

JEVON JACKSON # [REDACTED]
New Lisbon Corr. Inst.
PO Box 2000
New Lisbon, WI 53950

From A Cold, Dark Room

In the poised precincts of Light
we reach without limbs
to seize the iridescent
mob of brightness, bare.

All the dark rooms we've survived,
like this one, bruised black
clunky shadow carved from stone
follows us to sleep.

We awaken to the psalms
of the hyacinth,
buttery blue and fragrant,
cool earth against soles.

Water drops alight on grass,
sabered blades of green,
the quilled gallery above
guzzle flight away.

The red-winged blackbirds hold church
with fox sparrows, wrens,
when abundant scattered seed
dots the giving fields.

Cloudberry float on maimed tongues,
apricot, the hymn
we post from our lungs, a prayer
balanced through rigor.

This may be a jailbreak dream,
our bodies still there,
staked in the small, nude dark room
where you, I, divine.