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Printempts (Ekphrastic of “Spring” by Cot, 1873)

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To see the confidence with which
Shine cuts through canopy
Before it finds the forest floor
At last!

She lets her arms link loosely
Her breasts against his chest
Wearing little more than morning air
As dropping dew drips between branch and ray
Of gold, a strand of her hair
falls across his face.

They share themselves silently
Catching a grain of sand
As it falls between glass orbitals
He watches her lips
But they never part
Her eyes speak

Holding his neck
Holding her gaze
They swing without swinging
Sitting on their plank
Refusing to move
Like clock pendulums

With hands gripping their
Grain of sand
They sit still, staring.

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The broken branches of our love O God is from me.
I realized it the day you kept me,
From a relationship I wanted,
Not knowing that this person was lightning,
and would burn the existence of my tree.
The little broken spaces are from me failing to communicate,
And the distortions in branches is because I fail to read my word every day.
But I know the root of my tree is you O God.
Fulfilling my inner tree desire with water,
And warmth I didn't know I would later need.
You even use the holes to make homes for your birdy mothers,
And the fallen leaves to make a snagged tooth boy cheese,
And though I plead for rain that you know I don't need,
You're patient with me.
And wait until finally I see. My tree is palpable and my strength impenetrable.
But it's only because I'm recognizing,
That it's not me-upholding this tree.