Flower and Rock

I journey in essence

spirit and strength,

fragile and strong

crossing the bridge

I coexist,

as a flower and rock

On my path

no matter how broken

 a flower on crevice,

seeking light

tear of dew

a gift from Tlaloc

As rock by the sea

I stand sand and salt,

carved by the wind.

Empty the sound,

in lair of bygones,

 daffodils are born

 in fields of Aura,

 and Coatlicue,

 my rock.

Guadalupe

April, ‘22