



“... Civilizations have throughout history marched blindly toward disaster, because humans are wired to believe that tomorrow will be much like today—it is unnatural for us to think that this way of life, this present moment, this order of things is not stable and permanent.”

— Roy Scranton, *Learning to Die in the Anthropocene: Reflections on the End of a Civilization*

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AFTERMATH

I am a syllable, aching at the lip
of the mountain of your mouth;
if I fall I am uttered. I have not fallen.

Outside, the day thrums its final
movement. Old dogs beat arthritic

rhythms across the lawn—

a swing-set, childless, adopts the wind.

I am a syllable ploughing through
the field of plosives—where we
drag the wildfires from our chests,

learn what it takes to birth a forest:
a finch's nest, a broken rib.

*Limited edition of 100 numbered copies
Printed on 80 lb. Mohawk Via Vellum - 36 pp.
ISBN 978-1-926948-56-0 CA\$13.00 incl. s/h*