

dried herbs

Heather Anne-Marie Prost

I am sprigs of fresh rosemary
a lavish bushel in July
purple-green botanical
warm from the sun
growing
growing
growing

sudden detachment
plucked and
strung up
bound tight
I can't breathe
in this room

and you mortar and pestle
cracked grey stone
strong
i'm weak
pulverize me
floral pine needles
are merely dust

separated fragments
stored in airtight mason jars
perched on cheap Ikea racks
claustrophobic eggshell kitchen
masking tape labels
your name scribbled
instead of mine

