

WHEN THE TIES AND TALKING HEADS TALK AND TALK, I PLUG MY EARS, SING
LA LA LA

when I ask the university provost what's the plan
for my brokendown/beatdown/cursetheearthandeverythingitstandsfor
students, who can't drop pens without shuddering
anymore, he tells me that now, right now, this here and
now is a time for listening,
and a time for learning

but I don't think I have anything left to learn
from violence for violence's sake, nothing to learn
from these most educated heroes of the marketable world,
sitting on their hands, poking their keyboards with their noses
to see who can type 'wellness' fastest, no—I think
my time is more important to me than that

so I spend it, instead, planting vegetables in the 2x2 foot
plot of grass behind my apartment, tucking flowers into library books,
and filling jars with lucky pennies that I find on the sidewalk
by the grocery store that I go to every week,
or used to, at least, before ten people died there—
where I used to hold my hands over the vegetables when they got misted—until ten people died
there—and I
learned that a soft mist and the smell of wet carrots
can make my throat clench, and my heart ache.