

2 Myself in the Forest

Rachel Lockwood

The same way the sun dapples leaves,
my bare skin flashing Through branches .
I watch my bum go round a corner.
With every crouched lunge my uneven boobs wobbling.
I am so close I can reach out and touch the soft push of my stomach.
The ferns are crawling closer, roots spiral, soil shivers in the aftermath,
my take off through the trees.
Shudder in a breath like an arrow, like
a child tracing a line in the air from your mouth to your lungs and back out again,
we are hunters and stalkers- chasing ourselves down.
the ground clutching at our twin feet. I have been here since dawn. I have been
here since
I was born. I was born here. Running the trails,
naked body sprawling, reaching out to any kind of parasite.
I sit opposite myself, palms touching. Same breath floating between us. Our toes
wiggle in tandem. Our spines spin
the same way.

