

Osmosis by Elishevlyne Eliason

atlas holds heaven no more
his jagged rock skips across your fragile pond
spiderweb spindles ripple through
their tapered branches hook deep
like trees morphed to monsters in dark windowpanes

atlas holds heaven no more
but why?
what made placid waters into liquid glass
raining shards on skin, turning water to wine
a violent sorrow

and you wonder
what it was about the water
about the waves and the tides
that made you love them in the first place

perhaps you have forgotten
that blistering summer and its whitecaps
bloodless horses through dawn, poised to stamp you out
perhaps you have forgotten
how their foamy branches then gave rest to your back
how it was but a fleeting storm

so if you have forgotten that blistering summer
if new wine sits in old wineskins, ready to burst
then osmosis shall be

what was yours
is now mine