

Coming Home

By Michele Venne

A gate, withered wood and peeling white paint, swings shut.
I find myself out in a meadow
 daisies and larkspur and crocus and indian paintbrush and columbine

Colors dazzle the eye, hues never duplicated by man.
Pollen drifts upon the zephyr, perfume tickling my nose.
Clouds skitter across the azure heavens, birds call to one another from trees and bushes.
Green hills in the distance, sunlight causing my eyes to squint to focus on the field just beyond
 brown cows and buckskin horses and white llamas and black sheep and gray goats

Stepping forward in sandal-clad feet, only to prick myself on a thorny weed.
Dizziness begins, churning in my stomach, sweating of my brow.
Trying to put out my hands to break my fall, I look up to see the sky filled with petals.
Upside down I try to right my thoughts, futile it is.
A buzzing in my ear, a dance upon my skin as with a hundred little feet.

Awaking later, there is no concept of time gone by.
My hair now contains a thousand tiny braids, if it has three.
Jewelry made of green stems adorned with various blooms decorate
 wrists and ankles and breasts and throat and head

Fuzziness in my mouth, strawberry on my lips.
Noise in my brain like myriad tiny voices, turning to look to the side.
A blur of movement, something, several really, flitting from place to place like hummingbirds.
Quirking an eyebrow, I see them now and let go of my disbelief.

Talking all at once, staying just out of reach, as many colors as the flowers themselves.
Kind they are, and full of love and sweetness.
 gossamer wings and wildly-flowing hair and pointed ears and shimmering light and sound like bells

Heart of fear, thoughts of sadness, soul of darkness, all changed, all gone.
Belonging here, not there, as a child, not an adult.
Sitting up, landing on various body parts, in unison they solemnly welcome the Queen home.