

no beginning, no end
and you are like a moth today
morning is balmy darkened haze
your eyes thick
then suction~

within unseeing vortex, you arrive inside a flame
and you remember the before

they say we know only 10% of sea life
the truth is we know so little at all
breath coats the picture of a skyless sky
spiral into yourself and over

it is a proverb that we all come from water
it is fact that earth was once one sea
Are we children in Cronus' act of swallowing?

bodies mutating, cells adding, momentum brings luster
soft tongue, wet angle, moist face,
eyes to elsewhere, mountains bloom

the glow spells ley lines
they sprout and coil like roots

petals erupt from ash
sex, but grief has always been there
that unknowing place that illuminates
totality

~Zoe Koke