

A CLOCKWORK INDIGO

KYLE TURNER

under emerald eyes
i, try harder
each day – like, basalt
reaching out from icy
fissures – like, the mind
is an island
and these savage thoughts
have purpose.

there's a complex web
of jungle trails
spun orbiting the moon
exhaling youth
in the name of sacrifice
– like, gold wings
chanting unspoken verses
once scribed in quicksand.

i count backwards
in the memory of lies –i
connect constellations
like lizard tails and slug
slimed abstractions of a reality
now forgotten.
if the crumbling
sidewalks could talk –
would the image of god[s]
remain the same.

REINCARNATION

KIRSTEN BUTLER

Some say they believe in reincarnation
Past lives, coming around again

Birth and rebirth, round and round
Karmic swirl in the Buddha's eternal trough,

I think I might believe it too, sometimes
Sometimes if I sit quiet and still

I think I can remember - I was an old woman once.

I've seen her in my visions, this dowdy old thing
Baggy clothes, worn sandals, mousey bun hair

Stooped over a small thin garden, dirty hands working
Clawing at grass blades, sowing seeds, hard work, good work.

A child playing at her feet, a familiar toothy smile
He laughs and kicks at wandering dirt bugs.

These past life mirages just fodder for fantasy yet
I think can remember – I was this old woman once.

Yes, she is me and I am her, we are one and the same
Long ago, ancient history. Once upon a time in 1991.