

Milk and Decay

Soon,
my little wolves,
my stray dogs,
my cockroaches,
my foxes,
my coyotes.

Soon,
my little worms, my mushrooms,
you will roam the wastelands,
the cities covered with sand

Sand dunes and moon,
the coastal towns flooded with
salty sea water,
obscure objects,
plastic islands,
the Ocean, the Sunshine Hut,
the Last Tiki Bar at the end of the Earth.

Soon,
there will be no more fatty fatty human babies,
but coyotes who multiply with death.

Soon,
you will reclaim,
take over,
be the one to crush,
to step on,
to step in,
to step over,
to shoot,
to howl,
to nurse,
to rule.

Soon,
The Time of Terminator
(flashy neon letters)
The Time of Waterworld
(fat blue letters leaking)
The Time of Mermaids
(slimy fishy scaly letters floating)

Plastic lungs,
charred bird bones,

The Time of Suffocations,
and The Time of Asthma Inhalers,
and The Time of Oxygen Tanks.

The Time of Tired Lungs and Thirsty Tongues,
the heat and the thirst of the World,
plastic bags of Publix, Tesco, Walmart, Costco, Sainsbury's, Carrefour, K-
Market, S-Market, 7-Eleven, Iceland, Aldi, Asda, Wholefoods

Walkers,
wheelchairs,
decay,
plastic pink birds,
empty chairs in old people's homes.

Protected from hurricane,
protected from flood, fire, heartache, tsunami, coastal wave, drought, flash
flood, avalanche, tornado, lightning, earthquake, volcano

This was July:
gentle heart hurts the most,
millions of gallons of black gold

This was August:
fog that follows you everywhere,
the wind on your face

This was September:
crawling creeping resting nuzzling with you,
trees and rocks and seawater with you

This was October:
hands caressing hands,
hands caressing sands

This was November:
smile that radiates love,
your eyes bright from becoming

This was December:
the darkness I wish to protect you from,
the ways of the world yet to be learned

This was January:
soil to soil, rock to rock,
speak my words, make them last

This was February:
we turned this earth upside down,
upside down and all around

This was March:
this soil that bled,
that soil too wet

This was April:
the forgotten scent of a forest,
the black dot in our soul

This was May:
the woods won't call you here,
the bats' baths muddy and dark

This was June:
muddy and dark,
muddy and dark

This was July:
gentle hearts hurt the most,
gentle hearts hurt the most

Storms,
winds,
hurricanes

Storms,
winds,
hurricanes

Storms,
winds,
hurricanes

In her gut,
falling trees
whispering seas

I know your back belly, back alley,
I know your underbelly, back alley

Tits with milk,
dripping dropping onto the floor,
look at us,
look at us now

Soon,
moss, green moss gone,
little hands touching hugging trees, gone,
larger hands guiding, touching, stroking,
gone

This is for you,
my little wolves,
my stray dogs,
my cockroaches,
my foxes,
my coyotes,
my little worms,
my mushrooms,
my wastelands,
the cities covered with sand and dust.

Forever, my love.