

Need

Cheyenne Marco

Know who you are:
praised piece of the bone break artist
who loves to carve idols from the flesh of laurels.
Find no danger in creation.
Young wood yields all to the storm.
Learn from that violent dance,
And stretch naked into my wind.

Reckoning

Cheyenne Marco

for the Big Sioux River

I.

Water washes overland,
filling our veins with poison.
Raindrops suck sin from soil
and corrosion from concrete.
They whisper deadly secrets of
turbidity and turmoil.
Maybe tomorrow they'll revolt.

II.

I sit on the riverbank and
liberate my feet from a winter of socks.
My skin aches
for the icy caress of an open spring stream.
What would happen
if I broke the milky brown surface?
Would I dissolve?
I consider the chemical touch.
I wonder at a world before
consequence.

III.

Nature swims in circles,
roiling to come out on top.
She's no longer a warning but
a reckoning.
Destruction is a process that compounds.
In the spring, the floodwaters rise.

Spring Thaw

Cheyenne Marco

The sun killed my fake flowers,
so we abandon the small space,
suffocated by the loud furnace and aliens on TV.

We head for overland, finding freedom in the fields.
Open spaces of shit and mud, shit and mud,
turning toward the horizon like pleas and prayers.

Snagged on barbwire,
you guide me to the right of the right of the right
until I'm left at nowhere.

You unravel the hem,
unweaving the shirt to avoid a tear,
and I spin for you, dance to the hand you offer.