Martini Mornings

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An Easy Intoxication

Kelli O’Dwyer

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?