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Lucy's Pinfeathers

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Lucy's Pinfeathers

Simon du Toit

Temerariously launched into the golden stream Yearning, stepping, reaching
Leaving behind her the fine woven vinyl
Flapping and billowing curtain
Filling at last with a gleeful roar
The hiccup place in her heart,
Toward a sinewy outstretched finger
Floating
Lucy
Leaped
Upward from her toes
Out from the boxed window
Her lurching blood giving flesh
To her Michelangelo dream

Seventeen floors below
The hungry roof of the grey sedan
Steeled to embrace her
Sparrow form
The O of her mouth registering surprise

God's finger was not there after all

M'aidez

Simon du Toit

still

as water unstirred; warmly curled around the worn red rock in the palm of my hand effortlessly lying in dry shadow an unmoving truth, unthrown, yet

still