

**Petrichor** by Emma Scrivens

There are days I find myself frozen.  
Lost. Muted. There are days I am traveling  
too quickly to move, moving too slowly to be.  
On those days, fog clouds inside of my eyes.  
The clouds give gentle pressure to my  
sinuses, my cranium, a throbbing expansion. On those days,  
I find comfort in petrichor.

The After. After the flood, the fire, the  
baptism of hail and storm and rain. When the  
fires have died and my soul is unshackled,  
I find solace in the rising rain. When  
the world flips upside down, and the  
rain falls into the sky. When the  
soil begins to float in thin sheets, a  
hovering fog between heaven and hell.

Fat drops of liquid atmosphere slither  
down green crabgrass fronds that slice through my shins.  
My polyester clothing itches  
and my skin protests in the watery green field  
in which I lay. But I cannot pry  
myself from the cold  
seeping slowly into my bones.  
How can I tear the anchor of my soul  
away, and shove back into its cage the  
spirit that leaps amongst the dissipating clouds?