# for my part

*by* Tree Riesener

I fear osiris
with his feather
rising to meet the raven in mid-air

they will turn to look at me
decide if I go
through the door of no return
into fierce landscape

on my knees
I will crumple into the foetal position for prayer

in the desert
children crawl through sand to gather breakfast
eat radioactive manna from clawed hands
play with scorpions

exists a dream of the sought oasis
(oh how I want you green)
where cool morning mist marries honeysuckle
where the knee-deep grass
bends laden with night-dropped lethal hope

but my soul
pitched into the parched terror
will catch on skull antlers like barbed wire
blow in the glowing wind

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