

Up! to Sacred Grounds

poetry

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 fluttering 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!