

Oh, sister.

And I said,
altered breaths.

sickness
orgasm
fear
dance
running
babies
sucking
suckling
loving
heartache
crying
talking
urgency
exercise
heat
sauna
loving you.

oh, brother,

And I said,
future feelings.

sickness
terror
sadness
hope
anger
urgency
sorrow
crying
hopelessness
wonder
acceptance.

Oh sister, oh brother.
At the beginning,
there was a winter wonderland,
a Winter Disneyland,
and snow roads wide like highways for you to ride on and live in.
There were driving beats and creation myths.

At the beginning,
There was a melting.
Soil to soil,
Rock to Rock.
Lovers on the seashore, like us, collecting fossils and shark teeth and crystals from the ocean.

And I asked those lovers:
What are your best moments?
And the lovers answered:
early morning sun,
5am wakeup calls,
lazy Sundays in bed,
the pleasurable feeling of excitement and mystery,
coffee, too strong rather than too weak,
star-crossed lovers, rather than married couples.

And I told them, how at the beginning there was a
touch that made you.
And how there were fleece jackets to wrap you from
Patagonia winds, and how there were
plastic particles and the deep blue.

There were vampires and mermaids and a mythical bear and women and other bears and other
creatures of night and soil and underbelly and back alley. Then there were maggots and
roaches and flesh-eaters and guts all around. There were triplets who ate kitten faces, kitten
hearts and their fur and their livers too. There were books for good night moon and there were
books for good morning sun.

There were sweet, sweet friends and there were
rooms with nothing but empty beds.
And then there was the
Sage-Rage,
The Rose Garden Death,
The fluffy bees and the raped queens,
The forgotten scent of a forest,
The woods to call you home.

So there was the beginning and here is the end and it is also the beginning,
so fear not my child, fear not of future feelings or altered breaths.

sickness
orgasm
fear
dance
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babies
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sauna
loving you.
sickness
terror
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hope

anger
urgency
sorrow
crying
hopelessness
sorrow
remember
acceptance
wonder of
loving you.

So, and then at the end there was the
touch that finished us.
There was the will to wake up to each other's last smile,
urgency to speak our last words,
to make them shine, to make them last.

And before the end, I asked:
what were your best moments?
And the lovers answered:
the coffee is too weak,
the baby is crying,
the darkness is endless,
the power desires,
the soul remembers.
And my child, the wolf is now howling in her dreams and mine.

And soon, my love, I will tell them how we burned.
How there was a pattern of flames that loved us,
fingernails with pictures of thunder and lightning.
I will tell them how to change the weather,
And I will tell them how we drowned.
How there was the hood witch,
the abandoned, empty staff rooms with heavy words for the workers.
And that I will whisper how the workers were long gone, long gone.

Anywhere but here.

And my child,
remember, a hard floor needs a carpet,
and remember that there was the
Sage-Rage,
Rose Garden Death,
the fluffy bees and the raped queens,
the forgotten scent of a forest,
the woods to call you home,
the black dot in your soul,
the dot that dived deeper, grew darker and smarter.
And there was the material of a soul:
The star stuff and the dark universe.

There was the beginning and here is the end and it is also the beginning, so fear not my child,
fear not of future feelings, or altered breaths.