

MARMALADE LAMENT

BRI STOKES

A blaze of cobalt blue.
A wingless dragon's
flame, alchemized into silver
and set loose in
seaglass-colored
rivermouths:

so swells a
forlorn
womb,
so within: babbling tide pools
rife with remnants
that glow

and make ornaments
of mason jelly,
dutifully
still,
achingly
lavender.

*If I could find an anchor,
I'd wed myself to it!*

Los Angeles conjures its
wildfires in the belly of
a skylit cauldron, where a sleeping
Aeon yawns and
fans out Her legs
to birth god over tangerine hills,

and the anxious
have called this god
"Endurance."
The anxious have abandoned



the scorch of snow
and deified its fangs under marmalade skies.

I miss the 30-year-psalms
inscribed under
the Inglewood concrete, singing like ghosts,
hidden in the
hymns wailed by wild parrots up, up
in the Queen Palms:

we are gilded as
children of the Milky Way;
we are
rudderless,
without a wing or
an ocean.