

STELLA MERIS
NOTHING BUT BLUE SKIES

the sunflowers tremble
in the hot waves
and drink the water
that falls from the sky

[1.]

lay down in a sunflower field
in the shade of their heads
thank rank to the sky

the drops fall on your skin
touch your face softly

close your eyes and breath in
the scent of the wet earth

your bones touch the ground
your back sinks into the earth

breath in and out through your
nose

left arm left
heavy and soft
right arm right
a weight pulling down
deeper into the earth

press your lips together
let the air run through your body

breath in — — —

down to the belly

breath out — — —

now push the air through your lips

the roots of the sunflowers
tickle your lower back
a moment of silence

do it all over again

breath in — — —

the belly grows

breath out — — —

push through your lips

your head is filled with blood
red like the moon

once more

in — — —

and out — — —

your legs up on the ground
left foot left
right foot right
your toes pointing up to the sky
a heavy weight in your heels
pulling them down
your feet stretch longer

big feet you have
too big to fail

no shoes no socks

no dress

just underwear

almost naked in front of the sun

the night is still young
stars shine
no corpse no crime

only your body
in the sunflower field

red blood
cold and fresh
runs through your veins
looking for an exit
to nourish the plants

[2.]

sweat drops from the sky
salty and sweet

the heat
hovers over the field

the moons glow
several half circles
on the ground
waiting

[3.]

for your womb
to release the pain

the moons are filled with blood

[4.]

with eyes closed
you see
a story unfold
a little boy
who plays with sand
shaping towers
built to collapse
again and again

over his head
birds circle close to the sun
scared to burn their wings
not daring to dream

the boy is called a girl
again and again

is this me
is this you

is this fair?
why the confusion

[5.]

am I angry
am I sad

you wonder how
you wonder why
yesterday, you told me
'bout the blue, blue sky

and all that I can see is me

the wind whistles
a melody

memories
up in the clouds
save the data

too much to contain
your life like a movie

your body
empty

nothing but blue skies
touch the ground

[6.]

seeds on the ground
covered in blood
every month
again and again

and after a while

yellow sunflowers grow up
from the fields

[7.]

no clouds in sight
not yet

waiting for the storm to come
to take me to another place
far from near
up in the clouds
where I am free to be
the boy who I am

[8.]

whatever and why
who cares for what
when will we know
where do we belong?

it's not meant to be understood
i'm tired to explain all over again

never never never again and again
silence for real

the sun above all