

you were born

on the eve of the great flood
like dust
to the canyon
a rupture of iridescent purple
sound waves as vultures
flapping in reverse

mother says
your tiny heart
can pump miracles
and i can carry
liquid-dropped shells to breakfast
indented in my palm
i write your name with sand
on the wilted grass
this is the crevice for you

your face is spoon
under parched ripe skin
your belly the speed of waterfalls
after medium rain
you sigh an ancient chorus
wise enough to recognize
the status of your ladder

sometimes your toes twitch
during mid-daydreams
reminding me i have my own, too
maybe we'll dance turpentine
maybe we'll climb
the small streams
still fleeing the house
through chimney cracks and sink drains
out the wrinkles of my cheek

if your mouth were moving
it would recite the alphabet in pixels
or paint an upside down rainbow
the thick kind that
shows no pity