

The Biofilm

For years I've lived a foreign dream
Images from my past
pressed between pages of a book
tucked beneath covers to keep watch as a I sleep

Years have blurred the faces
and now I cannot recall who
I already know or
where I've been before

I walk to the grocery store
on days when I ache for humid summers
the place where my childhood lays buried in the dirt
under the comfort of a dogwood tree

I peruse the aisles in search of beers brewed in America
I run my fingers over the labels and think
Too bad they don't sell these bottles in dollars
I might feel less alone

I'm not sad
but lately the gap
between empty and filled
has become narrow

There's a tapping in my heart and it won't stop
I distract myself with mindless tasks
the floors are swept and
I'm learning to drive on the wrong side of the road

On the walk back to my building
I watch the sunset wash across the horizon
The last rays of the sun pierce the clouds
They blanket the sky

The stars remind me of my brother
his love for them is wide
We all wish to rise like the corporate ghosts
stretched tall as gods

I belong in the liminal space
where water meets the air — a biofilm of sorts
where life teams in ways we cannot see
where each organism races to live, to be