

This is the Deep Blue Pulsing Sphere

By Nikki Moen

Lodged here beneath my ribcage expanding-
Here in this farce of noncommittal expression.

But I am only searching for you so I can give it back
Bringing it out dripping wet
To show you this cellular obstruction.

The topmost layer of liquid contains stars
With your fingertips you can swirl gases
into cold elusive arms
Wrapping themselves into expansion

Blowing heaven forward as if it were not contained
But exploding
And churning a quick current
Just below the secondary droplets.

Hydrogen ice slides below
Sharp as a razor's blade and misty fine
To cloud your dim eye

As you peer through to the bottom
To the gnarled and solid roots of your legs
Kicking out into the murky wallow.