

## Spanish Moss

*By Kalani Staudacher*

Before I moved here, I never knew  
How all the streets are garlanded  
For a wedding between old souls  
Bright air and heavy moisture  
Which have made their home here

Turn your gaze up —  
Up, like the eye following a bird  
into the light  
evaporating  
between trees  
Up  
to those unsolid stalactites, which linger still  
Wavering like ghosts  
filled with the abandonment inherent  
in feasting on emptiness,  
The support needed to stay here,  
with those whose roots are not your own

like light caught in windows,  
dust on a bookshelf, condensation,  
Winter's final breath  
These are the things that remain.  
Bundled with bright splintered leaves  
tethered together like bouquets

Stretch your fingers up  
To the highest octave of a piano, the quietest tinkling  
And you will know what this is:  
A barely audible jubilee, a path to hold hands on  
Saying:  
Meet in the middle, mingle, unite  
And then hear that elusive celebratory note  
Which remains visible  
when all else has dispersed