



## Madison Jones

### *Anthropocene*

where the ghostly-powdered ground  
seemed to ask, *Perché mi schiante? Perché mi  
scerpi?*

There the cranes howled and the creeks  
would turn the strangest color of blue,  
though we would wade in anyway,

drifting with the currents beyond the shallows—out  
into the glimmering past  
until evening threatens and herds us back  
like shadows onto those blue cloth seats with  
their cigarette burns

and down the darkening highway  
out of the cold, clean air that smells  
rich with cow shit and honeysuckle.

We won't disappear  
like the bees, who forget  
us with open mouths,  
honeyed like drunks.

The bees who forget,  
pressing their dusty bodies  
honeyed like drunks  
into the dry valleys.

Pressing their dusty bodies into  
the sky, a darkening dream  
echoing in the dry valleys  
with answers we ignored.

Into the sky, a dream darkening  
those places we were before.  
With answers we ignored,  
darkness surrounds us.

Those places we were before  
became something new  
from the answers we ignored,  
forgetting ourselves like a river.

We became something new,  
opening our mouths,  
forgetting ourselves like a river.  
We won't disappear.