

## RESURRECTION

By Shanna Dodd

I found myself alone in a poverty of reason,  
wandering down wide, emptied streets,  
dark and shining in their slickness.  
There were, of a sudden, subtle pools of light  
in colors primal and beckoning.  
Bubbling up. Oil on the water.  
I bent my curious head to see and fell.  
Into an echoing.  
Rising I stood in a chamber of ordered chaos.  
Stark white and sterile.  
Giant wombs with pulsing veins stretched from the dark  
above to the cold hard floor. Sentinels.  
Some were grayed with age, bristling  
and bloodied, beautiful  
and bruised. Others had the deep  
glow of passion in purples and blues.  
One, smaller than the rest, pale and pink  
Pure as morning's first light.  
Women with great leaves gathered  
at their feet like tears of stone  
stood apart from them. Proud.  
Bare boned as trees in winter.  
Silently screaming. Wrapped  
in rich gossamer, their wounded souls  
cutting and sharp.

Seeds, big as a fist, cupped or rounded.  
Phallic. Hard as bits of bone. Vibrant  
as gemstones. Gathered as a rising  
and whispered among themselves  
of little births. Little deaths.  
Grayed grasses climbed the far wall. Weeping and ashen.  
Nestled among them were patches. Squared.  
Fray-edged. Veined in gold  
and throbbing. Testaments.  
Talismans of the future's past.  
Waiting, waiting.  
Far off in the glittering distance, houses stood  
basking in pools of light.  
Yearning. Filled to bursting  
with pebbly neon memories. Tangent.  
Touchable and prickly. Panting,  
I shook myself and  
drops of light like water flew  
out. Riots of color exploding  
Blinding me.  
Neon yellow. Cerulean blues. Bottle greens.  
They flared only to die.  
Dissipate. Leaving smoke  
and shadows. I looked behind me at  
great blocks of ice  
stoic and unyielding.  
Wisps of winter danced  
round them in the dark. Teasing.

I turned away.  
Visions came then. Startling and intense.  
Of primal jungles pungent with the smells of life,  
of rich red soil breaking through icy ground. Crackling.  
And green. Green like leaves unfurling,  
curling vines like muscles wrapping,  
twining around rough trunks  
of giant trees reaching up, touching  
the roof of the world and still.  
Reaching.  
A rooted wildness filled me.  
Spinning, spinning, skin and bone peeling  
away. The trappings of my Self ripped  
from me. Thrown violently, they flew  
now as banners above me. Tangled  
and wind torn. Bared.  
Trembling, I raised my leafing arms.  
Freed! I cried out  
in an ecstasy that woke the world  
and echoed in waves  
against the chamber's walls.