

Spirits

I'm in this same field again,
counting the steps between flowers.
The petals wilt as I walk by,
changing from vibrant pink
to a brittle brown.

A gentle bubbling becomes louder.
The jagged river splits the field,
as if it was hastily cut into the ground.
The frogs croak on the same beat
and no rocks interrupt the current's smooth path.

The hypnotic sounds force my feet forward
and the river grows.
Each step makes the river darker
and soon the sand is no longer discernible.

My legs run without me again,
but away from the river.
I lie and say there was garbage before-
wrappers, pill bottles, even a bicycle.

A tree root moves to catch my feet
and my back hits the ground.
My eyes watch the cloudless sky.

Maybe I will become polluted too.

I feel the blades of grass enter
and exit the palm of my hand.
Eventually my hand feels worms
instead of grass. I let it happen.
A strong laugh interrupts,
and balls of dirt appear as I sit up.

Someone walks ahead with a flower-
the pink petals blowing.
His hand points to himself.
I rip a stem from its place
and run to catch up.