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## What If I Were Dirt?

Jonathan Garrison

I'd memorize your steps, Madeline,  
to be retraced if you found yourself lost,  
catch you if you stumbled, stain your jeans, cling  
to the skin beneath your nails as you  
planted sweet birch saplings, frail. I'd hide  
in the corner beyond your broom's reach,  
carried on an April breeze, beneath  
your eyelids I'd slide – be a fleeting  
malaise. During a summer's rain, I'd swallow  
your Birkenstocks – be washed from your body with  
sunflower-scented soap. I'd be the patches  
of Mother Nature's field and forest  
quilt for your eyes to fancy as you glide  
high above to visit your mother on the Pacific  
Coast. Swept seaward, I'd shape valleys, deep –  
compact, amass, build mountains, high. As you set  
your sails toward cities, unseen,  
I'd wait for you across the sea.