

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