

Grace Undercover

by Fabrice B. Poussin

There is blood in the grooves of a dried-up soil
our ground still screams from memories fast gone
life ends again where a seed was to grow.

Mountains neighbor the deep canyons next door tightrope
walkers hesitate to take on the promenade considering
abysses as they stand atop a chimney to the core of a living
body of molten desires for an unknown future.

The traitorous journey will continue perhaps until
we open our eyes and trust, blind to the light
into a final leap over the obscured depths of dying souls.