

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*.