

AFTER A MASSACRE

I believe there are bees still
somewhere in the black tar
cover over miles of desert
saguaros & mesquite.

Sprays of anemone sprigs twine
into the garland of a bride. She
shines in some rusted motel
garden gazebo off the Vegas strip.

Just like me to write about leaves
in the middle of a Hellfire.

How I sift through bones for pieces of sky.

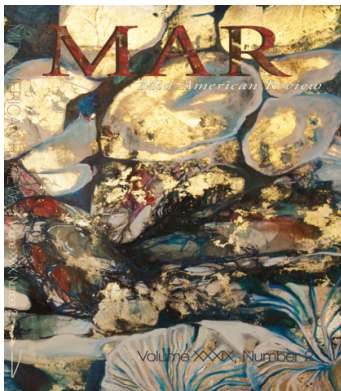
This is how I take it

even when I can't.

I have this woodpecker.
It drills & drills
rat-a-tat-crack
on a sugar-water filled plastic hummingbird feeder
in my dark back lot.

I have these clouds
lined up & piled, one
atop another

dispelling like morning.
They are shaped as bodies.
They are shaped as water.



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