

## The Light of the Mind, Cold and Planetary

Jennifer Juneau

Relinquish a vision?  
Wanderlust for word, my task Sisyphean?

Wastrel, you said. I flaw and I flaw,  
Plummet with the plums.

Fallen fruit from the sage tree of the mind.

Accent, false tense. Dear versicolored friend,

You are mighty in mozzle,  
A turncoat in wanion.

Fade and falter, waver and waive  
The right to tread hyperopic implosion,

Jam of grass. Fair-weather, seasonable thing.  
It was only when I died you were pricked

By my invaluable sting.

