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## Wrestling

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## *Wrestling*

My arms are thin, wrists weak.  
I have never tried to win.  
With only a mild breeze,  
I could rise and whistle  
through the forest, in and out  
of pines, behind rocks.  
A shadow, I could hide  
close to the ground  
like those small red berries.

Instead I am confronted  
with a tall stranger. He wants  
to wrestle. No chance, I laugh  
and hold out my stick arms.  
He doesn't seem to care, throws  
me down, pins my chest.  
I lie still, eyes half closed  
against his blaze.  
Nothing hurts.  
I push back,  
twist and turn and soon  
we are locked as one writhing serpent.

When it is over and he  
has disappeared, I listen  
to quick breaths  
fly out of my mouth  
like sparrows.  
To my blood, thick  
with beating wings.