

From conception we are rooted to life.
Every cell perpetuates the thought-
I live or I die.
We originate from our pulsing
roots. We are nourished and
encouraged to thrive by the
most miraculous structure
I have ever beheld. Life smells like
the most fertile dirt,
the kind that you put into your garden
to nourish your crop. The soil
that you want to sift with your hands
through and get caught beneath
your finger nails.
Without our roots, we would be nothing.