

It's easier to write poetry about dead things

because I can tell myself I'm breathing
new life into them.

Instead of sacrificing that which is already breathing
at the altar of the static image.

But my images aren't static. If you put down
a book of my poems, it will be empty

when you come back. The words so full of
life they ran right off the page, marching

through your house, breaking windows
and setting little fires in your shoes.

You know what they say;
you can never read the same poem twice.

I read that in a poem once, and when I read it again
it said the same thing.

*I could say If I find some petunias in the wild
cut them from their roots, and give them to you*

we call that romance
but it's a trite criticism.

Whoever *we* is, we know
that the real love is in the after.

Is in the *you* putting water in a vase
trying—for a short time—

to keep alive
these dead things you've been handed.

***Originally published [here](#)**

elegy to bees

i used to write poems about dying
now i write poems about flowers
blooming
which i think means
i'm closer to death

write what you know
they say, but i think we write what we're drawn to
what feels farthest away
most unattainable

what does it mean
to be alive
in a dying world

to open oneself

what does it mean
to be a field of sunflowers
and watch
as every bee on earth
falls from the sky

***Originally published [here](#)**

Created Myth

After Mathias Svalina

In the beginning God wondered
where everything that wasn't

there yet came from, but
God couldn't think of a good explanation

so they just proclaimed *I did it*.
And the first human asked *When?*

And God said *Just now*.
And the first human became

aware of themself and
instantly got a terrible headache

and said *Ow. Jesus. Why would this exist?*
And God said *You just need some ibuprofen*

And the first human said *Oh yeah*, but then
they remembered ibuprofen didn't exist yet,

and also that they weren't supposed to be a human yet.
Just as they were turning back into a singularity

a melody got stuck in their head. The one
that was playing in the grocery store earlier.

The annoyingly catchy one that the first human
was ashamed to admit they liked.

They racked their brain to remember the lyrics
but their brain wasn't there because they

were a singularity now.
So, then they expanded

into hydrogen and helium and
all kinds of other elements and

stars and planets and
all kinds of living organisms

and then they became aware of themselves again
and decided they liked being called human.

This time there were a lot of them
and they would get cold and hungry sometimes.

And sometimes when they saw each other
cold and hungry, they would wrap each other

in blankets and make each other soup,
but sometimes they wouldn't help each other

at all. They'd just say *you should work harder*
as they ate food grown by their underpaid employees

on land they inherited after their great grandparents
stole it from someone else.

And sometimes the first human who was cold and hungry
would get so angry at the first human who was hoarding wealth

that they would spend all day fantasizing about beating
them to death. They would get so angry they'd forget

to drink water. Forget to love themselves.
Forget about the time their partner surprised them

on a Wednesday night with a bouquet of their favorite flower—
pansies—and some Chinese takeout. Forget about how

for a few hours they both pretended the rent wasn't due
the next morning, and binged *The Good Place* on Netflix

and made love and fell asleep on the couch.
After all that forgetting the first human

fell to their knees and cried out *God*
I feel so lost and confused, please

help me remember.
And God said

This is the story of a girl
who cried a river and drowned the whole world

and while she looks so sad in photographs
I absolutely love her

*Originally published [here](#)