TOES
By Joanna Haymore

11/27/2016
Toes pointing into black depths—face and arms arch,
I scream inwardly—air bubbles blowing past my ears.
Ten thousand things I want to shout, twelve to do.

Dance, laugh, and pray—to ease the shame,
To bear the distaste inside my throat.

Cry and lie down by a cool rock—grasping dirt,
Stroking moss, listening to crows, the keening hawk,
Sweeping black and brown feathers through luminous clouds.

Stand still with the red oak, the white oak, the pin oak in my yard,
Healing the bitter tannins staining my thoughts.

Caress, hold close the breath of my beloveds-
The furry ones, the one with whiskers,
And those with long hair.

Eat to disrupt the grief, the fear stalking my soul.

Focus and be hard—relentless—defiant
For the fight all would lose.

Sway with sweetness unshaken from its Source.