

Vietnam

The air here conjures sweat
from my body like stalks
rise and twist from their roots
to split through the concrete,
tile, and stone organized
as the timestamps of human
presence, reasserting
the permanence of green,
the dominance of what will
continue to be long
after we're extinct.

As I lose my moisture
to the thick, greedy heat,
leaving trails of salt
across my terrain, something
in nature is regained:
a flow of life, perhaps,
or just the quiet confidence
that what has been controlled
will one day, once more, be untamed.