

MY HEART IS A SANCTUARY  
From Bleats and Ballads Across the Universe  
By Mara Pi

I feel every animal  
in every cell on my skin  
jumping from pore to vine,  
flying its atmospheres.  
Every animal rescued remains  
in a little bubbly cell  
—cosy, revered, silky—  
that I fly with oxygen spelled,  
lettering and pulmonary winds  
blowing the insides  
of a soft blot air balloon,  
displacing the “hes” and “shes”  
faraway from “Earthies”  
to their still incipient “nooM”,  
our now expatriated Moon.

Eight pints of inky blood  
circulate and print  
the tragic face  
of someone,  
scintillas of their souls  
lost in the world,  
lastly found in me.  
Every pore of my skin  
is a remainder of  
every animal in need.  
When I work in the garden,  
the scantiest cut or blister  
in one or more of my fingers,  
contains the pail of a pig  
with the exact amount  
of her blood,  
rose madder and thick.

And I sob while I sing  
because I’ve become  
more than what I saw or see,  
mostly what they hide or hid.

There's a deep cyanic sky in me, though,  
pure, bright, crystalline and awed,  
a veil of twinkling glow  
made with the finest ethers  
where we all join,  
and blow the highest hopes  
in such a tremendous gurgle,  
that I explode,  
little wishes of utopian wonders,  
handcrafting the infinite cosmic kite  
against the darkness of the unknown.

And there I play my music,  
I create a new path  
for the melody yet unborn  
I become the new song  
beating, rescuing, singing  
the desires of my soul,  
the revival of my forgotten me,  
the potential I behold  
at the very core  
of what I once was  
far beyond  
my flesh  
and  
bone.

My heart is a sanctuary.