

A Botanist's Anatomy

By Kat Garvin

Splinter my skull atop a tabletop
And ease inside my brain
Carried deeper into liquid thought
Roots grow thick in these veins
– Twisting, Twisting
Turned back, a work of clock
Your spirit buds through cerebrum
My muscles gawk and sputter
In decaying basements
I find you in an old tape recorder
Thought you were gone, brushed aside
Wooded brush inside
A jaded stem stemming through brain stems
Flowers in my mind
Wilting and rotted
Have you been growing here this whole time?
Twisting, Twisting?
Tearing through tissue
Winding through memory-laden synapses
Find me waiting aching
Nervously amidst nerves
Your roots rooted ravines and canyons grating
It seems you're still mine
Hiding where my vessels glide
I've been missing missing pieces, insisting
Was I growing there this whole time?
Deep in the recesses of your mind?
Moss like memory
– Twisting, Resisting
Splinter your skull and ease inside your brain
Where does my budding spirit reside?
My skeleton shaped shadow against unfamiliar membrane
If I can be found here, am I still Mine?