

ERIKA PERLOFF

Pomponio Picnic, 2012
Pastel on sanded paper, 12 x 12 in



courtesy: the artist

JUDITH SERIN

Talking to the Spirits

They tell me the heart is a star; they tell me the heart is an apricot, warm, storing heat from the sun. We talk in the heart. I say my hands are trees, holding leaves for them. I see them in their bodies, though I know they are planted, rotting; no, I remind myself, feeding the trees. I tell them, look, all around me are trees, weeds, creatures of fur and blood and bones, clouds/day, night/stars, and they all are reaching for you. And I stand in the sun because they are there, because I want them to fall, tumbling down ladders of light, turning head over heels, somersaulting to me. And they answer: all I have to do is stay, not climb, not fly, not even pray, but stand with my feet—flat arches, high insteps, dirty toenails—firm on the ground, as though I am planted, and here they come, falling, falling, nothing but light.

Judith Serin's poetry collection *Hiding in the World* was published by Diane di Prima's Eidolon Editions. She has also published poems, short stories, and prose poem memoirs in magazines and anthologies; a chapbook of prose poems, *Family Stories* (Deconstructed Artichoke Press); and a collaboration with book artist Nikki Thompson, *Days Without (Sky): A Poem Tarot* (Deconstructed Artichoke Press). She teaches writing and literature at California College of the Arts.