

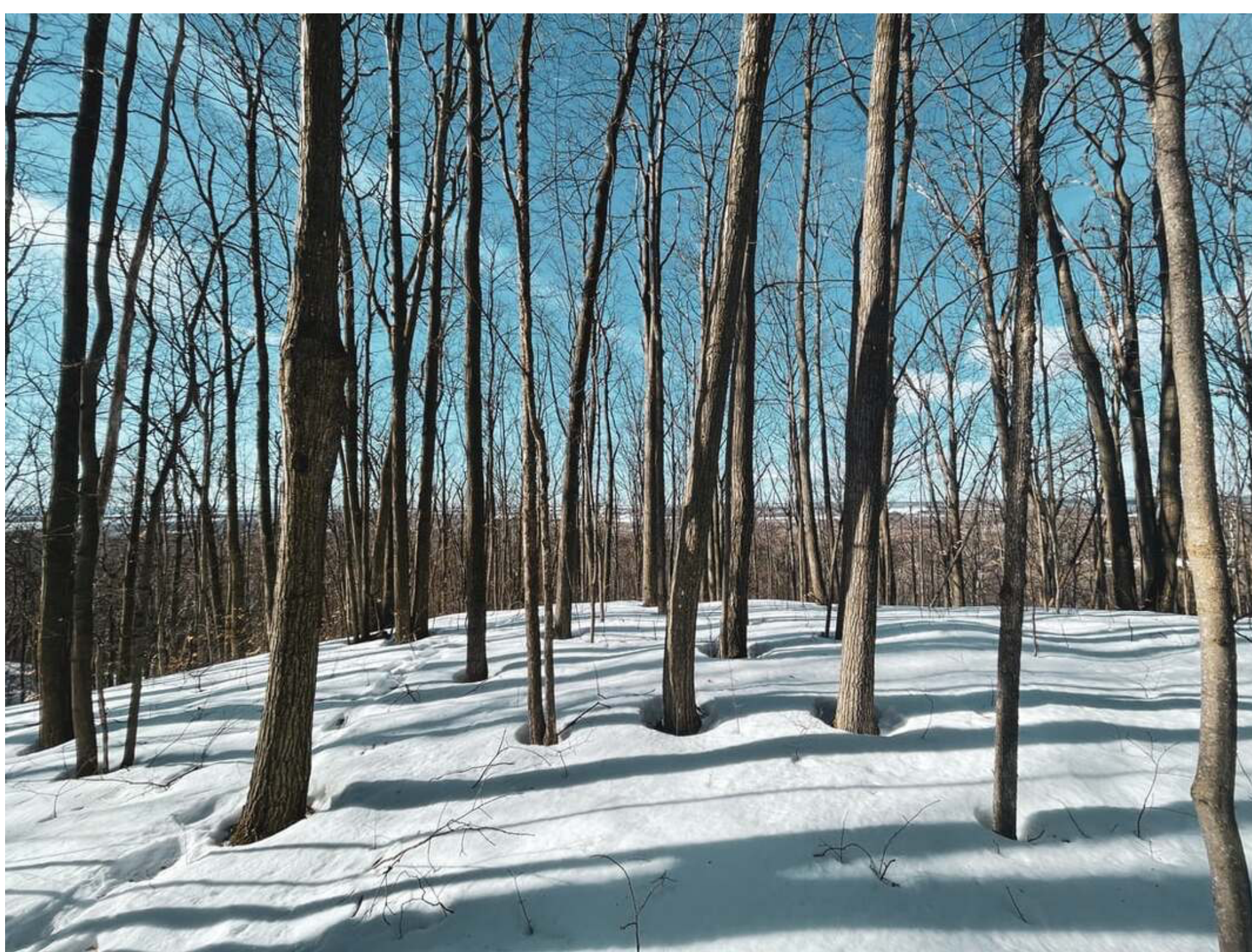


Blue Bottle Journal

new online poetry journal for words with sting

She Pines

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by **Oakley Ayden**

i live inside a woodland hearth
untethered me daydreamed of once.
i'm now no childless woman.

out there, mum mountains, milky snow.
in here their clamor never lulls. i watch

flakes fall and feel her — the me i
could/should? have chose eight,
then five years ago. she never goes.

she pines

to ride the unbound snow
and sloppy slurp the silence

Oakley Ayden (she/her) is an autistic, bisexual writer from North Carolina. Her poems appear in Ghost City Review, Not Very Quiet, The Minison Project and elsewhere. She currently lives in California's San Bernardino National Forest with her two daughters. Find her on Twitter (@Oakley_Ayden) or Instagram (@Oakley.Ayden).

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Seeking words with sizzle,
poetry that wraps us in
burning ribbons and won't
let go. Send us your best!

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