



Creative Work

Transmigration

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When I place your cushion in the sun,
As the rays shine down on the both of us
When I gaze upon the scorched earth,
As the heat bears down upon the living

Nestled in the depths of my soul
You are, you were, you will forever be

When I place your collar under the primordial disk,
As creatures seek refuge in the shade
When our fellows succumb and shrivel all around,
As the glare of my own reflection turns brittle

Nestled in the depths of my soul
You are, you were, you will forever be

When you returned to our parched maternal abode,
As the sun rose and descended in the grey sky
When your cycle ended on the serpentine path that brought us together,
As the energy you conserved reunited with the atmosphere

Nestled in the depths of my soul
You are, you were, you will forever be

When I stare out at the tragic grandeur and beauty,
As I write the only true story ever told
When your elemental warmth permeates me to the marrow,
As I bathe in the gratuitous gift of your love

Nestled in the depths of my soul
You are, you were, you will forever be
