

With Eyes Closed

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I believe I will become a bear, snuggle up in a deep cave, coil myself inside my fur, close my eyes on hurting images, turn a deaf ear to the uproar of the world. Bolt my door to the deceiving voices outside. Sleep. Forget. Wait, as we wait for spring, for the violet and the swallow. Wait for a renewal without tar and concrete, but a lush lawn where camomile and mauve daisies grow. Then take a step in to the garden and throw a handful of seeds into the sky.

