

Duplex with Vultures

*"Vultures are holy creatures."
— Jarod K. Anderson*

Everything changing form deserves tending.
Each suffering deserves a witness.

Each witness serves as balm to suffering,
a sacred space in which to transform.

Sacred space transforms body to spirit.
We should not be afraid to touch what withers.

We should touch with awe, not be afraid
of flesh nourishing flesh, returning

to earth. Flesh returning, flourishing
as something new. Watch breath become air and

as breath becomes air, that unbellowing.
Death becomes shared, not below. A thing

holy, becoming. Nothing to be scared of,
changing form. Everything deserves an ending.

Duplex with Fibonacci Sequence

Unraveling, I yearn for the beauty
of a pattern, for the neat spiral

of a pattern, a spiraling feat
of 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8 and on.

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8: golden
ratio. Nautilus, pinecone, hurricane.

Ratio of not us / my own. Hurricane
where once there were sunflowers, golden

band where once there was sun. Flowers golden
in spirals of seeds. I chart my curves, my growth.

In a spiral of need, I chart curves. My growth
within this whorl of shell my heart makes.

Within this world, the shell of my heart makes
a beauty I yearn for, unraveling.