

"in the palm of"
6"x12" painting on stone



the path

you have chosen a path
i cannot trod
there are guards at the gate
that will not let me enter

they stand their pious stance
and raise their weapons to me
a weaponless soul mate
whose only intention
is to walk with you a spell

instead i must hang on the fence
and whisper your name
hoping they do not hear me
and pierce me with
their weapons of shame

wishing only that you look back
and raise your hand in salute
for the steps we have taken
together