

Rich in a past life

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Today, I came down into this body,
I am humiliated by the lack of legs.
I hobble on two jelly stalks. People ask me
wherever I go:
“Well, what else would you be?”
No use in dreaming. This is who I am
now.
I used to spread my filmy sails.
Just yesterday , I turned my nose into the gale,
Many knees limp against the wind.
No elements missing. Holy whole.
I would dip my tasting toes into cloying honey,
And concern myself only with matters of beauty
and light.
Many forms of light.
People don’t understand. Painters do.
How could a mind be so broken?

hot white bedrock
rainbow tissue of the skin where the sky meets the flesh of the dirt. 7 song mirage is real as
Silver domed temple, beige halo of your best friend,
it warms your shoulders.

who needs 12,000 eyes?
Just two; cobalt, daggered and panning smoothly from left to right.

runner