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And Sometimes, Thorns

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And Sometimes, Thorns

Author Bio

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And Sometimes, Thorns

CHRIS CHICK

I. Somewhere

nestled out in the great abyss
is a world with thornless roses.

it's a world where isles of wheat ripple
without tics or gnats,
and where a loon's cry,
or an owl's hoot,
or the wolf's howl,
are not distant songs played by mountaintop choirs.
they're there. they watch you,
and you watch them, and you're not careful to startle them,
and neither they you.

it's a world with two suns,
two moons,
and rings that stretch out from their fingertips to the edges of their atmosphere,
diamond debris scaling the jewels of the cosmos;
skies that are technicolor purple hues
and scarlet sunsets.

the inhabitants of this world dance
with reckless abandon
at the daily pentecostal kisses
from a God who shows His face.

II. Here

sailing with a cocktail of gravity and solar wind,
is our world.

it's a world where isles of wheat ripple,
and where children, or families, or lovers,

aren't the only creatures allowed to walk in them.
where a loon's cry,
or an owl's hoot,
or a wolf's howl,
are whispers carried from somewhere beyond where we can see them,
and they cannot see you,
though you both know each other are still there.

it's a world with one sun,
and one moon.
it has skies that drip water-born blues,
and sometimes scarlet sunsets.

it is a world left cracked and brittle like old bones buried under fallen leaves,
riddled with sighs, blackened, inkwell sores and blood,
bullet casings and pieces of broken blades and still,

some of them dance,
claiming to feel fire slip across their faces,
sent by a God who refuses to show His face.

because Somewhere is only somewhere
until it's not.
Here is only there
until it no longer is,
and you become part of Somewhere,
and Somewhere becomes there,
and there becomes Here.

because somewhere there is a world with thornless roses,
but Here is a world riddled with roses,
and sometimes, thorns.