

ROOTS OF OUR MARROW

LINDSEY HEATHERLY

take my hand and take a seat. lose your shoes and
loosen your jaw. here, have a drink—let the whiskey

warm your throat. you should know tomorrow
will be what it is but tonight, we will make it ours.

when hills to die on outnumber mountain summits
to explore, I will take your hand and lead you through

the junipers, to a clearing filled with trillium and aster;
wildflowers, where we will set our eyes upon the stars

and dream of a time to come when the roots of our marrow
will have more pull than a world engulfed by flames.