

terrarium

for chela

it is breathing earth when she finds it,
a gangly youth fed on condensed air,
watered by maritime light.

the fern has sprawled out, spotted up.
its neonates palpate the dimpled
heights of enclosure.

how integral, she marvels, how inviolate.
eager to exist in the liminal world,
bursting with self-containment.

Published in *Hecate* (2011) 38(1&2), p. 91