

**Tommer Peterson**

**Tuesday writing prompt: Teju Cole, *Open City***

*( If this gets read aloud, I nominate Alex Tavares to read it.)*

Picture or a moment

those small feathered gods

not weighed to the surface

by gravity

like you and I

Metabolism and heart rates

beyond imagination

keep their tiny wings in motion

for hundreds of miles

far beyond what we could endure

even for a moment

But enough of all that

the important question is

What changed

Where are you now

Why am I here alone

floating in this unknown place

like a dandelion seed

or cottonwood

borne on the wind

The superpower of

dandelions is to grow seeds

with extravagant feathery hats that carry them aloft

The Queen would be envious

The superpower of

Himalayan blackberries is to grow seeds

that are indigestible

so birds carry them on the wind

in their bellies

until they are pooped out and fertilized

all in one fell swoop

But enough of all that

These words scatter in the air

Shattered drifting

heard or unheard

remembered fondly

or maybe not at all

Careful where you step

these tiny beginnings

are most fragile

as they first unfold