Efflorescence
by Elsie Humes

The conversation with the wind happens beneath the moon, and like all talks that unfold beauty, the night peels deep colors open and expands them into wings that flutter and speak to those who inhale their perfumes. And the petals’ lyrics need no remastering because this night dance is etched deep in earth’s pours. The moon will shift and the field will go red in an epidemic of chrysalis, a million and two nods to the sun, slight and deliberate. If time was malleable, even the untrained eye would see the valley vibrate.