Like Fine Red Veins

Like fine red veins in yolk these bends pulse so you’ll grow, lithe and reaching.

These turns burn, more like buried than burrowing, head-against-stones in the dark, hard, blind weaving.

But beneath honeycomb graves there are rumors of Water that will run through our cells, roll down sweet mighty stream.

I’ll keep twisting deep, sink, come and drink of the mystery; you’ll spread, mirror of seeking, as you gulp light, bear, leave.