October 20th

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Manhole cover in the middle of the marshes
I reach for the straight neck of a crane, the curve of a lamp post
Like morning glories stretching for sun
I am the child birthed into neon
The buzz of rusty mufflers my first language
The bass of sloppy music my own pulse
Return to the pine and mud
The raw clay smell of Earth alive
So disharmonious with the ragged branches
Fair skin made known by pink and red pocks, the mark of an outsider
Take me in as your own
Let the leisure on my face melt away to reveal the grit underneath
As ignorance falls from my eyes like scales
To swim in your waters, black earth my only cover
As the willows and oaks creep on silent feet to follow me
Outsider, I surrender
Take me into the marshy water like a womb
And make me born again
Throw me into this Eden
Of ankle high grass and skies intersected by green
Re-made