The smell of the trees swaying in the sunlight
before I opened my eyes to the morning –
it was cool to the touch,
it sticks to the window screen,
the flipside of my pillowcase –
And lay on it till night
it flows from my fingertips,
this friendly air...

I am seven again with the grass beneath me, lush beneath my steps
I cleared across fields,
like a burst from a cloud –
Faster – lungs
filled with mists and pollen,
swallowing the sunlight,
coughing up blades
of grass,
I scratched my skin
and up came dandelions
floating to the sky
I gasped to reach –

I breathe sunlight from the trees
to see the past
in the ghost of my mind.
Sticky air clinging to the strands of my hair,
a wisp on my lower lip.