



House Plant

Miriam Manglani

It's always been there
on the side table,
long after you left me,
growing bigger as I tend to it—
its branches spilling over the side of the table—
entwining—the way we used to when we slept together,
my legs wrapped securely around yours,
our desires gushing like hot summer rain
as we grew into each other,
anchored merged roots
into the soil of our world.