

## *Common Ground*

LAURA GRACE WELDON

What's incomplete in me seeks refuge  
in blackberry bramble and beech trees,  
where creatures live without dogma  
and water moves in patterns  
more ancient than philosophy.  
I stand still, child eavesdropping on her elders.  
I don't speak the language  
but my body translates as best it can,  
wakening skin and gut, summoning  
the long kinship we share with everything.