

Spring Pulse

Ice-capped
tundra lake, a freckle
on the lowlands,
her liquid body saturated
with three seasons
of vivid dreams,
thick with afterlife.

An awakening,
the first trickle, drip drip—
a warm stretch,
her full lungs let go,
emptying into the river.
A sigh that sweeps
all the way to the coast
ocean arms open,
ready to receive it—
a yearly cache dissolved,
now dispersed.

Summer waves
whipped, long fetch
churned up and wild,
one last exhale toward the sky
before she tucks herself in
and starts to grow
a lump in her throat
until it almost hurts.