

held here

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Blades of grass sprout between my toes
as I stand where the hill meets the ground.
I grow with the grass because I cannot move—
give me time, dirt will root me to this spot.

As I stand where the hill meets the ground,
sod and soil cascade, collect at my ankles.
Give me time, dirt will root me to this spot;
I need days to stop the avalanche after me.

Sod and soil cascade, collect at my ankles,
more falls and I'm held here holding it behind.
I need days to stop the avalanche after me—
To let anything go bodes badly. I'll be buried.

More falls and I'm held here holding it behind,
bigger and broader grows the load I cannot leave.
To let anything go bodes badly: I'll be buried,
I will. Make a change, lift one foot, run—where?

Bigger and broader grows the load. I cannot leave,
I grow with the grass. Because I cannot move,
I will make a change. Lift one foot, run, where
blades of grass sprout between my toes.