

Her arm stretches through an opening,
to a burst of green leaves just out of reach,
coming up through a wound.

A weed with desperate tendency —
awaiting starvation

by city poison — it goes unnoticed.

But to her it's:

food —

medicine —

history —

home.

Resisting alienation.

Fingers pull tender foliole into her palm,
then she lifts it from the ground —
rescued before runoff.

Her energy spills over the brim.

She pauses for a moment
and gently puts the plant
into a plastic bag.

I step over

her

and continue.