



...april 5, 2013...

somewhere my bones
have pulled a silent plug
and drained my blood
to feed the loamy soil –

i sleep the earth
and let new roots wind in
forming a web-like skeleton
in my skin –

through all my dreams
the cherry blossoms bloom
from pale white to pinks
and dusky rose –

i feed the dancing petals
as they fall –
blanketing my rest
till i am well.

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