The Good in the Evil World

By Rebecca Hazelton

Before the war leaned in and blew out the candles, there were many long days where lovers called themselves lovers and a house was a dream but also four walls, a roof. A father called to his daughter to see the monarch butterflies, pausing in their migration to fan the goldenrod, a tiger in each coy disclosure.

A young man reached for a blackberry and found draped on a branch a green snake the color of matcha. A snake the color of matcha sighed in the sun. People drove in cars. There were jobs and someone had to work every morning. A man quit his job but it was no tragedy. He didn’t like the work. Another man slid in and found it comfortable enough, and just as easily slid in beside the man’s wife and into the everyday rhythms of his life and that was no tragedy either.

After rains, a ring of mushrooms would delicately crack the earth. Spanish moss harbored red mites. The sky wasn’t interesting. No one looked up.

Source: Poetry (February 2016)