

modernity

animals, animal parts
roadkill

in the dull of the many tar miles
ahead and behind
a hawk! i cry inside
thinking it a messenger, please listen
but it is only a dark trash bag, ripped, windy,
caught as if in a leg trap, on a cattle fence

in the homelessness
of being nowhere
a rabbit running along
beside the grass?
she is a thin grocery sack, full of air
traveling up a hill

i mourn these ghosts
and live in a time where the animals
of my soul journey are made from plastic bags
all species, 3 millimeters,
 recycle please
red for target,
 do not waste
white for groceries,
 do not litter
blue for walmart,
 may suffocate young children

look here, in our ancient dwelling place
 a spirit Deer standing, ten feet tall
pilgrim apostles on their hands and knees
 scurrying like night-time animals
to the place of miracles
 Earth

black torn garbage
skin
companion spirit
companion bag
replacement

grace red earring