

Gaia's Carpet

What can be said?
He lives in a world of glass
and hordes all the stones he can find---
as if he could prevent anyone
from finding one
 and hurling it with vicious accuracy.
What can be said?
Denial that lives in a glass house
is exposed to anyone who sees.

The stone in her hand is smooth,
warm from her body, her force.
She can feel her own pulse on it.
Fingers wrap around the rock,
bicep twitches,
shoulder tingles.
Just cock back the arm, ready...set...!

The sliding glass door opens.
Without thinking she drops the stone
and rips off her shirt, exposing her
heart.
Standing there, bare feet on soft grass,
on Gaia's carpet, she smiles
and for a moment all is right---
it feels right to be naked,
standing on the wet grass,
looking up,
empty handed.

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