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Reliquary

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Reliquary

Karen Webb Owen

I would weave a wire of words into filigree,
forming these extrusions
into an openwork box,
wrapped and soldered around my life,
decorated with its last bright shards.

Its small openings allow escape:
ephemera evanesce,
tears evaporate.
Only their salt remains,
to preserve, perhaps, some few essentials,
bare bones, locked inside.

This fanciful design presents
merely a partial vision:
simultaneously concealing and revealing.

Don't breathe

Michelle Weis

The forbidden wind
That blows through our hair,
We see it not
But know it is there.
We ought not touch
This sacred flower
We ought not know
Lust or desire
This prevalent instinct
How can it be hidden?
What pain it doth cost
In this world that we live in
When we're told not to see
What's in front of our eyes
And with time what we see
We believe to be lies.
And lies as they may
Is the price that we pay
For masking reality,
Creating dismay.