

*Rishma Dunlop*

My robe is lined with crimson silk for you. Love will kill us. Love will  
save us.

Love and the words from beneath the earth

When we are kneed to the ground  
tempted to stop-out

Remember battle of the red cells shattered fragments of hell  
prayer smoke wreckage starred flesh

Whir of monarch butterflies, orange-gold dust of thousands of wings.

Listen to the earth's prayer which has the perfume of newborns.

The right word can send you breathless.

Everything is speaking and singing. We are here.

This life. Long, slow burn of a struck match.