

# 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.

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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.