

flourish, algae
rijaa khan

You were young,
bluer than the
blue sky that
hung behind you.

I was younger,
grayer than the
polluted river we found
following the creek.

A spider was always
dancing on the water,
its body oscillating
with the moon's pull.

It is a little, little thing that
everyone sees but no one speaks about.

You told me once,
in a hushed whisper:
*the creek looks like land at night,
when the water is still enough.*

I was staring at the spider. But what I wanted to say was,
*so does the sky, and
we could walk to it if you wanted to.*

