

No Man's Land

by Camille Ferguson

Summer 2020

In my favorite dream we sit in citrus,
an actual grapefruit sky,
palms of blood
oranges, bare feet in sweet
onion grass.

Grass gives me no
panic here,
I smoke absently & delight in
the crackle of the joint's heart,
the little fire in my fingers.

We dance in warm storms,
grey skies cut through with yellow melon,
hearts opened & wore for umbrellas.
We live, oh do we live, in this saccharine mecca.

We hold hands—intimacy, bitches.
We eat our own hearts out.
We never cry. There is nothing here
for tears—not one of us has felt a prick

of pain. Here I never learned to flinch
but I sing with the best of the finches.
I fly in a murder
of crows. At night I outglow
the most supple moon, outshoot all

the living & dying stars.
I break apart Orion's belt
& build myself a house.
In my favorite dream I'm an impregnable ghost—
no man has ever touched me.

I keep cherries in my ovaries
& eat them at my own leisure, plant
the pits in the womb of the world.



Camille Ferguson lives in and loves Cleveland, Ohio, with its thriving literary scene and hub of creatives. Camille studies creative writing at Cleveland State University and works at Barnes & Noble. Her work is forthcoming in *Jelly Bucket magazine*. You can follow her on Twitter: @camferg1.

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