Rooted

Mardelle Fortier
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Mardelle Fortier

On an eroded bank, roots are exposed-
some black, some bleached,
often dried and chipped off at the ends,
knobby, twisting, snarling,
reaching into a pond, bearded with loose
moss like ancient greenish hair,
some gaunt, others bloated with food.

All of the roots reaching, trying, grasping
in black dirt and gummy clay.
They are never satisfied, never secure.
They clamber after more and more safety,
which crumbles and they wind and wail
wanting not to ascend
hoping to descend.

Humans aspire toward stars;
roots want to bury themselves.
They love the ground, terra firma.
Their wish: not to fly, not to
conquer outer space. They crouch, huddle,
grovel for the status quo, stay in one place
if possible for years, decades.
And they burrow, hang on;
victory to them would mean: Never to move.