I Can't Thunder

Bree Parsons

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Waterfalls do not seep golden hues like the midnight sky
Do not find glory in the fall
Craters breaking ground as spines split on masquerade
Spills over dark wired cave

This is creation

This daze makes foggy winter days weep magnolia
This is foreshadowing clouds
Open ended question marks etched in thunder
Quake through fading constellations
Tell me the lightning isn’t screaming too

That this wait list isn’t all shooting stars and crimson sky
Tell me that this is not rouge

That you cannot feel this earthly symphony relying into the universe
Tell me that there is no relapse

And did you really think to spread timbers
Quiver to the fine line
Watch as this earthquake jaw unhinges how it will make the sky lock
Would stifle this

Chaos and Cosmos

This is all mountain range under blooming sky
Hear the whisper of slipping walls
Hill top forests soaking echoes before we can breathe

Let us tiptoe on majesty

Do not let the ricochet be our last sand swept footnote
When this is skyline

This is skyline
This is skyline
This is the fine line between the Earth and the Atmosphere
and gasping isn’t going to bring me back to the ground
And I know not everything is a fucking metaphor
But this is anxiety
This is desert sun caught tumbleweed in suffocating embrace
Sunken eyes, stirred feet, do not let this drought hold these hands

When overlapping fingers are rigged edge

This is defense mechanism
Mother nature is defense mechanism
Is veins pulse snowstorm

Frozen shadows

Waking sculptures
of humanity’s
greatest thawing
coastlines

This is barricade your town
Is streamline tear ducts
Two frozen canals
All death and beauty body in between

Is heart fluttering through barbed wire concave
Will not leave this bird caged ribboned ceiling.
Loves to make all things run red

Rose eyes

Sunset blush
Outstretched palms

Stream running down this barren side