

[text for accessibility]

Sorting after Tsing and Bataille

I am thinking of a corollary to light I am thinking of the condition of vulnerability I am thinking not of darkness but the muted brown inside a tree I am thinking of how a mushroom disobeys the concept of a species or how a “species” disregards the life of a mushroom I am thinking I have never felt more alive than when I have not felt human I am thinking of the trees again and their green light I am thinking of phosphorous and chlorophyll what if thought is a category of light what if I don't know how to be in this world like water in water would it be enough to let the stag beetle hidden in the leaves climb onto my hand would it be enough to become a canopy my hands so empty of roots my hands a shovel or two I might be okay with being an island if I am an instrument the third shovel is a secret I keep made of my eyes and the loose shadow behind them

Naming after Hartman

I began this poem with the intent of only saying the names of the disappeared I began this poem with a blank space for the name I did not know I began this poem thinking about two zones of death “india” and “pakistan” I began this poem thinking about the Norse goddess Freya and how the daisy is a symbol of birth and death there is an old Celtic legend that says every time an infant dies God sprinkles daisies all over the earth to cheer the parents up I began this poem trying to look a daisy in the eye I began this poem trying to console and congratulate the mothers I began this poem to beg for forgiveness I began this poem hungry and silent I began this poem kneeling in my grandmother's garden I began this poem touching a ghost I began this poem ignoring a thousand other ghosts around me I began this poem with just my hands my hands began this poem growing in the ground I began this poem at the moment of disappearance I began this poem disappearing I began this poem at the precipice I began this poem trying to touch what could not be said what could not be

Counting after Gay and Kang

of the hundred apple trees on this farm only this one grows green years ago my friend said looking at green is good for you like Nana used to say green is patient that light moves us is no surprise it always felt sacred that apples grow in three colors how can the apple be a symbol for love and evil I don't believe in evil I do believe in sweetness like these twins ripe and drooping before the summer sun before a fruit has flesh it has petals before I had flesh I had bones in my wrist the colour of patience I'm one of three I'm growing I remember even in the whitest winter sun I'm spring