

The Opposite of Withering

Today, the air is full with flowers
and I remember why I came —
to this world, I mean,
and to my senses,

(Every morning, and not even once).

I spent this whole afternoon in pieces
of lives that do not belong to me, walking
up and down streets so many have called home.
Here, I am just a visitor.

This is not to say that I have not been here before,
or that I will never return.
There are infinite lives I will never know,
and many I have only now forgotten.
Still, so many lives to learn.

Say what you will about loneliness, about ecstasy,
about thrill:
I would not want to have arrived in any other way.
I came for the flowers and this messy spring air.

Today, these soft pink petals are the closest thing to God
I have ever known, preaching from trees
and picket-fence yards,
from sidewalk cracks, beneath my feet, and
holding hands with the wind.
Never a race, but together racing toward this spring
which I have loved and lost so many times.

Sometimes, I am walking (barefoot
in the early spring)
and I am struck — stunningly,
gracefully, & gratefully
by the clumsy lightweightness of my everyday okay.

Sometimes, I look to the sky
and forget who (of
the many *I*s) I am today,
was yesterday,
will be ten thousand years from now.

And I let myself be beautiful. I sweet-talk the fabric
which separates me from these leaves of grass

and take it off. One day,
my body will fall apart.
These flowers and their bending stems have told me so,
many times over.
It is the final, most resounding whisper.

I never asked for greatness.

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