading to almond hair, to freckles on Her neck, leading me up, up, up into those auburn eyes, and I drown.

She, Andalusian skin, flowing raven hair, mole on cheek. Clothed in amber, cotton, tan, faded denim, dusty, gilded feet. Younger than me, for sure, but not by much, and yet somehow ageless. And yes, She's shapely, sinuous. Only the mystical mixed-coniferous forest, She, and I, in the silent air and soft light of a perfectly still autumn day, and a weekday, too. Peculiar. Intimates that She follows a rhythm different from that of the mainstream crowd, most of whom are likely confined by some fucking retail store or some monotone office. For an enveloping

instance, I lock into her black eyes, the energy flows, and I realize She is everything, She is the fusion of quantum mechanics, relativity, and the unknown bridges that unite those realities through time, through space, intimated by an intuition that reaches back beyond the Cambrian and stretches out into a future unbounded.