

Miles Enriquez-Morales

roots

wearing my body
out with vigilance, self-
policing.
my body also her body also my
shame.
our body also the way which i resist
the wilted fate writ
in wrinkles,
in gene deep determination.
her body also my
fear, aches and pains and unseen
growths, weary and worn.
we take our heart to the soil
and plant it in the cool dark
night.
sewn together, apart.