

thoughts that weeds might have

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Letter for Clark County —

Pale
day chases
pale night,
and yet pallid
eyes still wake.
Dragging itself from the
black comfort of sleep,
the air tastes of rust.
Not long before the red
rock trembles as steel
grinds to steel, cutting through
the patchwork landscape of our desert.
Mechanical sign of life, like lifting the glass face
of a clock to reveal the moving machine inside.
It is not even sunrise yet.

The seniors line up,
and with bated breath they whisper “just once more.”
The juniors line up,
and with baited breath, they murmur “just twice more.”
The sophomores line up,
and with baited breath, they say “just thrice more.”
And the freshmen line up,
and they look forward with baited breath.
(They do not know what awaits them.)

They try to account for us all, but
they conduct in a sieve-like fashion.
Too many wounds, and not enough bandages.
Proud, to say they tried, and
though some should bear that pride with respect,
there are those whose pride is ill-won.

Connect: students to their teachers

to their school
to their spirit
to their academia.

But there is hardly anything to connect
when the other side of the line has been frayed
and severed.

Do not order us
when you do not provide enough bandages.

Do not tell us we are a garden:
who live in rich soil and receive ample sunlight.
Whose stalks have grown tall and
leaves unfurl in the spring after a winter of rest.
Vibrant petals and thorns and
sweet smells of fresh rain and honey.
Tended with gentle hands,
removing weeds and cultivating life.
Whose seeds will blow in the wind,
gently carrying onward until they land in new dirt.

We are weeds who push through the cracks in the concrete.
Wild weeds spring up in an inhospitable ground,
cracked from months of drought.
We flourish, but it is not pretty.
Weeds are stomped on, and picked at, and
whispered about. We are not beautiful, until
we have grown well enough to stand on our own.
Then, and only then, will they cherish us.

What happens to those weeds who never reach the sky?
Will we forget each other in the tangled soil
as we fight each other for a tongue of dew,
forgetting days in which we were once lined up
side-by-side and looking forward eagerly.
To let the tide of time wash over bracken and
sweep away sorrows for something to look forward to.

Perhaps it's that simple.
But every time I meet someone new and

I ask of them where they are from,
it's that same broken yard with the weeds and not enough water.
And I know, I nod, and understand.
Do not forget, I will whisper.
Do not let go of your anger.

We can change the tides.

From,
The flowers of the concrete