

## Untitled

*by Lauri Jensen*

In poetry,  
I find myself searching for  
whatever it is that  
shades me,  
molds me,  
folds over and curves  
like mountain roads  
against the thick skin of  
realization.

What must occur  
in veins,  
war, desire, or hope  
to make the spirit  
pour like thick soup  
into our minds,  
clouding logic  
with carrots and potatoes  
and foggy broth?

What makes emotion fall  
like petals at a brides feet?  
Does she know  
she stamps on it,  
breaks it,  
shoves it away like  
that knowledge she can never know,

loves it like cool rain  
on sweaty skin.