

welding stars from dust

she is running
between the dunes and sea
along a long curve
of shingly sand,
a red kite flying
from her hand

for a moment
her face obliterates
the setting sun
and suddenly,
the sun's corona
and her hair
are one

electro-magnetic flares
burst into space
and chaos,
welding stars from dust
in celebration of her grace,
burns her hair
in blazing orbits
around her face