

Somewhere outside these four walls  
oleander beckons me,  
lilies allure,  
ivy scales my legs, my torso, my neck, and  
tilts my head to the sun,  
uprooting me,  
disconnecting me from this hushed  
earth.

“Isn’t it peaceful? Isn’t it quiet?”  
so you say.

Dream no longer, for  
every breath you expel  
acts as paraquat,  
tainting the vegetation,  
hindering my ascent.

*“weedkiller”*