

## Becoming an Air Plant

When you hurled me across the room, I landed  
in the corner,  
unscathed  
tendrils rising, with a slight  
bounce  
to the left of the windowsill.  
A bottom-heavy sun sucker.  
Lemon lights lift the love of my life's labels  
as radial. Eternally  
Upright. Rising  
splendid against rootlessness. Puckering  
points taper grooved  
toothless movements of the throat.  
Have no fear,  
I won't bite you.  
I just want what your lungs have.  
The wind blows from bottom to top.  
Restlessness leads the slow dance  
Legs refuse to drag through  
dusty dregs.  
Limbs lose looseness upon contact with the  
carpeted ground. This room  
roosts resistance to movement  
Yet these days, the air on my  
bare skin is all  
I can feel.

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