Up! to Sacred Grounds

Erin Morrisey

I’ll climb up—all the way up to the top of yellow and celebrate the breathing I can only taste here, at the top of the world, where leaves are lifting.

I’ll become so soft color can’t stick to me anymore where my hair melts and all falls to feathers and my bones will become threads of music woven together, each thread a different phrase, tones flittering together to make my body a concerto.

Years ago, I placed a rock on my feet to keep me grounded but it rose despite my pleadings drawn by an invisible friend who thought the world needed more music who points to the sacred ground and says, up!