Sacred Spaces

Ikea Johnson
Louisiana State University

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Here with a lavender, sky blue, pink and yellow sunset, ritualistic meditations near rushing water on a green mountainside, or perched on a large gray rock beside a waterfall, disconnected from the ephemeral mundane

I wonder, what do you know of the universal epithet that you contrive to walk with on this plane of existence

what do you know of colored discomfort in safe spaces, of The Honey and the Bee, the Peruvian dancer, pierced ballerina, the snake charmer

no meera, only shaking hands and a catalyst to blue landscapes behind closed eyes

Jersey, Queens, Houston street, some place in Boston where you planned a future that turned out to not be promised

a saxophonist on the Empire State Building, a clarinetist on an uptown 6 express train

what do they know of your relinquishment, our impermanence, your will to survive in the pastoral of the black belt

are they, too, operating in dualistic chains of discernment, unable to see your dilemma clearly

I admit, I've had my doubts, but I continue to be filled up, pressed down, shaken together, my cup runneth over, and for this I am grateful