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Twilight

—*Mount Batukaru, Tabanan, Bali*

Tree against dusky sky is shadow.

Creatures wind-carried
by oncoming darkness.
Seed-light, bat-eyed.

Birds beehive towards branches.

I like the way I smell in the forest.
Different. Stink & sap & mulch.
I rouse myself.

Meanwhile my father has wormed
farther into his grave.

Do I belong in a field, too?
I've been beholden enough.

When I leave this earth,
let me disappear fully.
Quicker than vesper.
Lightning-sharp.