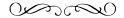
AUTUMN TOENNIS

Ash and Salt

The stained glass set you alight—and all of you was aflame in geometrics that flared at the edges of your wrists and the cheek below the bone. You are cut and cast with squares of bursting light and the watch round your neck ticks heavily and the choir sings their own white notes from the ivory, and all the while there sits a woman blazing to kyries and the rhythmic fold of hands. No one notices the turn to ash and salt, enough for a shovel from a stove or a spilt box on the blue linoleum. You didn't know you could take the wafer moon in your mouth instead, let it grow soft on your tongue until you felt starlight prickle against the crown of your head—you didn't know you didn't know you didn't know-the mileage of your feet was too new, they hadn't yet tried to tread sky.

> HERON TREE 3 May 2015 herontree.com/toennis1



About Autumn Toennis

Autumn Toennis received a BA in English with a focus on writing from Montana State University. Other work of hers has been published in *Opsis*. She lives in Bozeman, Montana, where she works as a barista. She can be visited online at girlinthegrove.wordpress.com.

HERON TREE 3 May 2015 herontree.com/toennis1

