

The Birth of Rapture

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Rapture sprang from that part of madness
that is not bound to the body
but free to roam, hovering over
the heather, restless in the air.
Honeysuckle and small, black
mushrooms grow in the prints
left by her dangling feet.
In her hands, devastation wrapped
in lotus leaves.

She hides in the gills of young
girls until they reach fifteen,
then blooms in shades of lavender
and dusk until they can no longer
breathe underwater.
She gathers in the foam
on the faces of men, lands in the laps
of beautiful women and homely girls
then fans out, iridescent smoke
weaving through hair, fingers, words.
All burn into gray-blue ash then breathed
to fill a part of herself.

She carries crimson veils
of alcohol and tears. Floating, ethereal,
a white and gold paradise above the land until
the sky fills with dread and drops
purple stones into the heads of women,
threads of orange-veined violence
into the palms of men.