to the former nevadan (from a being of divine compassion)
Garnet Juniper Nelson

dear one, you require no pardoning. you are acquitted
of the wrong of you; release that sense of worthlessness;
you are relieved of the burden of worth. unwind
your jaw, roll your skull between your shoulders
like a bead in a wide bowl. your soul is welcome
and safe. you are held. you are kept so securely,
with such warmth. can you feel it radiating out
from fingertips, coagulating between your thighs?
do you feel it filling your heart, shifting the water
that’s lingered there so long? tell me you feel joy
coursing within you like black locusts’ roots
through topsoil. tell me it’s stubborn, sending shoots
up far from the felled mother’s stump, that it’s taking over.
it’s okay. let the pods gestate. let their seeds of comfort germinate.