THE SOFTEST PLACE

POETRY

Priscilla Agbeo

A place that I call home
an inner whisper
prancing in iris and bergamot
the texture of lamb’s ear
a memory
like orchid petals
delicate laughter
birds chirp
between my fingers
Warm and slippery
yellow powder
fresh through the funnel
Soft
corn flour
the afternoon
of 2002
a grain mill machine engulfs
the deep whirring