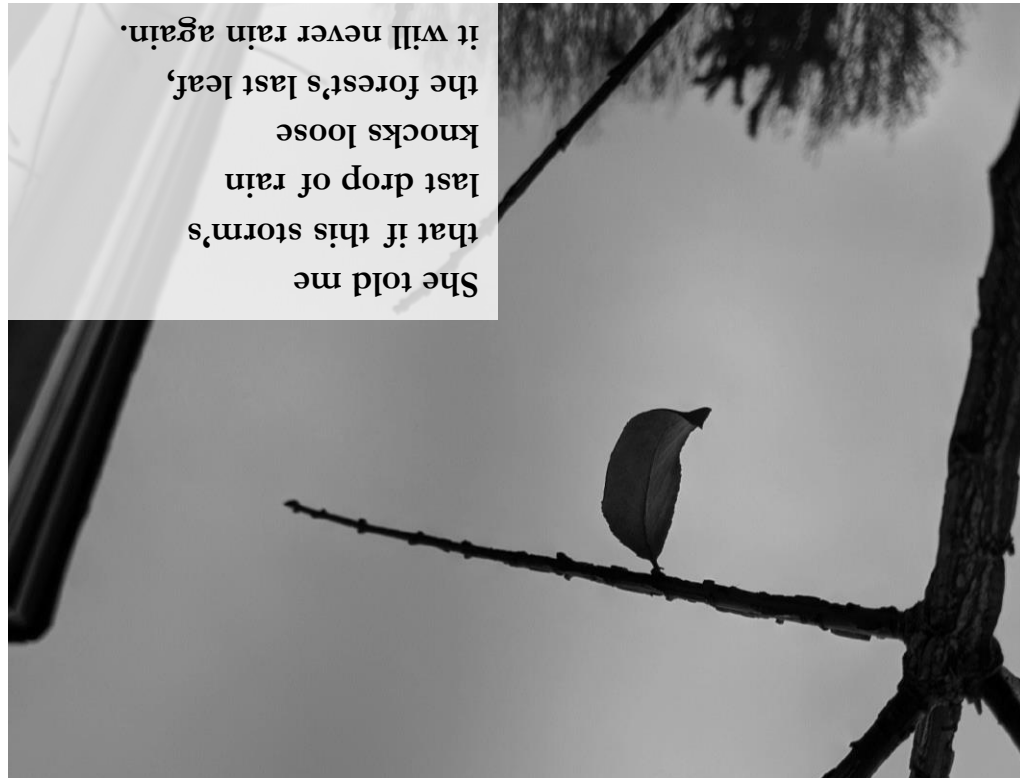


This stone, she said
came from the sky,
fell from the moon.
She scratched on
damage she felt it lacked.

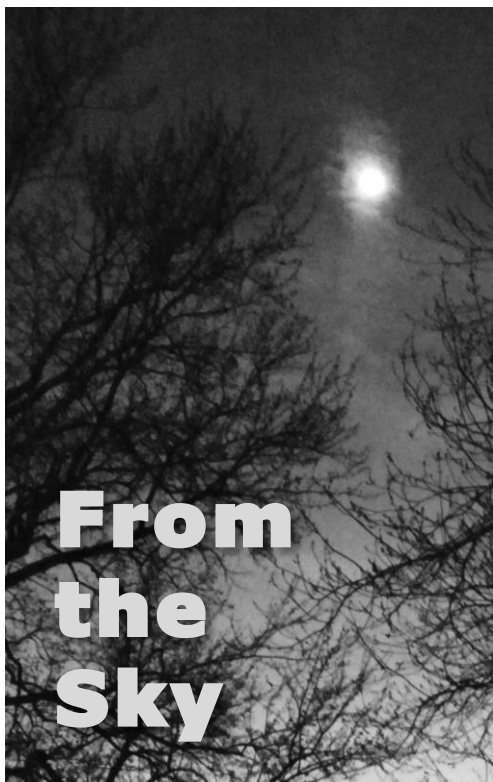


She told me
that if this storm's
last drop of rain
knocks loose
the forest's last leaf,
it will never rain again.

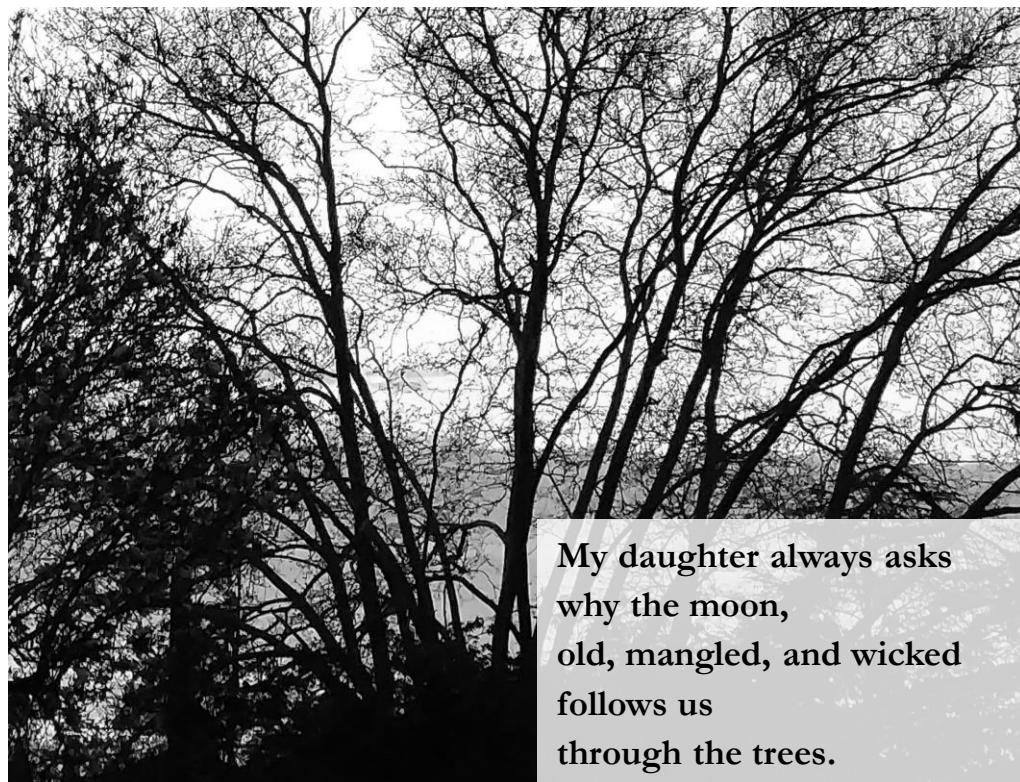


Words and Images:
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A slightly different version of
"From the Sky" first appeared in the
Painted Bride Quarterly (Issue 29)



**From
the
Sky**



My daughter always asks
why the moon,
old, mangled, and wicked
follows us
through the trees.

**IMPORTANT: BE SURE TO PRINT AT 100%.
Don't select the reduce to fit option.**

