

The Phoenix Poem
By Brooke Berliner

A torrential cataract made a cacophony of sounds
A perfect complement to stop my melancholy day
Inevitably the water crashes down
But something felt different in my perfunctory routine
Gazing out at the waterfall
A phoenix transcends the body of water below
Piercing through the stagnant air
Eloquently making swirls in the sky
Surpassing any parameters known to exist
I fervently watch
And ponder the oblivion
Inevitable shock
How did this bird get here?
Maybe it was an emissary
Sent to explore
Soaring through waterfalls
Pulverized?
Rended?
Fear not
This bird remained
Unscathed
Flourishing my hand in the air
I waved
The bird disappeared
The pinnacle of my day
I walked home