

## Walnut

a rotted walnut, one  
that fell from the tree

seasons ago, one  
that's been buried,

buried so deep, its shell  
is now sculpted to earthly-

brown, still preserved:  
its outside, still, right now,

shut tight to the world  
outside. But slice it open

and it's soft, so much softer  
than one might think.

Pull apart its two palms.  
Inside, where you guess

it's crumbled, it's crumbled.  
There are lines like paper cuts.

But the meat is pliable:  
when you press the cracks

together, they seal. They hug.  
Its shape lips in your hand.

The fruit, freshly halved,  
sweetens to the light.

When you breathe in—slow,  
waking breaths—the air has flavor

like hummingbird nectar,  
like magnolia-infused rain.

But everywhere, there is sun.  
But everywhere—on the cups of leaves,

on the blades of grass—there are  
these drops of dew.