

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