On the banks

Placed on the banks
of the natural border
waiting for redemption
to appear from
the clay, and soot and decay
at the bottom of our glory.
when called to lay our sacrifice
we gladly emerged
from the thicket
and tossed our bodies
back into the expanse.

I am from the sun
From the misery of heat
And the pleasure of light.
from the wild fields of
twisted vines
which hold on to the past
Like overgrown memories.
I am from patches of bergamot
calling to bees and lightning bugs.
I am from music that climbs
From the wreckage
Of a battered piano
As the pendulum
of great grandfather’s clock
Becomes our metronome
to sing songs to wade
through the mighty river body.

I am from gran-momma’s church
A respite for her intuition
Which calls her children.
I am from her garden
Where peach trees
grow fruit for hungry ghosts.