

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

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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.

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