

THINK OF IT

think of frogs boiling in hot water when
watching people sweat in hot spaces
while walking through blow torch streets
in concrete cities all over the globe
because head in the sand climate deniers exist

you might wonder what it is all about
burning to death while sleeping, or swimming
in lakes, or oceans where there are no fish,
or making love with windows thrown open
& hear no birds singing when climaxes come

causing men & women to scream with joy,
or caught singing somewhere out in a meadow
trembling, removed from sizzling asphalt & bricks,
people dozing here in quiet, saccharine moods,
trees fluttering green above, kissing sweet

wind tongues licking honeyed flesh, lathering
scorched cheeks – this can be rare because many
only think of stashing blood money away
because life is beating hearts – not gizzards –
it means loving trees, flowers, animals trapped

in forest fires, tribal people, birds, saving fish
baking in deep hot lakes, polluted cauldrons
filled with skulls, teeth, bones, fingers, arms & legs
littered over these unreal lunar moonscapes,

graveyard sea bottoms, holding unforgiving

memories in pits of our human depravity, reveal
no remorse here in empty holes of eye sockets
looking up into space through clouds of dust
after volcanic eruptions shook worlds
when skies clouded over with cinders of ash,

falling stones splashing into lakes race toward
boats fleeing whirl-pooling waves full of screaming
survivors, all of this carries unanswered questions –
is this the reckoning we all must face now,
when thinking of how our bones will reveal

themselves in the future, inside texts of history
books where metaphors are created from bullet holes,
armies marching to war because of religious faith,
when the choices are whether to write sentences
evoking poetry filled with music, love

dreaded voices of sacred spirits, voodoo priests,
musicians creating holy rhythms we dance to –
what are the questions we must raise now, are they
washed in genius colors from brushstrokes of painters,
portraits of what our bones will reveal in the future?

think of them now, those bone chilling questions,
when you look out across the world, bend your vision
& look around mountains curving through space,
with your lens wide open, holding no malice, then
pray for clarity, dream, hope you see beauty there