Flow

Fireworks bloom asters among dandelion coronets. Reflections blossom in a pond. Without creating ripples, petals burst and shed. In both fields, in both skies, stars remain as still as summits as if other worlds are beginning to sprout into this one like stalactites and stalagmites.

The apex of your heart is the lowest point of the muscle. If aligned with clenched fist, it will match exposed palm, the part unable to close.

Along ribbon of middle ground, between meadow and mountain, pines grow low. Snow glints, reflects. Sky opens. Opens blue, blue like a belly of a whale who swallowed a sea. Snow, sky roofs each blade of grass, furs each needle of pine, curves pines into ribs for the whale, collides horizon into endlessness.

Broken Bits

I scream and am answered by caws.

Here in this world where only ice moves, she flies below cloud cover like a bow that has outgrown string.

Raven knows herself too well to pity me. She swallows my scream like a journey:

A tornado without a mask dances around a fire.

Broken bits sail into night as charcoal, like pieces of a room returning.


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