

Once

We were part of Outside  
And Outside was part of us.  
There was nothing between us.

Now

Sometimes even when  
we're outside...  
we're inside.

We forget Outside is there.

So Outside reminds us  
with flashes at the window  
and slow magic tricks.

It sends the sunset  
and shadows inside  
to play.

Outside sings to us  
with chirps  
and rustles  
and tap-taps on the roof.

It beckons with smells:  
sunbaked,  
fresh,  
and mysterious.

Outside feeds us.  
Sun, rain, and seeds  
become warm bread  
and berries.



Outside cuddles us  
in clothes,  
once puffs of cotton.

It holds us  
in wooden chairs,  
once trees.

We feel Outside  
in the warm weight of our cats  
and the rough fur of our dogs.

Outside shows us  
there is a time to rest  
and a time to start fresh.

Outside steals inside:  
a spider seeking shelter,  
a boxelder bug in the bath,  
a tiny snail on kale.

Even rivers come inside:  
cool water rushing,  
eager to return to the sea.

*I'm here,*  
Outside says.  
*I miss you.*

Outside waits...  
And we answer.

