

Shallow Roots

You were a palm that year, open and waiting for an answer to a question you hadn't yet formed, something about that flagpole across the street, tall and empty, like that fountain in the park *pffft pffting* all limply, like the way you held hands with a stranger, strolling over coffee-stained grass; no, really it was something in your posture, the way you pocketed every moment, too busy thinking how happy you were to really be happy, seeking grounding in the small things, time-stamped songs playing on repeat (made you feel that you were part of something), went to your local which wasn't really your local, learnt that if you sat somewhere long enough, it became home. And yet, sometimes you could sit for years waiting for the roots to anchor, for the flowers to grow over your skin and knowing, in the end, they could never hold you anywhere.