Luminous

called by a dream where I left me for a vibrating song of a double reed pipe clear penetrating like a duck—pierced breast and plucked feathers and how a wind speaks to mother—one atom sparks off another like imperfect twins embroidered in cloth of dried bleach and soft salmon skin.

one knife thrown back and forth until a wound is formed, drawing out certain vowel sounds like I and you—mumblings of magic in a birch bark tent and the murmur of rustled leaves pushed to the back of a fire lit cave—a rope connected to a rhythmic drum ties me to a plain with no boundaries.