**Inner Eden**

By Rosemerry Trommer

And if I found in me

a spot of land where

anything could grow—

some miraculous soil

that knows only yes—

then what would

I dare sow?

In such tender

territory, even breath

might take root.

A whisper becomes

a seed becomes

an unknowable

flowering. A song,

of course, I’d

plant a love song.

But imagine if,

as I knelt, lips to earth,

a loneliness spilled

from my pockets,

strewing its millions

of tired spores

throughout the plot.

And what if an arrow

from an old wound

chose then to dislodge?

Is it in fear or in joy

I dance at the edge

of inevitable fertility, longing

for the impossible—

to plant only beauty,

its fruits reseeding

all around us growing

only more beauty,

more beauty.