Excerpt

baby girl
Lady
Grandma Angel

_i don't get whupped._
they give me a bucket, cleanser, a sponge, some water.
the cleanser is green. _i know green._
crispy soft powders that turn foamy and light with bubbles!
big crayon circles disappear
they were fun but not pretty. _nope._ _i had tried to make pretty_
and kep’ on going!
didn’t know to leave the black
the black too dark. not a garden. _look like the black hole in my dream_
the sponge is a big rectangle. _i know rectangle._
puffy cleanser drips down
onto my spread, the floor.
it takes long
but I scrub and scrub and watch magic
as wild lines disappear gone.

_I’m asleep._
i’m asleep
i know and
falling
again
in the black nothing
sinking feeling
i’m scared again falling and falling
and scared of the bottom. _like always, scared. crash. break._ it
never comes
i fall

You are the star inside your own heart.
Feel the love of your own light. **Feel the love of your own light.**

Feel the depth of your own darkness and endless
falling.

Don’t be afraid. Your star will shine you. You already in the sky. The sky will hold you.

You.

Don’t be afraid to be high. Be low. Don’t be afraid to be low.

You fall./You fall.

Don’t be afraid to fall, sweet baby. You won’t hit the bottom

Ain’t no bottom. Only sky. only sky.

Ropes of onyx moonstone crystal
coal shell diamond lapis sandstone
flung forward
over shoulder
downpour swing
clicked into cylinder curls.