

The HOWL

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ivy

Helen Hernandez

it's like it's hiding something.
darkness crouches
under the green leaves
catching the sun with their
veined hands
turning their faces upward
to the light, a carpet
resting on a mattress
of purple dark
waxy and smooth
it seems to smile
showing the sky their chlorophyll
they reach, branch, ladder
themselves up
on the brick pillars
like a green snake
climbing to the sun
that it will never touch