

-EFIN ROBINSON 6

### FERAL PRAYER

I give up. I give up asking. I give up asking for anything less than billions of gills sporulating revolution's pheromone. The trash of civilization is who I love. Anything less than billions of salmon returning themselves to the forest. All I ask are rivers, predictable flowering seasons, storm corridors & wet wide will to surge the brilliance we are omitting in the practice of citizenry to a system who hates 99% of itself. Big black cat of the heavens, purr this numbness to death. My civilization suppresses weeds as much as women so weeds grow to the size of the sky & rain down seeds on our heads so pharma is free, so loneliness undone among monocrops in eruptions of yellow. The alternative is wind so strong I fear the trees thrashing at the edge of ability to hold on & flex losing bits of themselves on the roof like us losers - colossal loss is us, is the alternative to a pulse of salmon, a peristalsis of wings. Great undulation of oceans, retilt brainwaves glitched in place & make intelligence surge in the stupidest places of this situation of waves, salmon streams & sky, by way of orgasm & plasma & everything unfinished, so life stays alive I give up asking for anything less than this kiss