

The fall that comes
after climbing, reaching
the highest peak.
Is there
no where else
to go?
Cherry lips,
fading.
Falling down
sharply, quickly
down
to the other side,
in rhythm.
Only the river
can catch, capture;
it gurgles and plays
and teases.
Inner production stirs
restless, relenting,
allowing the sun
to dance momentarily
on gentle waves, tender.
The essence of a dew kissed eye.
And where
is there
to go?
Attached to burgundy sediments
rose colored
growing
sweet baby's breath
and myrrh.

--Lori Slocum