An Easy Intoxication

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I walk barefoot on the plain, and to the rolling horizon, my vision lifts. I feel the mud and know it’ll leave a stain, on my feet, a beautiful blemish.

On drier ground, I bend and take a seat, breathing in the scent of lilac, but careful not to disturb the fleet, of bees buzzing towards the flower and back.

Head back and face feeling the sunshine, I breathe deeply and wait. Emptying enough to enjoy takes time, but then easily the nature intoxicates.

Walking back to civilization, I always have a lingering question.

Martini Mornings

Camille Besser

Colors~ like candy coating spread across my pillow— Just yesterday’s makeup smeared as last night’s memory. Blurred mascara, sticking vision I almost don’t notice how hard my head is pounding. Whose words come tumbling out of my mouth— Crashing into you?