

The itch comes and then it is real

Light snakes into our dreams, recoils
from chandeliers, glass vials of poison, an orange tree frog.
If we touch, if we share, parts of us might dissolve.
We are not people then
but scrambled creatures looking for the words,
holding the broken bodies of lambs in the forts of our own.

The air is white with ash, planes grounded.
Nobody has the wheel
but it is there to be found if we hold forth.
We are not sure whether we are heading
for the unreachable summit or desperate to escape,
if we should be on the outside or in.

Mossed woods of bluebells
and caverns of aquamarine waters
keep the secrets of our volatile selves.
What we are bridled to is beneath the surface,
what makes us alien to each other,
our red aliveness, our ability to fly.