Izzy Srivastava

Submission 1

The trees are filled with light,

Gold glowing from the cracks between their leaves

The road beneath me is steep, so I walk

I’m pressed for time, but I’ll let myself do things the easy way

Just this once

Hello, my old friend

How long has it been since I gave you to the ground?

A year?

Not even that, I think

My God, so much has happened

More than you or I could ever have comprehended

That day I released you into an infinity all of your own

I remember burying you beneath stones and flowers

But in so short a time, you have been swallowed by earth

I dig my spade into the dirt,

The detritus of so many seasons gone and past

Fallen, decaying leaves

Rich and damp brown particles

Red berries flashing like bright jewels in the depths

Small rocks lodged within

Worms building transient tunnels, a lace of spider-webs suspended above

The edges of the tree stump rising in a dignified ruff

You have become a part of chaos, of confusion defying logic, of kerfuffle

Of life

Memories of expended energy, and new threads of existence

You have grown in ways I could never begin to imagine, blossomed into a world beyond my comprehension

You are more than you were, and you will become more than that with each passing day

What I thought to be an end was truly the beginning

To a story that has yet to unfold

Into your depths, I thrust tokens of my own life

My own story

They are as rudely injected as organ transplants

But I know that you will accept them,

These withered specks of once-there,

Painted metal that has taken on more meaning than ever before,

I know that they will join your little universe,

Your caverns and channels and hidden treasures

The plants will dissolve,

From seedlings to nutrients to dirt, cradling the sprouts of another spring, a season of new life

But you, and Batman,

The two of you will live on,

Someday, perhaps, to be found, unearthed by an archaeologist

And they will hem and haw over these strange trinkets,

Conclude that it was nothing but careless poisoning of the Earth,

When you and I know it meant so much more

I gave to you these things, objects of bittersweet memory, that they may be pure,

Welcomed into your home,

More of my heart, given over to this little patch of land

I did what I could

I arranged a ring of stones over your grave, marked the spot with a brilliant gold tulip,

A shining figment of sunlit warmth, vivid green grass, wind lapping over skin

So that all who passed would see my love for you,

Written the only way I could think

I spoke to you, as I always do,

Telling you of my life,

Making you the promises I will build into every part of myself,

Every action, bond, and dream

I admired your glory,

Weathered, commonplace, simplicity itself

Yet, remarkable

And all those who walk by will not know—how could they?—how much you really are

Poetry, in presence

Making the ordinary extraordinary

Memories and words, woven here in this sacred ground

Marking who we once where, what can and will be

The days that have been, and the days that will come

I will come back

Maybe not for days, maybe not for weeks

But I will think of you, golden light and rushing streams, stones that have felt my blood, and radiant flowers

A shrine to each blow that reveals *me*, hidden in my block of marble

*I love you,* I said, say, will say

I love you, I love you, I love you…