

Follicle

The follicle is shown on screen as black,
a fullness that looks empty, something like snow
a static interrupting. As the camera
draws near, the image swells towards
us, warps, then curves away

disappears into its own dark. All week
I've been walking into spiderwebs, says the doctor
plucking at his face and hair, at the ghost
of the sticky silver and the spider hunting
on the back of his neck. My pathway,

he says, has become a kind of tunnel
through interlocking glass-green ferns.
I water the plants at high noon forgetting
it'll boil the roots. It's not my strong suite,
he says, gardening. Not my superpower.

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