

Visceral Mantra

cloud hands harness fire storm
slow thunder's voice
to sibilant whisper
and hold the sky
in an empty belly

behind the heart, lightning
stirs and then stills
illumination stores
I am basket
swinging on mother's arm

I am rainfall and dew
how squalls steady
spending themselves serene
finding currents
that carry through chaos

empty to full, I tip
full to empty
and pour myself hollow
but do not fall:
I balance hoop on hoop

and swing again secure
on mother's arm:
child of novas, I embrace
the night within
and count stars on my skin