

For the Feral Splendor That Remains

By CAConrad

For Kazim Ali

sometimes I strain
to hear one
natural
sound
when gender blurs in a
poem my world sets a
tooth in the gear
if god is in me
when will I ask for
my needs to be met
every god is qualified
it is not such a secret
when I was afraid of the
road I learned to drive
map says name of
your city in ocean
line drawn to it
towing behind
the big party
history of life on
earth might be
interesting to a
visitor one day
chewing parsley and
cilantro together is for
me where forest
meets meadow
in a future life
would we like to
fall in love with the
world as it is with
no recollection
of the beauty
we destroy
today

Source: *Poetry* (January 2020)