

“Living amongst the flower beds”
by Ava Trujillo

Love lives in empty parking lots,
And speaking in whispers,
we pray in the direction of the stars,
The same ones we'll marry one day.

Delicate,
blankets layered over cold shoulders,
Hopes,
live in the lilac flowers I'll come home to
Invoke,
The craving belonging to a wilder part of me.
A need,
To forage a life different than my own.

A body that's weaved into patterns traced on leaves.
Breathes, the sun kissed autumn air.
Sewn, into the grass and it's weeds, amongst my flower and my trees.
This is where you'll find me in my dreams.