

earth day

early morning

on earth day, twenty twenty-one,
the vines' new growth
hung out to freeze
when it got down to twenty-seven
and the wind died.
call it a gut check.

by the time the snow came mid-morning
the gusts were back,
whipping the white
across the azalea purple,
the cherry fuschia,
the lemon daffodils.
some kind of tepid outrage ensued
toward mother nature,
suddenly regendered,
bitchified.
i know we have it all wrong.
this is not her day.

once upon a time
didn't we write an allegory
for eden living?
we imagined that it was our threatening
to be like immortal god
that got us thrown out
on our ear.
anyway,
it was just a threat.
that garden, tho—
never lost to us.
it's still around us,

we with our hobbled eyes
and commodifying ethos.
with the nonsense of narcissus
we peer into the miracle spring
to simply see what's in it
for us.
nature robs the thieves
of nothing.

we wake up mortal
for several mornings,
scratching our asses
and grumbling about the cycle of change,
sipping coffee bitter ignorance
and planning our next carbon steps.
shame.

early morning
on earth day, twenty twenty-one,
the insides of the merlot rosebuds burst
when the degrees dropped
and the wind died.
it was eventuated by no
anthropomorphic
witch.
if the wind, so bitter,
is a sucker slap in the face,
then maybe we turn to see the hands
of the colonizers
of the moon and eden and mars,
of what was never immortal
but of what held life so long
we, unlike the elephants,
could barely imagine the scope.

look at us
looking at ourselves
in the mucked-up water,
cutting it all down
to size.

-kris, 4/22/21

