Interchapter 1B

Reading Backwards

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About the Author

Wyatt is a biologist and poet who graduated from Western Washington University in 2019. He is currently taking time off before pursuing graduate school in biology. The editors welcome communication about this piece through the Studio’s email: rws@wwu.edu.

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rising over the canopy.
if I see a blue smoke signal
or sooner,
ready to return the next spring,
so, I leave
to maintain flourishing
you have all the tools you need
I can see that the forest is yours

I also came here to learn.
and I remember
your own uprooting,
by twisting the stem,
you pull the next flower
about the forest,
And just when I thought I knew everything

until we each have a bundle.
we pull flowers out of the understory
Together,
You watch, practice the motion, and dig a stem from the dirt.
showing you how to turn up roots.
and I pull up a single flower
just below the surface
A gentle pinch

You must have forgotten you planted them.
before the trees can throw shade.
blooming into the sun
but I notice the first spring buds
everything is winter,
At our table,

and now you can’t make out anything.
for it to all snap into place,
waiting for the glass to break,
holding your eyelids open
You spent so much time
just before the finish line.
announcing the fall
as your words tripped over themselves
I greeted the panic

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