

Micaela Walley

IN ANOTHER LIFE, I AM SITTING IN THE SUN

Maybe I want to find the waterfall because I am
nothing like it. All jagged rock

comes to a point, then softens beneath
the heavy body of a river. I am more corpse

than body. If by *sedentary*, you mean grit
clogs the streams of muscle which connect

my soured bones, then yes. I often lie
still. I have boulders, too,

in the crevices of my shoulders. You
can hear them hesitate to shift

when I remember to move. It isn't enough
to dream of water without first

learning to swim. To be someone is to be
a structure worth wandering the woods for,

is to be what makes the river plunge
over and back into itself.