

ROOTS

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For a body that knows little about belonging,
I wonder what makes me believe “grow” is the word that saves me the most.

Some days, I am the seed. I bury myself in the earth,
waiting for something larger than me to pull me toward the light.
I can wait my whole life for a rain that does not call my name.

It’s a shame—my reaching. Imagine a forest so vast it never ends.
Now imagine a girl, emerging from the undergrowth,
grasping for branches that do not bend to her hands.

Let me be called a half-root. I start to dig, then hesitate.
I am terrified of anchoring. I am terrified of every wild thing
that dares to rise taller than I.

I do not survive it. It makes me open, stretches me thin.
It makes me see for the first time, and oh how heavy,
oh how light—changes me, tangles me in green.
I am a fallen leaf still warm with the sun.
I am the hush of pine needles at dusk.
I am the silence before the wind takes me.
I am a night full of trees, and the earth remembers my weight.

I surrender.
I am here.
I am the forest’s faith after all these years.