

BEFORE THAT  
*Madeline Rose Hernández*

my heart is a white  
nest where birds will flower  
my bed is a small boat  
lost at sea  
I should have written that I take my body into  
my bed in an object  
facing reality that is a poem  
my heart thinks  
so many of us are dispossessed  
I'm taking my disembodied  
movements into the line  
that I take my body into  
someone takes me up  
someone rounds the  
bend  
I open my mouth expecting words  
my heart goes to  
the window  
it works just like a need

total apprehension

musing on yellow sand

a fickle red

fortune telling fish

curls in your hand

it's a dream house

it's a blues song

it's down at the crossroads

it's like an angel standing in a shaft of light

it's quicker than you think

the heart that travels

and expires

reappearing never in the same place

heart's a diplomat

blue vivid

space

a concealment

I am my own hiding place

that I take my body

into

turned toward interior

I'm leaving

I'm a vapor

it's no longer raining

it hardly rained