SPRING AIR/ NEW SKIN

Nettled ashes pulse out of red pores

Opening the door to havoc filled minds

Clouds overhang

Seem taunting and mature

But follow with peace

Settle the man made storm

A protective roof held above crowns

They don’t know but it’s easing tensioned knees

Every shift a little more clear

A little less ear pinned to stone

Saged air sent down

Sinks inside the body

Fitting into form and stature

Finding the rhythm to ease through soft soles