

MochaJava Idyll

Marcella Remund

Brackish water cooled in sunlight
I wake chanting to the dark beast humbled
a chicory garland twisted in my hair
walk the coals to the kitchen
where you sit
cup cradled in your hands so tenderly
time grinds to a snaked unwinding
we lick our lips while we
boil and boil and boil
hungry for that melding moment
we circle the Circle
sink to stove to table
and the linoleum crawls with lichen and fern
our cool bare feet wearing a groove
until we're ecstatic fertile singing

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mochajavakenyasumatra

and we dance the dark dance
and we drink the black oil
again and again and again
until we fall redeemed
into moon and moss
the big dipper spilling black
into a saucer of sky