

WHITE WINGED DOVES

A Stevie Nicks Poetry Anthology



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Therapy Dream

Stevie dances under
breeze-shivering branches,
her skirts a waltz of wings,
mouth full of stories.
She has emptied her house of men.

Out the side of her eye
the soft blur of rabbit,
and watchful dusk,
air ripe with herbs
and tinctures, the echo
of gasping roots.

She is the nighthawk,
sprung from chalky shell,
issuing her raspy bee-yoot
for all the names she gives the night,
surviving passages so narrow
they felt like birth canals,
every dawn she can remember
crushed between her teeth.

Anointer, holder of upended petals
and misplaced halos,
I saw her in the gloaming,
glimmer and dust.