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Exodus

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JENNIFER GRATHWOL

Exodus

And I woke to a waking death, a blue ceramic casket on the edge of my desk
cupping a gift, a gerbera daisy that died sometime before Christmas and it's been
two months, but not enough time for me to reconcile that life left alone cannot live.

And I woke shipwrecked, my savior here with this crumbling humble plant, yellow
leaves and brown stems bent over the side of the blue pot and it's not unexpected
to find holy ground in these dry bits of black and white soil still clinging to roots

like desert lungs breaking hot in the morning, burning parched and crackling like the dead
leaves are in my throat and I woke stale-mouthed to the lifeless roots of the holy land
and knew each breath was the dew on a leaf before the sun can snatch it up.