in front of me

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I find myself in green things. in sprouts and florescent scents.
I find myself in curvy things. in thick hipped sisters, dancing over a garden of pink tulips, their two hips moving to the sound of harmony. my sisters’ voices. sopranos, some bass, high vocal tenors, sang, all for the local green caterpillars- I find myself in these. the voices locked in my head. i sing for them with my two pink lips of oneness with my sisters winding flowers, flowers we got from the ground in our gardens. twisted stems of picked pink tulips we weir as crowns. i find myself in broken smiles. In real feeling and shared memories, pieces so we can remember, we become one when we are physically together. our two strong fists’ clamp with one another. her sweaty palm in mine. my clammy palm in hers. fluid. tears. substance. i find myself in these things. the things where i am you. and you are me. and we are everything we feel. and everything we see is us. i find myself in all of us. in all there is. the things in front of me.