

On Coming Out of Nowhere

The earth near our place
 was cradle,
it rocked us—
 became our skin.
House doors opened,
 spilled us out,
we disappeared into trees—
 they clothed us
in delirious green.
We wore them like coats,
 learned from black branches
and bent trunks
 their sun and rain
vocabulary.
 We grew up astonished, whole,
but ghosts of ourselves,
 shushed, mourned by wind.
Our tongues tasted sun, our shoes
 muddy, scouting creek.
We chewed dogwood berries,
 learned later they were poisonous,
lay in tall grass
 as clouds revealed their animals.

Saw iris petals
 like purple flags—
walked to cranberries,
 picked some, scarlet like lips.
Claustrophobic walls
 exchanged for this—
light and shadow,
 everything unresolved, lonely.
We knew the song
 of this place, made it up,
sang it—
 not a lament
until years later.