

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Grind and Whirl**

By Leila Farjami

Lanterns glow  
like red wombs,  
translucent and primal.

Women hold the eternal relic  
of birth and blood—  
the constellations—  
above their heads.

Planets breathe.  
Cosmic camelias  
bloom and wither.  
The gleaming colossal wheels  
grind and whirl.

A mother's hand  
bends towards her baby's cry  
like an acacia branch.