

Animation
Karen Holman

the river's cellophane glinting like a weather balloon

we too rise

our bodies evaporating without

our permission

diamonds unfurling

their pageants and
precipices,

their prophecies

stuttering

with longing.

I kept

to myself

a quicker heart

a character on a page of a flip book all bitterness gone

its nettles rarefied in my searching gaze.

spotless

this water I share

with you—its shyness proof

of my sincerity