

Restless

This mistaken refuge,
he's branched out again, with those
damp leaves scattering,
falling,
and revisiting
the open spaces
between
my ribs.

Because,
existing before him,
I always grow translucent.

All my warm breath escapes
into the awaiting depths of his long shadow.
My lungs begin their dance
of throbbing and shuddering
as I curl up beneath
him
just the same -

For my roots
to fall beneath me,
reaching for their familiar retreat,
back into his own mass of
hollow, ancient veins.

In this still comfort,
He and I, we prepare ourselves
for my rising up - surpassing
the depths of his reach,
crumbling this susceptibility into ruins.

But for now we softly close our eyes.

And from inside,
the rhythm of this restless promise
Effortlessly...gracefully
rocks us to sleep.

~ Ani Star
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