

"I Picture Us Sitting Like a Beginning"

By Toni Brennan

I Picture Us Sitting

in a comfortable silence content and on top of a hill.
We don't really need to talk but there are points where I hear you try to
converse through various sighs and stares. Few of them sounded
intentional, each placed specifically like blades of grass in the ground.
I'm sure you hear me try to converse through the ends of my limbs, be it
by heel of foot or palm of hand. I couldn't believe anything that wasn't
said concretely, so we continued to sit on soil.

There is a waterfall at the bottom of the hill that falls silently because of
the distance between us

and free

falling

movement.

The in-between holds curious echoes of words that were
whispered across but never met
another side. No one was there to catch them in the first place, only the
branches that were ready to

break, and the leaves that were starting to
crumble. It came in cycles with the seasons.

But we shared the same cliff. And the grass was still green and dewy.
Sometimes it felt as though you were sat atop that waterfall, and I,
the rocky hilltop where we only had the option to see this small, muted
version of one another.

Earth and water also lay between you and I, separating...
me and you.

Ironically,

it looked like holding onto the middle of a scale to find balance.
Somehow, simultaneously while it supported the balls of our feet and our
spines as they spread into the ground, slowly.

Claiming, what?

Bones have been here before and bones will be here after, but where will
mine fall? Solidly, or as dust?

I'm scared to think about a place where your bones won't be nearby.
I'd rather dig past the six feet within myself and bury the organs that
bridged the gap between

bliss

and

decay.

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To drink through a liver, next to the river, unconsciously awake.
To burn through lungs, hole to your funds with your pockets gasping.
To slice a heart unevenly and waiting only mere seconds, to stitch each
jagged half back onto your two sleeves,
again. She is too precious.

Again, do you think I am going to pressurize into the ground like a

sedimentary
rock showcasing
tightly compacted
stages of my life?

or floating— down a river in

p r t e s
a i c l

so as to say— these are the parts of me

that will never be together again.

It is there that Earth and Water lay parallel to each other. Down a river in
contentment.

I share tone of voice. I share touch. I share associations.

I share many attributions of the ones that came before me. But those
bones sat differently. That skin bruised differently. This tongue twists
risky and these hands touch with meaning and all I am trying to do
is sit beside you on this damn rock and hold your hand the way you need
it to be for this body.

Tell me. When you're ready. I'll listen,
first and foremost.

In order for us to both see the waterfall for what it is,
not what it's trying to be.

And I recognize that now. This is my sorry.

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Change will come with that as water renews, rather, reworks. Though,

I associate this water with tears. Nevertheless, a cathartic tide superseding it. I look to you and see you stuck on the view ahead.

The movement holds you in place. But the water rushes
all
over
us,

Our clothes drenched in what we have claimed unattainable yet,
here we are dripping in it. But we won't drown. We breathe.
To say it with your chest, is to let the water run freely,
collecting rock, dust, and debris along the way, sure, but still free.

I ask you to look at me.

The bones that built my own poking my neck to
look at someone
when you are talking to them.

It was hard to be vulnerable by word of mouth and in eye contact.
Afterwards, sounds of flowing water fills our ears along with the rush of
wind. Brushing treetops are gracefully sharing space with the sky.

Now. This feels like understanding.

Also maybe confusion, but things are moving again and making noise.
Things are alive.

Even the bones that rest
beneath us, are alive—
alive in the way that we confront the day.

I'm looking at the moon as the sun,
and seeing the sun from the moon's eyes.

Last night I saw the hilltop and I saw an end.

This morning I'm watching the waterfall and it falls
Like a Beginning.