

Revival

by Katie Evans

I am here,
trees climb the sky,
reaching for stars,
pulling them down in rain.
The ground is buoyant,
alive with moss
and decay
or rebirth.
Wind pulls branches
into swaying dances,
giving them life
through movement.
Roots stretch—
a tapestry
connecting the trees,
bringing their dance to the ground
so even the saplings can sway along.
Leaves rustle,
feathers rustle,
wings beat
to the rhythm of the wind.
I am part of this dance.
Those wings are my own.
I am alive

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