

Dino Before Impact

A retelling of the dinosaur extinction

Someday, the scribes will find us quarry-deep.

 Mother holds our hands to ward off the paleontologists, & I repent
 before the metal debones us. The soil begs to straitjacket
our bodies, but we dance, algae buried in our fingernails.

 Outside, we witness myths in carmine-red: wreckage & extinction in marshlands—
we look up & the sky gapes open, cracks into star shows as if there are no
 bloodpools.

 I picture the Meteor to fissure into a body
 holy & bright, the muck dispelled from the bark.
 We still waltz like madmen while the insects spit
out psalms: one for eulogies & the other for our mouths.

O, sister.

 Let me tell you about our corpses:
 someday, our mothers would lull us to sleep with lullabies
 & the Meteor would coruscate through the conifers.

 Our talons swell through the soil, saying *so holy* & we worship a broken cathedral.

Either way, the iron-ball strobes along the sky, relentless
 & wanting new land. This heat: flameless & alive & a visitor.
 Soon, we will harvest the valleys with bones;
 we will cradle the topsoil made of bread.

Forgive this barren field
 & the fire shaped like
 salvation.

 In our hands there are scales that look like forests.

 In our hands there is prayer.

 I will miss this. I will inhale the smoke & wait.