

ANTHROP GHAZAL

Beau Farris

When this year's second hottest day starts raining, my dog drinks from
divots in a toolbox. I watch her lap collected drops: the anthrop

ocene isn't far off. A new epoch, as defined by geologists, in which
Earth has been altered so dramatically by an ocean of anthrop

ologist's warnings: ozone alert. Nevertheless my gas canister empties
into the mower. I cut the grass and she runs through anthrop

ocentric grass lines, four paws avoid spinning blades. Bone
in mouth, maybe a last ditch effort to save tusks from bonfire? Anthrop

omorphic? If the third planet had arms like its conquerors, would it pluck us
one by one, or limb by limb, until it was natural again? It could feed us, anthrop

ophagy style, differing from cannibalism. It is the flesh of humans to be eaten. How much
to feed her, when factories devour countries like kibble. Immeasurable, unless anthrop

ometry: the distance between my body and the steering wheel to avoid an airbag.
The distance between my body and the exhaust is inconsequential. An anthrop

osophy. Not believing in me. Not wishing to be you. Yearning to touch.
Learning the bumps and grooves of the scars and grass. Listen to me, anthrop.