

i have taken
to walking at night
through the backfields of my life

drawing ink from the well pond
surrounded by a chamber choir of
minstrel toads

tenor and baritone balanced
the bass has a loose string
my smile shapes into nirvana
as i am
a lover of imperfect things

in this place where i wash away the blood
from gruesome playground injuries
i know myself to be a reality
an unfolding lotus blossom

the drones buzz around me
urging me to assume my place as queen
at the risk of being beheaded

fear be damned
i have nothing to lose but regret

when the world has given all of itself
to nocturnal things
i seek the sage counsel
of the elders who placed the pomegranate trees
in eden

they tell me to command the fireflies
to float upward
becoming stars
knowing it is i
who determines my fate

avalon built in one night
to be burned again tomorrow

the planets revolve in the palm of my hand
when i consider the algonquin princess
from whose ancient earth-mother chromosomes
i sprang

greek gods conspire to please me
nectar sent from mount olympus

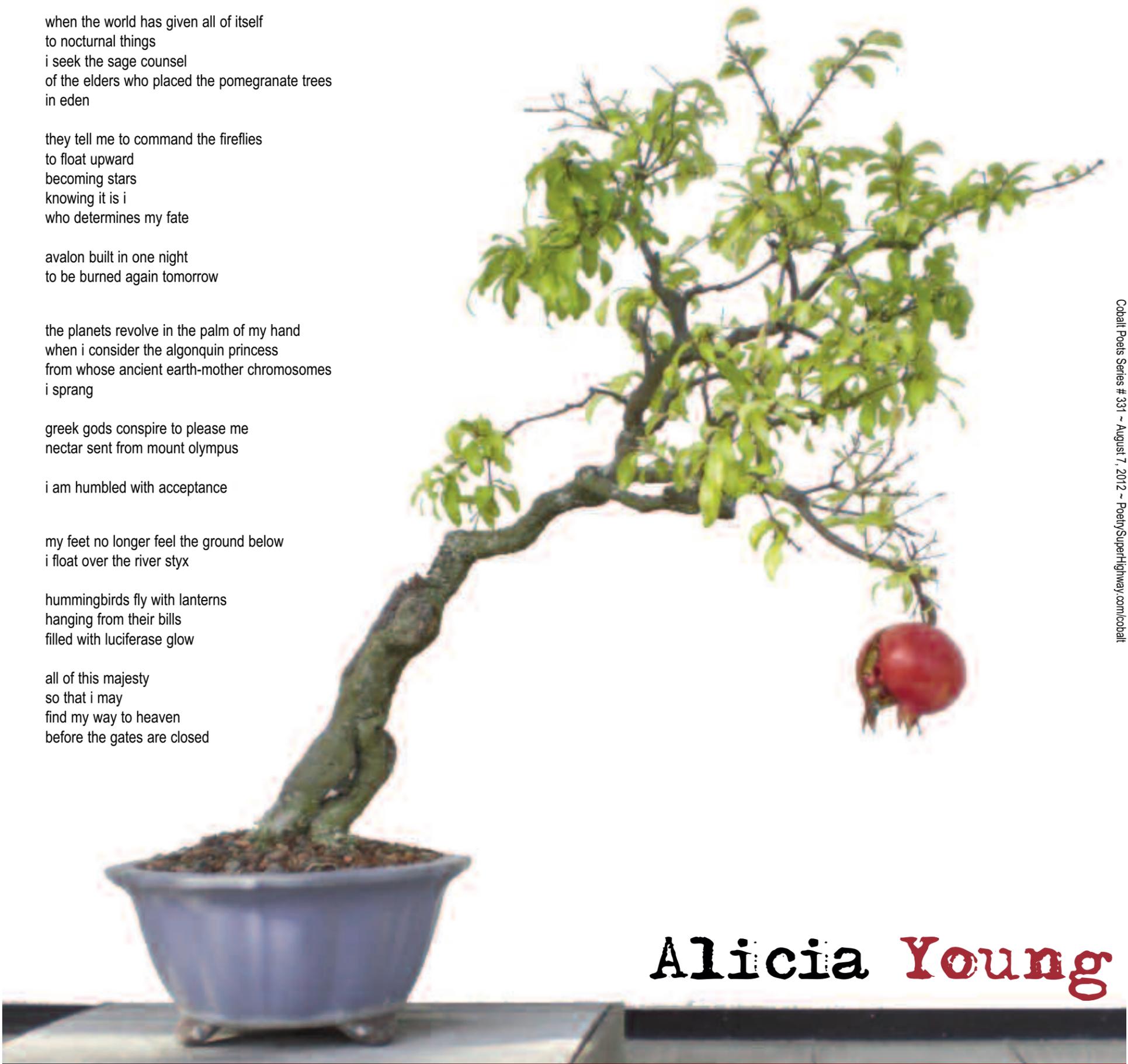
i am humbled with acceptance

my feet no longer feel the ground below
i float over the river styx

hummingbirds fly with lanterns
hanging from their bills
filled with luciferase glow

all of this majesty
so that i may
find my way to heaven
before the gates are closed

paradise must
dwell within us
before we may dwell
within heaven



Alicia Young

Alicia Young wears her electra complex as a little black dress. A woman who has chosen through her life experiences to dance, rather than die. Very much a flawed human, she is a lover of the imperfect, believing it is our scars that make us beautiful, what creates poetry within our somatic forms. She is a latter day Southern belle with a penchant for early afternoon Manhattans and late evening cigars, born on Kentucky's Bourbon Trail. Raised in Cincinnati from the age of 7, she has spent her life trying to make her way back home to her family, the memory of her young father, and cultural richness left behind. She is the seventh great-granddaughter of Matoaka, more commonly referred to as Pocahontas. After graduating from high school early, she left home at 16 to make her own mistakes, which she did with grand flair. A drama degree became a biology degree, before settling finally on mortuary science. While attending Cincinnati College of Mortuary Science, she was profiled as a rising star in funeral service in *The American Funeral Director Magazine*. Her writing often references her time as a mortician. She went on to contribute cemetery pictorials to *The American Cemetery Magazine*. Ms. Young is a tree hugging, liberal, optimist who will never remove the Obama sticker from the back of her German automobile. A single mother of twin boys, musician, and medicine woman, she happily grows her garden and is fond of long walks to the pond. Her poetry has been featured in *The Montucky Review*, *Take-It-To-The-Streets-Poetry's The Nexus*, *The Moronic Ox Literary and Cultural Journal*, and *The Musophobic*. She has performed spoken word from Cincinnati to New York and back again. Her influences are her family, friends, lovers, and the voices of those buried. Ms. Young is a believer in living life on earth so intensely, one no longer needs a heaven. It's why she is Hell on Heels.

