

Amy Gardine

Relinquished

she floated up into the
liquid nitrogen of the
sky

where Greek gods and
poltergeists
danced around the totem
moon

and slowly released a sigh like the
creek of a weary church

while her body

floated in unison with the smoke
from her nostrils for just
one moment then fell
down to the horizon

where the birch and owl were
kissing awake the cerise sun

that lit
the stone path
beneath her feet

where the moss crouched in anticipation of her mind