

Juliana Dunn

Untitled Poem

Childhood is mud
Sprawling daydreams grounded
Etched in, played out, forgotten, then re-enacted

This time we are foxes
Here she smiles
There I fall

The water is
Red, purple, green, gray, brown
And gone

Here are we halfway across the world
Staring at he who is not afraid of blank spaces

We emerge, we disappear, we remain
He starts, he ends, he never finishes