

Sonnet 0

Luke Applebee

You run to the rear of the trees;
putrid sap seeps below a weathered branch.
Bark loosens parallel with the cool breeze.
Again, you pray for that final avalanche.
A little girl laughs, strangling a daffodil.
Her eyes mirror the vast, dying, ocean.
Now she forgets you and dances on landfill,
in search of things to crush, hug and shit on.
Blazes of billowing smoke and bright light cast
your weary sights to the wounded horizon
where patriots erect their flags half-mast,
despite the projected oblivion.
If only the god-damn tree didn't fart.
You wouldn't feel compelled to hack it apart.