

Elements of a Daydream

stillness

Monday rain drips down the windowpane in my aunt's kitchen
I study my mom peel an orange against the kitchen sink
citrus mist glimmers in the air as her fingers strip the pulp from the peel

light

the 8 am sun glazes over the rose quartz crystal
pink and warm
reminds me of that Rumi poem —

“I am like the ruby held up to the sunrise
is it still a stone, or a world made of redness?
it has no resistance to sunlight
the ruby and the sunlight are one.”

buoyancy

in the bathtub, I place my palm against the still surface of the water
there's no resistance — just muscle and gravity
I feel heavy and crave oneness
submerge myself into the watery womb

mental flight

I sprawl out on the bed and my foot kicks a picture off the bedside table by accident.
I'm four years old. It's October. I'm wearing a sun hat and smirking — eyes caught on
something outside the frame. In front of my small self is a large pink sedum plant. They attract
butterflies.

Google says that this plant encourages autonomy, “It works as a pivot-point between receptivity
and flight. The essence or energy of the plant helps us to receive from others, pause to
integrate, and then soar with our own wings.”

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