How Bold

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Falkowski, Stephanie, "How Bold" (2016). Authors and Artists. 132.
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How Bold

Hiding behind the winter fern
Baby’s breathe of white
The red petals so plump
Like the blood leaving my body
Like my heart holding itself up in its bones
How bold
Like the mutt licking my face
I clench your golden hair
Gazing into your blue greens

When you close your eyes
There is an aura of sweet serenity
That rests on the apples of your cheeks
As if a place constructed for me
To hold and skim
The milky coating of softness
With the peak of my nose
To catch my tears and let them dry
To let my lips imprint their mark
To feel the flutter of my eyelashes
Dust away all that is left

This basin of peace
Is where I can curl up into fetal
Coil up from the rich brown dirt
Cinnamon coated snow
Up into the crisp blue air
How bold
One gets

To stand among the bark ridden
To feel the sounds crashing through the soul
To realize you need to breathe in order to bend
Backwards without breaking your spine
How bold
When sure

Cut open my core!
Unleash the entire grotesque
Little boy keep moving down
Sitting beside your mother
We stare at the same water-crested scene
I watch you lay with the mutt
Cradling it and giving it your entire four chambers
And I want to burst open
How bold
One gets
When sure
Of being loved.