

“There is a Storm  
Rolling in on the Horizon Line”

the stifling scent of a lost Gods' petrichor  
and death's bloody tampon  
have palpably stopped up the humid air

lightning clenches its fists around  
the powerlines

the wind, like the last breath left in a smoker's lungs,  
winds its static groans, up around the entrails of  
the orchard grove's long leery shadows

I hear the wretching of wrens wailing,  
before I even lay eyes on my cat, who is already climbed inside  
the sanctity of their nest with unapologetic paws, an intruder unto their  
infancy, batting wildly at the faint chirping sounds

as I plead for him to Stop! Bargain! Reason! Cry!  
a tiny bird carcass falls to the floor, its necks snaps  
before the chickens in the coop below rush in and consume it whole,  
chasing each other around for pieces of the fowl as a foul part of  
their own cannibalistic tribunal

the blood-curling howls of the maternally damned, continue  
"YOU'RE THE MOTHER"! I yell at the distressed Bird  
from the tree "YOU DO SOMETHING! YOU FLY IN AND  
PROTECT THEM, DIVE AND PECK, GO ON THE DEFENSIVE!"  
I dunno. Their egg-layer does nothing other than scream a passive protest.  
The ringing in all of our ears vibrates oppressively as  
another tiny body finds its way into my feline's throat.

Dragging a ten foot ladder through the mud, I  
Ascend, grabbing the cat by the waist, "I SAID STOP THAT!  
IT'S TIME TO GO INSIDE, this storm is going to swallow  
you whole!" but I can't fuss the cat for acting out his true nature....  
i can only separate him from the scene of the crime;  
the final baby bird body lay exposed, barely a chirp left in it,  
if I touch it, the mother will reject it; if I leave it, it will drown  
in the rainfall, either way, is it the storm's fault, the cat's fault, or  
mine

I cradle the cat all the way home, like an infant in my own arms,  
at times, I imagine that I'm angry  
about my own barren womb, that I'm angry that those  
with kids should do a better job at protecting them;  
like my own mother failed to do;  
we can't blame her for not running though, if my grandmother ran off to Vegas never to  
return-  
something about running ran in our bloodline until the ankles of doe-eyed  
dreamers were snapped- every matriarch before me  
violently resenting the umbilical cords that kept them  
tied to rotten fig trees.\*

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\*Allusion to Sylvia Plath's Fig Tree Analogy, The Bell Jar