As We Spiral Pine Tree Mountain

What small herbs of ice and wind are carried, glinting, seven spirals through a ring, this skin-tingling shiver-flickering ruckus of imported scent upon us, this space between our bodies and our shadows soft-footed in needles three feet deep? I confess I’ve watched you turn, out walking, to check how far behind I’ve fallen, and if too much, fling yourself to ground, coming home to this: this here home country, despite the foreign trees whose roots are tangled, like yours in mine, dropping down beside you in full sweat, the bed of your smile so worth it, out of breath, that I could lie here forever pouring the mountain through the pine, not once, but many times these past weeks, following the Bogong moth, and this—this untranslatable rush of heat sparked by your hand in mine, which shoots the bird in me straight up through the roar of history, that trap-door floor a canopy unhinging the sky in us as we fall, and fall, and rise in flood as sap inside a tree.

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