Definition

Holly Welker*
Etched between blue leather, promises once meant but no longer mean God, egg, airplane. Words raveled at the edge like unhemmed cotton have no intricate heart but still perhaps are comfortable. Let a hand place a cap over the four slow chambers of a heart and you have the shape of love. Draw perhaps with a delicate brush and the heart becomes a hunch. Footsteps interrupted by a lake overflowing sloping shores are a misdemeanor painted above sweating chambers. To care is to bar a heart as if you wove intricate silk threads between two doors. Which answers a need for drama, an urgent moon, a sullen grove of trees. To feed children sounds the same as hello.