

## **Climbing Trees**

*“The tree’s were always permanent. They  
were access to the aether, but still deeply  
rooted in the ground.”*

*—Brit Marling*

A place forgotten. Memories  
shattered like glass, cutting through  
thin-skinned hands that scrape this sidewalk  
on a street I know I will leave.

I asked my father  
for climbing trees  
every time we moved.  
Trees where my small feet can push  
off the dry moss and fly like dust,  
becoming one with this streaming  
air I breathe.

Trees where I  
can climb to the top and  
feel held by these solid branches.

Trees where I  
inhale the divine wind  
that's given to me by the  
aether, and I still  
feel grounded through these roots.

Trees that,  
can still stand tall in my mind  
despite the chaos of  
a scattered assortment  
of recollection.

And I can remember a split second  
where I felt cosmic.

