

On Rooftops—pg. 12

Caroline Edmunds-Latham

I wanted to write about nice things,
things that made people smile.
Maybe even see things slightly more iridescent.

I wanted to write about the sun.
About how warm it was and how maybe
it was the transparent rays that carried the colours of
flowers.

I wanted to write about the wind.
And how it wasn't a force, but how maybe
it was a presence.
Something that wrapped itself around you when
you could find no company, and how it reminded you
that maybe you weren't as cold as you thought.

I wanted to lay under a tree.
And lay there in silence and let the grass grow into
my lungs.

I wanted to write about the ocean.
About how it changed its mood in the company
of the sun and the moon,
and how it played with the wind.
How I wanted to sink to the bottom because
maybe it would be easier to walk down there.

I wanted to write about things that were not human.
The things I could latch myself onto.
I wanted to let things grow inside of me,
the things that would not disappear.

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