

Marie's Song

Rick London

2019

Your fingers twitch in your sleep
for a moment before you open
your eyes and roll onto your back
You brush a small critter from your face
and pull a twig from your hair
A pink grey sky envelopes the landscape
as you make your way along an outcrop
of shale thru a field
of wet greens and browns
Near the sea you're at home
among ribbons of kelp
White moss marks the field's
undulations to the shore
and you awaken again
to a place beyond hindrance
or help
Just to touch and be touched
free of the folds and
consolations of power
you'll move again thru vast spaces
without disturbing anything

Rick London lives in Oakland, Calif. He composes lyrics for country songs when not writing poetry.

fifth Estate

Rick London
Marie's Song
2019

<https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/404-summer-2019/maries-song>
Fifth Estate #404, Summer, 2019

fifthestate.anarchistlibraries.net