

# FRIENDLY AIR

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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.