

LAST YEAR, I REALISED WHAT EMOTIONS WERE

by SELENA KNOOP

It hasn't rained in ten days, pollen building
up in the stratosphere, a yellow cloud blows
into your eyes on every walk, watery eyes
but without the tingling sensation in your sinuses that is
supposed to go along with it.

A yellow cloud between you and everything
making you even more far-sighted than you already are
on the best of days, breath too shallow, the pharmacist
smiles at you compassionately as you already know how
to administer the dosage.

She hopes for rain and from five metres away you tell her

yes

there are two ways to walk back into yourself and one of them
is a cascade, but you are a plunge.

Fast-moving water falls vertically, completely losing contact with the bedrock surface¹

Like the air never quite reaching the bottom of your
lungs unless it is mixed with other solid particles.

You pull a chair up because if you are staying
at a five metres distance you might as well get
comfortable and you do not like the rain unless it has already happened, but isn't
everything like that, which is maybe not a grandiose thought, but those are hard to come by
when

the earth is already separating,
parched, hydrophobic, hardpan, lotus leaf,
struck with a hoe, seeds imbibed, pale shoots looking for cracks, surfacing with
considerable force.

*Disturbance of soil can result in vigorous plant growth by exposing seeds already in the
soil [...] where germination may have previously been inhibited by depth of the seeds or
soil that was too compact. This is often observed at gravesites after a burial.²*

What you would need from it, is honestly
too straight-forward to even write down.

¹ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Waterfall#Types>.

² <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Germination>.