

WHERE - VIII

Where
humping gusts
rising falling set
you down
far from home

where
heart wishing
itself hanging
caught on bare branches
like a shred of plastic

where
grounded here by
shallow roots or
bound to foreign
totems

where
was I one
foot raised in flight one
hand on the door one
split second too late

when
barreling
winds exhaling took
breath without
warning and freedom

Careening world
offer breathtaking views
of Chaos
hunting treasures
of a different kind.

- Diane Sophrin
Vermont. 5.26.20