

Written in Rivers Ink

I am cold to the bitter touch,
blatantly there by the riverside.

Creek.

Wet summer.

Rain.

In the air, I see rainbows.

They smile back at me
as the favor unfolds
by Mother Earth.

She buys me another ticket
for this wild ride called Life.
But it doesn't stop there.
She has me trying on
all of these new clothes—
ones I've never seen before.

Colors my eyes never had the chance
to admire.

A total rediscovery
of what it means to fall free.

I am written by the rivers ink
on the paper of self-love promises.