

On the Work of Laurel Bustamante

Should you lose your way on a dark and fearful night
you might find yourself among tall reeds swaying in the wind,
in a swamp, where the moonbirds live.

You must freeze the moment you see them, be very still lest they hide
and you may never lay eyes on them again...

Moonbirds fish for precious stones and swamp pearls
the most desired and rarest among pearls -
as those in the know, know.
they are invisible, because they heal wounded hearts

Moonbirds appear and disappear darting like hummingbirds,
like tiny bolts of lightning.....searching
endlessly to find treasure
to hoard in spider- web ovals
where Gods keep useless tears and lost hopes.

Josine Ianco Starrels
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