

Memories of the Earth

By Hannah Ariesen

I remember
exactly the way it felt
what parts were taken
at best, the way I begged
as I clung to daisy veins and calla lilies,
watched the fawns scrape bloody
across the ground as that mass
of myself
inched away

I remember
the birth of dust
screaming out of the desert
a thousand kilometers per second,
conglomerate heather gray moths
split virgin air
in a frenzy of ears and open mouths
as the world's first atom bomb
penetrates me

I remember
that buzzing in the air
when limbs were sawn from my body
when I clung to roots and organs
as I was
 raped.
 methodically.
 mechanically.
piece by piece
my unnatural decomposition
flourished

I now hear
the distant human wailing,
and some part of me
crumbles.
for I am now only a carcass
of what used to be

and one day,
one day you and I
shall be rejoined with dirt
as the passerby go,
“a terrible
 terrible thing,
has happened
here.”