Bean

Nestled deep within a paper
Dixie cup dotted with blue and yellow waxy flowers
and filled with black potting soil flecked with white stars like a pur
dream night sky,
is a bean seed. Cradled and curved in dynamic rest while a long green shoot like jade smoke sends its message through the thick silent dark.

Like this we sleep.
A fragile promise arched in busy repose. Pink transparent knee caps bundled tightly in blue flannel while light hot breath presses against my unaccustomed body like steam condensing on a mirror. We dream and our faith rises in a cloud of green hope.

-Melissa Warner