JD DeHart **Jot**

What has been written Has been written The jagged letter edges Not to be undone.

Headless

Figure of darkness Riding out of legend Lobbing coral pumpkin.

Cremation

What scatters to the earth
The bone and strength of life
Now spreading into wind.

The Caste

In our robes we travel
Migrate through life's levels
Transcend or accept
Where the hammer lands.

Sieve

Let trouble pour through me Maybe I can separate The painful granules From the restoring liquid.