

KIM JEWELL

DEATH IN THE RAINFOREST

Frollicking
above my old,
old eyes tiny velvet fronds
stalks slender, black host
to crystal droplets each
a world transparent, boasting
life.

Delicate
gentle
exquisite ferns tinkling
in the rude breeze heedless
of the sordid drama
playing out below.

Thundrous heart
suddenly still
tender ferns dance
about sightless
eyes, miming
an old,
old prayer.