

Unearthed

Breathing whispered
memories, I press into deep
divots, carving caverns
in Hope's

fragile flame,
primed to wax fingers
desperate
with pain

I stumble

upon a crystal pool
lurching shadows
converging lights

moved,

I seek the child buried
by lithified laughter,
frozen— defying erosion

at the edge, a perfect ripple distorts
her face. Not a stranger,
but a remembered reflection—
merely myself,
already
Possessed.