Queenz’s poem, inspired by Elisabeth Pellathy’s *Horizon Line, Trace 2*

Oh I see I see I see

You never met someone like me

But Allow me to explain ur current affinity

To a familiar face u can’t remember meeting

I have

Pollinated thoughts

That Float free peppering seasons

So to fall in love with my spring form

Is like winter with summer sun kisses

I born of the trenches

Have grown an emerald crown that shies away from other royals

As we jointly provide sunscreen

While stretching towards the heavens in praise of the breeze

Please

Seek comfort in my despair

As

My tears mix with the soil

To carve river pathways to bank on solitude

Allow them to trace a way for you through thirst labyrinth

Entangled stories of time and perceptions

Blind third eyes when ideas light bulb

So it’s best

You take higher ground and squint thru a raindrop

For it is a hidden vision to witness this millennia of beauty

Created in stages labeled in eras

Which were errors

In an effort To develop the perfect weather balance

It’s my duty

To provide nourishment in climate

With cadence scripture of our makeup

The construction story that took six days

The seventh

Is where we first got to play

You see my love we are related

Born of the same substance

Etched out of the riches from storm deposits

With a touch of heavens guidance

Caressed into exquisite shapes

We

Clothed in equal textures of atmosphere

So the unfamiliar glare

Is the instance where our spirits get reacquainted

Reminded of our bond even though worlds apart

Stand back and admire the distance where the horizon

Shows our union

The definition of our origin story

The fine line of difference between the celestial body and landscape merges to show

The glory essence

That gives the kaleidoscope of feelings when we see each other

You see we need each other

Like distant cousins at family reunions

Or the phone number of a friend whose moving

Soothing

So I declare

This has been a pleasure

This conversation of our daily embraces

Who would’ve thought

We be so enthralled being held closely by stranger

So please as take note the danger

Of forgetting what we mean to each other

A connection no phone could drop

As the signal is made from interlaced images of star fragments

Which is why wen we are feeling lost

We both look to the horizon