

when animals are animals

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Regarding the poem, “dear black hole eating our galaxy,” Stephen Hawking has posited that there is a black hole that will one day consume our galaxy, and the line in quotation marks comes from T. Taylor’s 1632 work, *Christ’s Victorie over Dragon*.

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When asleep

she and her loved ones swim
under the ice
in what must be cold water
as if there is no catastrophe ahead.
like rain
one never knows how long it will last
the held breath the shadow
before it turns into something real.

[it remains]

it remains
in your best interest to be
the quietest person in the world

to live with the question what's the point
of a curve
when there is no one to kiss it

if a man tells you
you should not wish for it to be easier you should want to be stronger
release the clowns

it won't take long for them to grow
dizzy from cartwheeling
then ask one of them to push a wheelbarrow

behind you
(remember: you are not at liberty to ask
what's inside)

as the two of you climb the blurry hill and talk
to the umbrellas living
open wide

and always expecting rain

Why I can't remember my dreams

Even though I can't sew I sleep with a needle
and thread tucked up my nightgown's sleeve.
Little do I know at night my fingers turn into
twigs. My hair turns fire and falls. Birds nest
between my legs hungry beaks oh I don't like
this. Come morning I wake with the needle.
Against my skin.

Hope has chosen to appear today

as an anchor

a root
with the tiniest hairs

feathering
into silt—

lily pad
up and up I go.

too easy.

a grabbing on

to any sudden
thread.

hope's a hook

baited
with live minnow—

a fish to trick a fish.

In the cloud monster

state, everyone lives in the slow approach
of static. fork. lighting. monster monster
on the loose. hello stubborn ransack
of quiet, radioactive aftermath. the best cock-
tail to sip in the destruction: the grab-bang
with its dash of bitters and spritz of deflower.
the clock on the stove is wrong. wrong ticks
on. the cloud monster is not a chicken you
can put in a roasting pan. it's never done. the
cloud monster's a welcome mat to surgery. knives—
real. the ether—a weapon. tendrils. sleep, sleep.