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the red state

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Author Bio

Anna Markowitz is a Junior psychology major, with writing and neuroscience minors. Raised in multiple states and countries, Anna enjoys cross country running, diet soda, *Pride and Prejudice*, and her ipod shuffle; where you will always find at least one song by Tupac, and the Backstreet Boys.

the red state

here, you can see the cloudshift
out a hundred miles. it is where
the sight of the next mountain is a fever
in my eyes, and ache for my legs
and my lungs.
there, the green bushes rise
from burning yellow grass, points
along a treasure map,
who's cleverest clue,
is that the branches lead you home.
up, up, they are stretching,
like i do
atop the mountain. it lights me up
like the dustbowl lightening
fire, wild, in the sky, alive
for the same reason we run
down the hill with eyes closed,
arms and palms open,
rushed, flushed, every time.
and here, a waterfall flings glass
baubles shattering light over rock and river,
as i stand on the cliff,
and scream.
now, tighten your throat and stare
upwards at tarnished clouds
with squished bottoms you'd try to swallow
if the rain wasn't beating you away.
until then, rising
clouds turn mountains into volcanoes,
while shrub and sky instruct waiting fools
on how to live ecstatic.