What is the halfway point at which we measure what we've done against what remains? How fat we've let our hearts get or how flattened? The airs we've released our spirits to and the grounds we've prepped for its return? The measured body springing up and slowly sinking into some great green field ripe with the fresh smells of newly uncovered joys? May pollens propel us to seek a strong napkin, a cool belly to lay our heads on as we turn the pages of an electronic book. At which point do we no longer wonder if we're just wandering or if we've finally arrived to greet ourselves, to embrace the disastrous you, the you brimming over with the heat of science, the wrath of love that slid from your fingers thirty years ago. God.

Thirty years ago. Forty years ago. Twenty. Ten. What is the halfway point, the ferocious line of no return? My little one says she believes in reincarnation and I can only hope that in another life I met you all in other bodies and will once again meet you after this body is over and done with. It is at this point, isn't it, that we begin to dream forward, far forward into the beyond future? The ants beneath my covered feet, the fly trapped between a window, a screen and the freedom of outdoors, the aged dog scrambling up a steep staircase, the curious bird tippled from its high point, the flowers fraught between the sharp
blades of scissors early this morning, carefully stuffed into a jar, transported from here to there.

This is the point, isn’t it, to get here, to this point, of not memory, of new wonderings, of acceptance that before this point, you fucked it up a thousand times, and after this point, you will do it all over again. Trees, did you know, refuse to let themselves simply die. Reincarnation as active movement, the forever feeding, Life forcing itself into constant awakenings. Friends, my love for you is arboreal. Evergreen beneath the surface.

About the author

Metta Sáma is author of *Swing at your own risk* (Kelsey St. Press, 2019), *the year we turned Dragon* (Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs, 2016), and *After “Sleeping to Dream”/After After* (Nous-zot Press, 2014), among other titles.

Sáma directed both the Center for Women Writers (CWW) and the creative writing program and chaired the English Department at Salem College in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where she also taught. Sáma served on the advisory board of Black Radish Books and on the board of Cave Canem Foundation, Inc. She is the founder of Artists Against Police Brutality/Cultures of Violence and is a senior fellow at the Black Earth Institute.