

MELISSA WEAVER

## 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.