

Shake Your Peace!, Haloes

Nora brings us lavender and homemade breads.
The bread is still warm, and it steams on my porch
Even the roses stick out their noses in jealousy,
Watching a love that is lighter than heat
Still rising in the summer.

Her smile works at the local nursery and I
Know her mouth knows blossoms and leaves,
She slaps wildflowers high fives when she's in Utah's mountains
And kisses them and eats them, and giggles on their petals
With her woman breath and freckles

Lightly dancing on their rustic grace and hardy
swaying green. She'll thank the fields
And harvest some, and a few blessed plants may find
Their way to a leafy halo that's growing
Around her peaceful head.

Every feather we find we put in our hair for the magic,
But ravens are mine and Nora's are wrens.
We moved to the city so sometimes the pigeons will hear
From a passing swallow who we are
And throw us a feather.