

**MOTHER/
LAND**

**ANANDA
LIMA**





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Inflight Entertainment while the Domsday Seed Bank is Breached

My son's face is blue
with the soft light of Ice
Age falling on his round cheeks
the voices in the animation contained
by the cups of his child-sized earphones
muffled by the shush of turbines
so constant, so similar to the soothing
sound of waves, we forget the aggression
of their volume

On his screen the body
of a desperate little mammal
is repeatedly crushed by gravity
rocks and metal, the creature still
unable to reach the nut, as its head is smashed
between two stainless steel plates, its eyes bulging
out of their sockets and my son laughs, he understands
what is expected of him now
In this type of movie, there are always good
guys who always win. When we walked in the dim amber
light in the Natural History Museum, surrounded
by bones, we were told we were the sole survivors
the lonely branch of the human family tree
because of our superb adaptability
and we chose to differentiate
ourselves from the dead
with a postfix
"sapiens"

The picture of the Global Seed Vault
in the Arctic made me think
of architecture and the architect
who said “a vida é um sopro”
life is a breath, at that speed
the floor of the poet’s green room
is damp, now wet, now water covers the wrought
iron feet of the bed where she sleeps with her lover

and water fills the Natural History Museum
and we float above the tallest of bone structures
our heads tilt against the ceiling
as we drink from the mouth of a whale
the last sliver of air and I hum
and hold my son’s hand
and I think of the cow carcasses
in the drought-cracked soil of the Northeast

The walls in China, Germany, Palestine, the barbed-wired
wall around my mother’s condominium and the futile future
walls sprout one after another in an accelerating stop
-motion video, then blur, then crumble
and soon there will be no need for green
camouflage uniforms, gone will be the beautiful
armaments celebrated in the old news, gone is music,
gone is the green of money and the green poetry, gone
were the paintings and recordings in museums, mathematics
gone, long gone have been architecture and those seeds
in the abandoned coal mine in the Arctic

On the colorless surface of the moon
imprinted in its sterile dust, undisturbed
by wind or water, there will always remain
a footprint

But for now, I turn my screen to a map of our journey
our airplane tiny, surrounded by blue

l.

Seven American Sentences

In the beginning
were people
who lived here
before.

In the beginning
of spring, spirits
hovering over the waters.

The vault
evening, morning, sky
the second
day after a shooting.

Body: let it serve
as a sign to mark
times, and days and years.

Correction:
George Washington's teeth
were never made of wood.

In the beginning
of the end
missing
signal for lane change.

And on the seventh day
same thing again
only some
rested.

of scales flexible bones
that can bend and bend
and
keep bending and keep
bending and bending
bending right up until they
snap

*After Nathaniel Mackey
and Caetano Veloso*