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IF I HAD STAYED UNDER THE BOULDER

Elizabeth Hewey

Quartz, silt, and sand mixed by the hands of someone else's God.

Sedimentary slabs, the ribcage of old earth, pinching the tangled limbs once recognized as a body.

How many sunrises till the soil reclaims solidarity?

Many crescent moons and newborn fawns.

Roots will grow from the nose down into the gut, the body turned over into sagebrush, rosehips, and juniper.

If not soil, then dust, to mold the broken boulder back into the wall of rock, leftover particles lifted away from the wind.

Destruction (once again) caused by a fragile human body.