

Eve E.M. Wood

Root

Nothing grows except a root
crusted over,
breathing slowly.

A woman holds it like her child
then casts it out like the wind.

She says the root is rotting.
She says the sun must shine upon its head
near a clear falling stream
somewhere far off
along a rock path not made for her feet.

But the root did not grow in the earth.
The root, covered with her skin
is alive in her palm.
The root is immobile.

I say the root is her own
until it slips between her fingers
into the earth.