

# New Poetry by Amalie Flynn



## POLLINATE

When I dream about the words  
They fall from the sky. Dropped  
From planes that hover and the  
Words are dropping and dropping.  
In clusters. And again and. Again.  
How the words are dropping. Like

Bombs.

I wake up my husband. Shake his  
Shoulder. Our two children. How  
I shake their shoulders and we go  
Outside. To watch the words fall.  
Stand feet bare on grass. And we  
Look up. At a sky full of munition.  
How it stretches as far as it goes.  
The sky full of words falling. Falling  
On us. Falling on this town.

And the letters bend and curl. How  
The arc of the stems twist in the air.  
Crotch and vertex. The descenders.  
As the letters fall down. The letters  
Of the words. This typography of  
The words we use now. Hear now.  
Here in America.

And the words are hitting. Hitting  
Our house. How the children are

Covering their heads with hands.  
With letters and syllables slapping  
A roof. The word *liberal*. The word  
*Fascist*. Hitting and again. *Liberal*  
And *fascist*. How *liberal fascist* hits  
Until the house is covered. A *liberal*  
*Fascist* hanging. Closed bowl of the  
Letter *b* split and hanging from a  
Gutter. Or how *merit-based* falls.  
Hits the ground. Making explosion  
Craters in our backyard. How the  
Word *elitist* floats. How there are  
*Elitists* in the swimming pool.

Down the street. All over this town.  
The word *liar* hangs from the trees.  
Dud bombs that are quiet. Hanging  
Like leaves. Or ready to detonate.  
And the word *white* sprays down.  
Pelts down. Followed by silence.  
And then *power*. How the words  
*White* and *power* fall down onto

This town.

A canister opens and releases the  
Word *globalist*. How *globalist* hits  
The synagogue. Hits the synagogue  
And hits it and hits it again. Over the  
Mosque words fall down. A fleet of  
*Terrorists* attack a mosque. How  
The words *terrorist* and *ISIS* and  
*Radical Islamic terrorism* attack a  
Mosque. Leaving holes in a wall  
That faces Makkah.

And under the lights on a football  
Field some men kneel. Their heads  
Bowed. With the word *ungrateful*  
Wrapping around their necks like  
Snakes. Or other men. Kneeling  
In a church. Who pray and use  
Words like *our manifest destiny*  
And *this Christian nation*.

Across the fields. Where berries  
Grow. But no one comes to pick  
Them. No one comes. Because  
They are scared of ICE and the  
Roundups. How the fields are  
Littered with overripe berries  
And land mines made out of  
The word *illegal* and *rapist* or  
*Drug dealing murderer*. And in  
The lakes. In the rivers. Which  
Are drying up. Where fish and  
Bacteria die. In the warm ocean.  
How the word *fake* floats.

Over neighborhoods where every  
Day is a day of guns and bullets  
And broken dead bodies. Over  
The schools. The schools that  
Have been lucky. Where there  
Has not been a mass shooting.  
Where a man with an assault rifle  
Has not forced his way in and shot

All the children dead. Over these  
Schools. And over the schools that  
Were not lucky. How the words.  
The words *thoughts and prayers*  
Are falling down from the sky.

And in this driveway I am holding  
My husband's hand. Because his  
Car is buried. Buried deep under  
The word *unpatriotic*. And he is.  
He is shaking his head in disbelief.  
Saying *how*. How he loves this  
Country. Went to war for it. How  
He would go again and again or  
How I tell him *I know*. Because  
The words *liberal elite* gather  
At my feet. A ring of *socialists*  
Like land mines sunk into the  
Ground.

And my youngest son. Who has  
A disability. Who cannot vocalize

A lot of words. He is running under  
The words as they fall from the sky.  
And he is laughing. As if the words  
Are fireflies. His hands flying up. Into  
The air to catch them. Or how we  
Are chasing after him. But he reaches  
And grabs the words in his fist. And  
I am still running. Calling to him or  
Saying to him *no* and *no*. How *those*  
*Words are not for you*. The words  
*Burden on the system* which are  
Caught in his hands like fireflies.

How I am peeling his hands open.  
And my husband is saying *please*.  
To our son. And *give them to me*.  
Or our oldest son. How he is telling  
His brother. Saying over and over.  
How *none of those words are true*.

And I use my hands to dismantle it.  
A phrase that is not. Not for him.

And I am jumbling all of the letters.

Sweeping some away. And making

New words. Words like *bud* or *stem*.

Things that grow.

And I make the word *bee*.

How I hand it to him. Hand him *bee*.

And I am kneeling in dirt next to him.

My son. Who is holding a *bee*. And

I am telling him about pollination.

How the bees are pollinators. How

They pollinate flowers and plants

And crops. And how we need them.

How our existence depends on the

Bees. Because *without the bees*

I say. *Things would collapse*. And

I reach my hand out. Touch his cheek.

And I say *bee*. How *this word*

The one that *the world needs*.

How *this word is for you*.