

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Above Earth

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

I'm moving through the clouds
as a flame through fire—

No matter where the flame travels
I can't see it

as the cloud can't see where it obscures
the vastness of the day,

the horizon moving through my veins
fluid with clouds, the red heart

of the flame, the white threads
that keep breathing as they break

and take of me what is death-
less through the wind.