

WE BOW TO THE WIND

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A tightrope made of lemongrass
weaves throughout my home
circling burnt pots and pans, ducking through cobwebs
in the highest corners
and curling around cold, coffee-stained mugs left
abandoned
on the floor.

I thought there would be a hole from where you left me
But the tightrope crawled in and ate that up, too.

I learned how to mourn you

And how to stop

By watching my life

eke away and return

to the dirt that it came from.

Loving me is a balancing act,

a vine that bears no fruit...

but soon I'll be ready to let the grass grow from my ribs

And finally eat you whole.