

Here With Her

By Summer Jordan

She hummed softly, like a matronly nurse tending sickly babes. Brushing past sprigs and sprouts with a cautious ease - a familiarity with the earth beneath her feet and the bark beneath her palm.

She drifted in and out of the trees and roots - skin blending with rich earth and soft evening light.

Here with her - the steady breath of wind between the boughs, the subtle taste of honeysuckle and dandelion, and her soft, kind song...

Here I feel life. Aching through the crust and skin until it can settle in my chest - pulling at that distant heartbeat I felt I had lost so long ago.

Being here - with her - I feel at home.

Photograph by Taylor Smith

