

Shara McCallum



What I Want

A night, dark and flecked
With stars and wind.
The humming rain.
The candle in a window.
Dirt roads where stories
Of mermammy come back
For love linger, where tales
Of spider's spun truths
Simmer in the dust.
Rubied fruit glitter
In low-seeping trees.
The night's voice sings
Like the sea, the rain, a bell.

