Odyssey

After the collages of Romare Bearden

We rose from these pages
of layered colors – blood-bold
skies, blue-stained wine-dark seas,
shores teeming abandoned green.

From flattened selves we rose,
we took on bodies of thickness
and form, moving forward
and back through new air
slipping around us like lips,
testing the depths with our hands,
turning them over, pushing out,
reaching toward the shapes of others,
their fullness and weight,
their folding inward into passages
into their own darkened interiors.

Now we glance back
at the paper, the silhouettes
we left, the cut-out shapes
where we lay black and flat and still
once among lush seas and shores
and the lands we touched,
and we begin to know how empty
love and thought can be.

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