

always the procreant urge of the world

by Lili Raynaud

wind through phantom leaves whisper to me the urge
to part the strands on your face and
trace your scars with my fingertips. louder still, the urge
to sink my hands into the earth and
feel like myself again— like you in me. urge,
say the phantom leaves, urge like sunlight, always
thrumming below your ribcage, like the
train on its tracks, like the procreant
whisper of the trees. urge
them to become us, you of me & me of
you. i'll run my hand through your hair & quiet the
branches for a moment. as they blossom into the world.