

## **The Earth's Chiasmus**

### **I. the inheritance of ash**

The moon swims behind a lacquer of tar  
not night,  
but something peeled from a smokestack's tongue.

No birds.  
Just the hiss of transformers,  
the brittle clatter of plastic wind.

My niece licks her finger  
to turn a page  
and tastes something like pennies.

The river stammers past,  
gums thick with sachets and fish eyes,  
its current forgetful, blind.

A field splits  
down the spine  
soil flaking like scorched skin.

Even the frogs stopped naming the rain.

### **II. the fulcrum of hands**

It wasn't purpose.  
It was refusal—  
my father kneeling to untangle a sapling  
from a length of razor wire  
as if it were my brother's throat.

We began with rot.  
Turned kitchen scraps into breath.  
Stacked mulch in broken toy bins.

Others didn't come with fanfare—  
they drifted over,

shoulders sagging, eyes rimmed raw,  
some carrying nothing but silence.

We taught the pipes to sing again,  
threaded beans along bent fences,  
painted mildew walls with mycelium veins.

*We did not speak of saving.*  
*We remembered how to stay.*

### **III. the symphony of chlorophyll**

Now—  
mangroves thread the shore where the oil once kissed fire.  
The air smells of mint and rust,  
children chase shadows through water-light.

Above them: bees  
not swarms but syllables  
rewriting the grammar of return.

The rooftops thrum with kale,  
solar orchids lean toward old skies.

We did not erase what broke us.  
We built beside the wreck.  
We tell our children  
why the frogs were gone,  
why the sea once coughed plastic.

And still, they bite  
into warm pears  
as if grief  
had never taken root here.