

a crow calls out 'follow me'  
but I carry on.  
I dare not look, or stop looking  
my feet light, criss crossing  
the empty space  
from tree to tree

trip trip  
carrying the load  
along the long trail  
to the nesting space  
the rondo

my skirt grows heavy  
my hands lift it to give rest to my hips  
shifting swaying dense wood  
clinging to my skirt  
and pulling me down into it

pulling me up into the green  
pulling me across and tearing me in two  
across the forked path

a red berried bush bursts into view  
sand bedded  
thirsty  
fruits aching  
swollen hot and cracked skins

I count four broken trees  
another lay still  
rise rise don't fall again

yellow acid yellow spores  
amber resin red berries  
lime and gold  
thin and fragile nets

a hole in the path  
if I jump down I become invisible  
if I call out I will fall  
if I release myself from the ground  
I rise up and drop into the sky

I am lifted  
falling up into the deep  
there was a star there once

yellow yellow  
blue blue