

A watercolor illustration with a torn-paper edge. The background is a mix of blue and white washes. In the foreground, there are several dark, rounded shapes representing train cars on tracks. Tall, thin, brown tree trunks with sparse green leaves are scattered throughout the scene. A single, bright red glove hangs from one of the tree branches on the right side. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

# It Is

a new year, but we know better. It is the same grimy fiddling under the bridge, the same larkspur boots chugging for the train, the same undeniable resolution of your matted hair. Love, those flowers heal with spikes. They are as petaled as you, and as fierce. Go ahead with your burnt rucksack. Go ahead with your one red glove. Box yourself, knowing this: that under the wheels of the car there are a million rivers that are carrying you away, and those rivers arrive at the same place, which is where you began. Which in my dream is where you are small and strong and your pale arms teach me to unbraid myself.

