

Marveling We Will Reign

Every day I turn over the stone of the world
ready to be surprised
run my fingers through the wet dirt, heavy
with the musk of unborn mushrooms.
Its slime is the slick flash of salamander,
who begins life in the swamp and ends
in leaf litter. I too,
came naked and dripping
from darkness to a skin of fire,
am crouching, muddling through the mud,
knocking against beetles, mycelia, duff -
all our singular lives
rocked in the decaying,
astonishing world.