

## Bulletin: Brushfire #237 Outside of Reno, Nevada

Arian Katsimbras

*When Bill McKibben declared “The End of Nature,” in 1989, he was posing a hyperbolic kind of epistemological riddle: What do you call it, whatever it is, when forces of wilderness and weather, of animal kingdoms and plant life, have been so transformed by human activity they are no longer truly “natural”? – David Wallace-Wells, The Uninhabitable Earth.*

Right now, another fire in the haunted north  
takes everything back – a piece of sky  
the sky has no right to claim, the cattle-  
field that is my father, old undergrowth  
that is my mother, the coyote bone wind  
chimes slung low on a ranch fence –  
and this fire it tells me it wants my son crowned  
in thicket and soot. Later, this young king  
will stand outside the pines, a tangerine glow  
softening his skin into honey, exhausted  
from the already buckshot pocked west,  
the razor-wired climate wrapped around  
the rest of his life, this permanent  
and inane serpent of rust and blood  
and really what’s the point in any of this  
metaphor anyhow? It scrapes up enough to say  
*someone wuz here* once, I guess? But weren’t we  
radiant? We the anti-Anthropocene? We  
anticipants blossoming our starving child  
-shaped apologies until we become both shovel  
and self-filled graves, our hands listing earth  
toward the triple-six digits in the air –  
*it’s gonna be another scorcher, folks*, in the re-origin  
of species; please, the last one alive, turn  
the lights off in this accidental furnace.  
My son will feel birds tremble his mouth,  
and a ladder flame hollowing him out  
rung by rung at his middle, and I’ll tell him  
the bellied flames are *just the last birds*  
*of every fire on their way out. Don’t be afraid*  
that I am afraid. Entire galaxies of light  
will born from his mouth and for a moment  
he will be radiant. He will be radiant.