

Inner Waters

By Martha Everhart Braniff

She sews a deerskin shield,
carefully stitches and knots the threads
around its circular edge,
making a protection
from the siege of noise,
assault on silence of written words,
the depth of inner waters.

She paints an image of her hand
on the shield's soft hide
using cerulean pigments made of *terra santa*.
Her blue hand a warning to contorted mouths,
mind-shredders,
busy talkers
seeking to disturb inner waters.

Her shield is a veil
behind which she steps
through a portal
where she finds her vision,
clear and luminous,
roaring power of inner waters.

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