

Yet, But I'm Learning (Pantoum, 7 Stanzas)

Dewdrops simmer on my spine: knobbed, even the gentlest know:

Peace is one of the hardest things to pick up but one of

the easiest to carry and go—

away? Chaos lures but you thrive above

peace: impossible to pick up and

I can't seem to cement a handle to

It. Rivers lure and climb to thrive: drops to fountains, floods and I

can't seem to pin down my thoughts

when I can't seem to cement a handle on

Myself today. I float in mercury and am carried

Away, and I can't pen down my thoughts in

the storm, the dampness evaporates, and I should be floating

but I am not myself today. Mercury floats in my new equilibrium

where 'enemy' is estranged—conflict and I

mesh and mingle, float tongue to aching bone. An axiom

soothes, disrobes, and, swathed in what I

Know: Enemies are stranger to Conflict and I

are sisters, we remember the years blinked

when she was soothed, disrobed, denied:

in mist of waterfalled dew-droplets, bathing

I am sisters with peace. We watch the years float,

and spring sunshine blankets cradle

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our backs. Drops of mist linger, turn new droplets, bathed  
in, "Peace, I don't know how to cradle you, but I'm learning."

In sunshine's spotlight, I linger in the blanketed breeze,  
Calm claims its seat, acquaintance can  
keep no enemies: *I don't know how to cradle you, but I'm learning,*  
knobbed spine flush with vapored earth, *what even the gentlest know.*