Symbiosis

By Kimberly Zittel

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?
Nose nestles into nape
legs overlap like Chahlah bread-braids
I slice yeast-filled memories
as emotions rise to the surface
and my body boundary forms steaming crust.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?
You open your windows
wide whispers of witches…
you watch as wind wisps through
as fingers-linger in your blood-stained hair…
as you lead me by my eardrum
into a bathroom where you tore your skin apart.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?
Rest your hand on vocal cords
previously laid dormant
allow volcanic-song-sounds to seep
reverberations through fingertips…
you touch voice and weep.
hold hands and embrace a word-less world
no one else penetrates.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?
Rivers pulse through veins…
feeling paralyzed feeling defective…
finding chemical-induced-pollution
threaten concept of self
figuring out how much of the Truth one ought to be availed…
I lend you the red flows
from my own arterioles
…all knowing I can not loan you a liver.

Are we parasitic or symbiotic?
We thread a needle.
We guide toward initiation.
We dance as angels in an unknown territory.
We create beautiful images smear oil pastel colors.
We intricately draw lines on each others skin…
We heal, we hold,
We grow and shine like a glowing orange firefly.  
We move from the parasitic…
where lies death
and create symbiosis…
where is the balance.

Through the balance we learn to live.
On Sane Restoring

By Kimberly Zittel

Fall down lines
Overcoat honey drips, slips
Among dried flowers
Hung around imprinted insignia
Beneath glass quoting professional
Prowess

Enchant, entice from my pocket
-healing wounded hearts simply
with open ear, past
adventures sear, Spirit-filled
breath exhaled above flickering candle
oozing, ripe with life

the New emerged
-dry, flaky cocoon
carried off crumpled
with arctic front swoon
landing, matted camel-hair grass
peeking through
cement cracks at your door

only You may behold the
difference in Candor

Eye shall thank you, Mighty Seine, for
Catching me in your net
-guide towards life's
stability without regret
Perception

By Kimberly Zittel

bramble up
turtle-coated stair walk
image: your presence in each movement.
For a milli-second,
orange-bursts
coc oat taste-buds...
I now know the grandeur
of citrus,

yet become illusioned
for it’s sweetness
disperses
amorphous...diffusion...
so that I can “build character”,
prove I am strong,

others dive into the essence
and thrive there,
while I arch my back
– solid –
until I no longer feel stiff.

I become bark,
easily stripped of protection
by outsiders.

Pulse begins to throb
against “the forces”
and I acknowledge my skin
(the power there that lies within).
Find strength...
Rough, beautiful,
beveled,
by atmosphere and harsh words

I hold on to the string
– it feels like a noose collapsing my neck
and vertebrae,
until I look
notice, I felt only a
needle: threading,
mending, sewing up a gapping (w)hole,
repairing my eyesight,
attaching my roots,
so that taste may one day return…
at least that is my hope.

Or I will be crucified here.
I am to behold, become the tree…
I will find crucified –

The Past.
Cathedral of the Pines

By Kimberly Zittel

Plum-fairies fall freely
On the black bars of juniper tree
Berries that suddenly
Stop their movement with
Systole (blood’s not used to such passivity)

Precise moments
To create ideals
Such as painless
Ends in adolescence…
The exact period cells
Reproduce slower than
Extinguished

Pain-less means to stop living

What is it like to look into a
Mirror and see no reflection…
Then walk away and laugh
Because to not laugh
Would mean to cry

Time passed so quickly
You did not know the last
Time you’d see color was yesterday
And now you’ve forgotten what purple
Is

…forgotten how love-making feels
and no time to make certain you
remember the last
words remain lovely

lost in woods where time runs away
…dance
upon bars of a clock’s face

a prison of existence caught
between
glass – there is nothing to
do
to stop hurting
trapped in the translucence of fireflies

Nothing but to sing,
To plant
To grow
To pray
That each soul will
Feel

Comfort
At least once…

That it will be remembered for a life-time

When there is a smile
It becomes an umbrella
Sheltering the shame
Of inadequacy