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## Fragment XIV

**Cynthia Tedesco**

zero . . . ! . . . just to mean for itself . . . a petal unfolding toward the sun simply because it has to . . . the light . . . warm & sufficient radiance for silent non revered creations . . . it might be life times before we can know the intensities of falling fruit & failures of non-winged destinations never fly back into a heat hazed sky . . . we could be a shimmer of mirage . . . a trick of non-perfection where beauty bears her cruelty to become memory to become beauty . . . again . . . in the archaic gaia gown by shamans of humus for St. John's Wort & chamomile walnut tea & city roses . . . the Overmind of mined shards of terra cotta that puts us to use bracketing infant stems . . . we can see a blaze of euphoria in the alchemical coagulation that forces migrations of zinc & mica light following subtle prisms of elemental flora . . . crimson & indigo & carmine to chase fractal waves . . . those memories waiting to be beheaded beholding the telepathy of a summer garden & then if we're awakened to the shock of life . . . memory returns as an isolated prisoner from a shroud of silence & far away we hear angelus bells greet our cell of wingless clay-shell . . . some of us danced to Orpheus' Lyre as scattering leaves do & now we quicken in rain tears of WATER THAT DOES NOT WET THE HANDS writing our names with each sentencing of botanical life swollen with dew . . . bent & falling into dreams . . . realities released insomniacal & abandoned . . . then aeons later we're unearthed in virgin soil where purity rises from below & beneath the deepest depths in hidden streams of living water gushing over decompositions of twig & stone & leaf & embedded spiders . . . treasure us . . . keep us safe from prying eyes . . . for too soon the sun rises & the horizon . . . that line of hosannas . . . must swirl diurnally down into all dreams . . . away from stone . . . away from the clay of original blessings

express consent of the author  
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