my friend lizzy has words beyond her years
  symbols densely packed
  words scored onto the page
  symphonic scope
  resonant voiced
  eyes that disappear when she laughs

my friend lizzy sees animals on city streets
  hesitant deer wandering urban hillside
  rabbit peeking from a pedestrian’s backpack
  hawk dipping in sunlight between skyscrapers
  they make her smile
  she sometimes feels sorrow
  for those whose mental skips
    deny their vision

my friend lizzy says she’s really just looking for a honey
  a real honey
    not the coyotes that pretend they’re in love
    say they only want scraps from her dinner table
    then raid the refrigerator
    leaving her bare
    one electric bulb in cold space

my friend lizzy writes with silver wrapped fingers
  calling up words from currents of spirit
    flowing within
    says poets need to pray
      in ancient languages of the heart
my friend lizzy sculpts words
shaped lovingly from the flow of the land
moistened with falling rain
strong and smooth
lasting
like stones from the river
of her grandmother's people.

my friend lizzy weaves words into baskets
filled with light and shadow
baskets so well made
they cradle spring water
fresh for drinking.

E. K. CALDWELL