

# the way we live now ::

By Evie Shockley

when the cultivators of corpses are busy seeding  
plague across vast acres of the land, choking schools  
and churches in the motley toxins of grief, breeding  
virile shoots of violence so soon verdant even fools  
fear to tread in their wake :: when all known tools  
of resistance are clutched in the hands of the vile  
like a wilting bouquet, cut from their roots, while

the disempowered slice smiles across their own faces  
and hide the wet knives in writhing thickets of hair  
for future use :: when breathing in the ashen traces  
of dreams deferred, the detonator's ticking a queer  
echo that amplifies instead of fading :: when there-  
you-are is where-you-were and the sunset groans  
into the atlantic, setting blue fire to dark white bones.

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