

CHILDS PLAY

We are not the softened bones
Stretched along thighs
We are not thoughts, sensitivities, stories
or little white lies
I bent this far to reach this age
Where the shine inside said
Stop
I'm too old to play games
Hide and seek is just one crow's view
But I was convinced if I stared into the sun
My soul would burn too .

Is there room for a little more brightness?
A passionate blistered light
Flaring intentionally;
Lost and found I settle willingly.
We are not the future of landscapes planned
We are not gripped chaos
in a child's clasped hands
Red Rover Red Rover
Starlight calls you over
from the organic inherited fear
within such a young poignant dream;
the manhandling of bones and worries
and the belief that I would never leave.



We are not the woodchips in your belly;

Or the slow gnawing

of gathering

We are not meant for unending frailty

Lies must end eventually.

No promises

Just purple hearts

No false divinity

Just countless fresh starts

Red Rover

Red Rover

We can make peace with another:

An old crow's memories

That unspoken, haunted history

The con of inherited ruin

The sly tide of resilience

What's lost was insincere

shambles of timber and untruth

It's the only way she knew.

The old adage says

"She did the best she could"



But the world is wider than her pain and fear

It was never mine to begin with

We are not the sacrifice;

That Raggedy Ann doll where demons get
stuffed

We are not the birthright.

The body is not your vessel

or privileged entitlement

I am shattering the betrayal you will never be
able to see

And if I can find enough forgiveness for the both
of us,

At last I will be free.