

I hope I last

I'm a Greenland shark,
and this is a marathon of a life.
It's going to get better,
Then worse, then better again.

Today in the woods I walked
from hickory to hickory,
marking my path by the bark and the nuts on the ground.
I thought about knowing the woods like the back of my hand,
or like the back of my child's hand,
which I hold for hours every day
and know far better than my own.
People foraged in forests before and they will after
and I felt that, and it felt good.
I thanked myself for being alive.
I hope I last a long time.

I am a deep-rooted tree.
I pull the water up from the depths
for my shallow-rooted neighbors to drink.
They shade my soil and we
are holding fungal hands underground.

The hickory trees told me that you can want to die
and still live.
Radical acceptance. Sobreviviendo.
I can live around my immense pain,
maybe even for a very long time.