



Blossom bodies

by Kelli Tompkins

white tree blossoms on the hot tub, night
covered lenses: covered lenses catching
balance blossoms, falling through
cracks so beautiful it
it breaks my—inside my
bones are—inside
breaking, I call the dog two
more times, beside the fence
pressing my chapped lip and
ripped inseam, pants gone
loose and ashes nesting in the urn, loose
ashes in the next room's window
white mourning doves carried in a side
pocket purse, breaking inside torn
inseams, bodies burned



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