

New Poetry from D.A. Gray: “Our Backyard Apocalypse”



EARTH SLIP THROUGH / *image by*
Amalie Flynn

Backyard Apocalypse

We set small bowls of sugar water
on the garden's edge. Bees were scarce
since the freeze which had almost finished
what the pesticides had started. Still,
some survived.

We studied the blossoms
of plants, the parts we'd ignored before,
of squash, and peppers, and eggplant
and others. We moved pollen from one

bloom to the next with fine paintbrushes,
working early while the roof still blocked
part of the sun.

It was unseasonably hot
that year, much like other years,
and we walked on the cracks that formed
in the dirt.

Was a time when the sweat
of our brow, the smell of our bodies,
made us keep our distance, wanting
showers before contact.

Then, something changed .

We began to walk, dirty hand in
dirty hand, lingering in our dry
garden even when the heat rose.
There was so much more to lose.

We could feel the earth slip through
our fingers, still we held tight,
we would carry all that we could.