Poetry 157

Newborn

Heidi Naylor

Tell us the dream where you entered the mountain and left all your gold for the dawn

how you

dropped your robes of light become smoke and slipped off the worn shoes of the pilgrim

you redacted the text of your spirit permitting its vapor to rise keeping only the crystalline salt of your soul

then stepped into a small perfect skin and greeted us as though we had something to teach you

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