

*The only tree in the desert sits still.* It's Body dancing through the heat, but beyond the heat it just sits still. A spill of men appears from over there. Just beyond the furthest point your eyes can reach. There, just there. They pass the threshold you saw as a boundary. Did you get that feeling deep within? That feeling that only comes with seeing someone else's efforts work. Such a surreal feeling, to feel entitled to be the only one thinking, the only one breathing at any given time. You haven't passed the boundary because we don't want you out. If you were to turn to dust you would just rest upwards on the walls of this dome. Not even a small spec of you could leave. You can't take off and not expect your skin to reject foreign air. It's a slow burn from the soles of your feet upwards. And you feel it. As if the blood has broken down your bones and all of it has sunken to keep you grounded, to keep you put. And what comes with stillness but time. And what comes with a song but a humming of things before the big crash appears.

Have you seen things in me you identify with yet? You must see something at least, at least of what's left. With no structure in my spine you locate the middle of my back, press the end of a stick into it and push with force, and in a swift moment you hoist me up as an umbrella. My body arched upwards at the sun. And with my whole chest I feel its burn. Is this what I am? A small dome used to hide you. Or am I a compass. Is the curve of my back and the meeting of your stick a tool.

*"Now"*

a voice asks you.

*"Do you accept me as my current size?"*

You ponder as if there's no urgency to the question. You don't rush to sympathise. You just stand still.

You stand as the only tree in the desert.

Pressed into the ground.

