

Thursday morning

by [Laura Grace Weldon](#) in the [June 17, 2020](#) issue

Darkness frees me to stand nightgowned  
on the porch, watch  
the dogs merge into shadow,  
snuffle, pee, reappear.

I stretch, inhale summer's warm weight,  
imagine staying in this spot  
while what has to be done  
swirls by undone.

I imagine a taproot growing down my spine,  
out my feet, through the porch floor  
and deep underground,  
rootlets reaching all directions.

Imagine remaining here so long  
I fade from sight, although  
everyone crossing this portal  
pauses as they pass through my arms.