

Warrior Princess

She comes out sliding
along the wailing canyon
her tongue salting granite walls
her breath remembering moss

Somewhere near the precipice
where the old voice follows the shore
it whispers destiny to men
take on the crown and draw blood

She haunts the ages and has no mind
for miles she can find you
forested by forgetting
or standing on melted thoughts

Wars were lost and won
children were murdered countries given
to men with no conscience
while she coasted in border unarmed

In the jungle there is no reason
save for the single thought of breathing
she could take you proud
or not at all