

Trappers' Lake: Ossicle Mantra

unknit my bones
I am pooled thread
begin with me
where we ended

raindrop needles
waken secrets
into new songs
stitch voice to vein

sinew to breath:
what releases
remembers all
clings to nothing

saguaro limbs
split desert winds
I divide you
you divide me

north, east, south, west
colors of corn
make ribbon skirts
of lies we told

until we truth
like spring flowers,
like butterflies,
like grandma's bread

yeasts only rise
when once they die
seas relinquish
tides to be skies

wigwam ribcage
breathes by river
stone ligaments
sloughing to silt

immoveable
I am undone
singing with stones
a hymn of bones

Cassandra Windwalker