

## Green Moments of Separation

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# Green Moments of Separation

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*Crystal Anderson*

I.

The plastic tyre hung from the red-bud tree.

When bee season was over,  
the purple canopy having dissipated,  
I revolved; the diameter of me  
resisted the centrifugal.

The nearest stable bodies – bushes –  
stretched into green  
moments of separation.

I've filled a need:  
flying without flying.

II.

Legs working like hummingbird wings.  
They are short. They are mine.  
Hills are the hardest, the tensity at odds  
with what I am supposed to be.

I ended up on my back, bits of the tor's scree  
giving me up, bouncing my head  
off winter-wet grass and mud.  
I sucked in biting breath, laughed

fast as two wing beats.

Vision became my childhood tyre,  
all the while your footfalls settled  
print by print. The Mother Hill held you  
but had shivered off the roads.

III.

At the Crushing Stone, the ewe held up a front hoof  
as if in pain. With measured steps  
on the three remaining limbs,  
it kept its distance from the site's many visitors.

You said she might be put down.

We'll never know.

Both are causes for grief.

IV.

We found the farm after the rain tapered off;  
roots-like-bones delivered us as a limb  
running from flock to shepherd.

The intention was to let the owners in  
on the secret limping through the underbrush.  
In the courtyard, the black cat met us alone.