

WE ARE ALL SO FULL WITH IT

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I.

In this place where I live, we feel tucked into a tree's insides. In this tree-like place, where lots of creatures and me might go, we too feel stampeded. I want to be in the only sad, magnificent tree on this street in my little cocooning of dirt and creatures. If I were in a pin oak, would the entrails be very lean inside, sucking in the crevices as the leaves do? Will I be lonely in my little oak tree?

Away from this city, some insects are serpentineing their way through the ash trees. It is very hard for the ash trees to eat when there are so many labyrinths of borer nourishment. What will happen when the little beetle has crawled into the last opened space of the last ash on this continent? Little emerald ash borer, who everyone is looking for, how does it feel to thin out the whole forest? Borer, show me the entrails of this tree and I'll lick with you but I will not bite. Small swarm, will you die with the thing you devoured? How will we show we miss you? Will the moon say something about your waning?

We are all so worried that the seasons can't stay in place. The quadrant where we live is spilling out. But there are many empty spaces to crawl into. If my mother was also once a child, she had saddle shoes and thin legs that would close together

in the car with the siblings also squirming and closely pressed together, and the bicycles too, because everyone's going camping in the pinewoods of Maine. Maybe my mother was scared to be a creature amongst many, so she got very small. Or maybe she was having a really nice time. Maybe she was loud and her knees were still bloody from baseball and she did not care. And the saddle shoes, and the bikes, and the fishing poles, and all the objects of a life I wanted and never got, were carried to Maine in some big car that pumped carbon into the air behind them as they advanced through New England. And today, on the last day of November, the cherry blossoms are blooming in New York. And some creature, who maybe got a taste for that little cherry blossom that is not from here but still has food, might not find what she wants in the spring because the blossoms have come at the wrong time. That small creature will wander for some other blossom, for some other evidence that she is part of this world. She is in the leftovers of all it took to carry my mother's childhood around. And we stand in it. And it opens. And it is a forecast.

II.

After the moon takes big steps toward this world, we go look at how far the water is peeling away from us. In this place where I live, the moon will pull the tide right up to us and we find our way out of this unripe morning to unwrap the wet from the other side of the window. Great big moon still there, I want to hold you in my mouth. Moon, is it frantic out there, at sea, with everybody losing everybody else? What can you say about the frenzy of waning? If we want to get to it, if we

want to touch it and say sorry, if we want to tell everybody that it is in us too, will you drive up the water a bit closer? Could you cocoon us into it, with our old gills opening to some mother medium?

We are all so water-heavy here and the roof bends to it. We would like to store our bodies in this small place when the moon laps up a last mollusk in her big mouth and the tide rolls out. This is also when we will wander around for evidence that we are part of this world. Who is burrowing and how did they squirm into their small place? I am distracted by waning. Today, maybe one hundred plants became extinct. One hundred plants I can't name. Some trawl scraped up the last of something somewhere in the sea. And I am the kind of body that ate that last thing. Moon, how much praise is necessary to bring back? Moon, I will not fight you for the last bite. I will tell the container ships to get back in the house. They are so slow and so reckless. Does this moon know all the creatures dead in the sea? (Indeed even the very gooey pieces of them on their heads are all numbered.) Do you collect the names we don't know and pocket them for later? Moon, what is your stance on naming?

Slow down, small swarm. My attention is bending to it and I'm telling you, there are definitely empty spaces to crawl into. To the small thing I cannot name whose body is pasted to a stone, whose body is microscopic, whose smallness is neither cute nor accidental, whose life I made up, whose life I do not miss and also miss, who is a last bite for another creature also waning: there are definitely mined-out spaces to crawl into.