

## Marveling We Will Reign

Every day I turn over the stone of the world  
ready to be surprised  
run my fingers through the wet dirt, heavy  
with the musk of unborn mushrooms.  
Its slime is the slick flash of salamander,  
who begins life in the swamp and ends  
in leaf litter. I too,  
came naked and dripping  
from darkness to a skin of fire,  
am crouching, muddling through the mud,  
knocking against beetles, mycelia, duff -  
all our singular lives  
rocked in the decaying,  
astonishing world.