

*Mary Magdalene Dreams Of Words
She Will One Day Write In The Snow*

By Ken Woodley

Every pore

yearns for starlight

to flicker in the darkness

of my solitude.

I am frozen by suns of mourning,

praying only to melt

into your earth

and that place

where the ice of this despair

cannot find me,

where I could still feel child-painted,

as you showed me,

and see the living colors

so outrageously miraculous

and snowing all around me

like a shimmering aurora borealis

wind-blown from the sky

so that I can

melt

again and again and again

into your footsteps,

to follow

and perhaps one day

to bloom, somehow,

with you

in the eternal gardens.