

magnolia

The earth turns without me, rest
-less
and magnolias stretch towards a sun
I will never wake
under.

I wonder if the wind here still moves as it did back home,
as fin through water,
knife through skin,
mother's brush through daughter's hair.

I ask you
if the rain still hums
on empty streets,
if the kettle-oil still croaks in crackly singsong.
but you have no answer
for me, or us.
No reassurance to hold close,
No homeland to cradle our violent hearts.

So I close my eyes and try to
remember:
the weight of standing still.