

## Unpolished

I have a sense...

of humor.

When my language  
has broken  
I momentarily  
repair the failure by  
harshly and silently coaching  
a connection  
absent from tomorrow.

My divinity is rough -  
tripping down a twisted  
foot bridge of  
borrowed boards.

To step across,  
I carry my beauty on  
my back.  
The the weight of a wilted  
parachute,  
crinkled and soft,  
and the threads wearing thin.

This pilgrimage weaves through  
the last breath I took.

And again.

*Before* the last thing I see, there is  
the flower of your eye half way  
deciding to absorb my fears.

My eyes tumble down  
to examine our shoes.

As an unpolished prayer,  
I word play  
about lost soles,  
sole mates  
and the ties that bind.

In one version you don't mind  
and reach your sheet soft hand  
to beneath my jaw  
to lift my head  
so we can lock.

In another version you meet me  
half way, patiently cueing up  
a labored quip -  
" keep one foot in front of the other."

My truth is not bold.

It is bending light  
that glows  
through the slats  
of the place where  
your laughter lives.

Rachel Cyrene Blackman