

All Dying Slowly

By Nicole Meek

I. Deterioration

The spoons in the drawer are a fucking mess, thrown into the organizer
Like a 6 year-old on a basketball team but there's no backboard
for spoons, and certainly no watchful coach
So here I am, forced to be referee and
Pick a baby spoon from behind a slotted one.
To find the motivation to sort them into hugging piles knowing
Their home will be devastated by tomorrow.

Wrinkled grocery bags fall out of the cabinet with a creak
Of the door below the cold sink. I shove them back in
To fall again next time. An endless cycle of falling.
My tired fingers tangle around them, flesh that will be gone
Long before thin plastic beneath an unmarked grave.
Beside styrofoam planets with sharpie smiles.
This home will be devastated by tomorrow.

The faucet drips grey water every four seconds- Consistent
As the tick of time marching forward
To the point of no return, I have acknowledged
I cannot control. Every drop slipping
Takes days away from thirsty children and choking songbirds.
Blood-stained land cannot save the hungry world.
Our home is devastated.

II. The Pentagon's Guide for Change

Don't use straws and eat less meat and

Pick up plastic from concrete and

Damn the spending of elite and

Take the bus when on the street

Recycle jugs and broken glass and

Think before you fly first-class and

Use electric cars not gas and

Buy in bulk, reduce waste mass

Wash with cold and line-dry clothes and

Use more things that decompose and

Think of where that toothbrush goes and

See if your own garden grows

Remember to switch off your lights and

Protest for animal rights and

Turn your heater down at night and

Stand with Greta in her fight

Buy organic and save the bees and

Stop the fires and plant more trees and

It's Your fault the ice won't freeze and

Youth who must cure Earth's disease

III. The Next Extinction

The birds are dying from a mysterious disease, did you know? It gives them tremors and makes them clumsy. They die with crusty eyes, in piles of lost song. Scientists tell us not to feed them. Not to provide water for them. We are taught when we are young not to touch what is infected, or what looks different. Children know that the most humane thing you can do when you've crushed a deer into a pavement grave is to force a bullet through its brain. So purge this sickness of birds who have lost their purpose of graceful flight from us clean ones. Cut off their resources. Why should we feed the blind? Why provide for those who are already turning from us? Who are simply going to take what we give them and wither away? No. Pour bleach into your bird baths. Forget the calls of the blue jay to the robin. Avert your eyes from the lone mourning dove, hunched over cardinal blood.

the trees are silent
save the dropping of dead leaves
Onto Rotting Earth