gathering

by Kitty Boots

north of the equator
skeletons with crooked little fingers
lie buried in finery, with flowers
faded, yet still fragrant

the moon tops the monolith and grins
pale
the deer on the edge of the forest is indigo blue
and she dances on the shoulder of a shaman

drum beats, footsteps
we seek to keep time
gaze into the smokey fire

and raise our cups to a ghostly clan

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