

The Poets Are Melting

For Nathanael O'Reilly

Texas is on fire
and so too may follow
the rest. No expectation
of what began eating the land
of Fossil Rim & a world
class creationism museum stop
at our crispy wilderness.

This season has me
hallucinating a wilder west
below us—a bloody hypocaust
percolating into the streets
we stomp. This lust
is flammable and becoming
vapor. Breathe deep. Leave a trail.

Listen: there are real poets
here—stalking these streets,
documenting our neighborhoods.
I can see them through
nervous curtains, frothing
over furious, scattered drafts.
I know they sense it.

They must feel
the rolling wraith of piss
colored skies & ashen clouds.
Maybe they assume rain.
I hope they write tonight
& consider their poems prayers,
petitions, smoke signs, explosives.

Three decades of long,
three-digit-day seasons has me
hallucinating poets melting—
sending final verses in steam to a sky
who may spill a three-minute shower,
but is more likely some creeping
miles of fire becoming air.

T. K. Edmond