

All Small Things Are Crushed Against the Highway

The heavy breath of the dragon
can come up the river killing for miles.
Piles of sticks that once held life
in wooded swamps, veiled
with mist, but so cold,
memory is erased, flight becomes a dream.
Poisonous things, like chemical fire
and water that burns, crystal clear dead things
so antiseptic in a way, so cleansing,
poisonous things,
release
increments tiny.

The heavy breath of the dragon drives us towards the highway,
drives us to huddle with our friends behind slim alders
and with one's children hide in the forests of wild grasses.
This poisonous vapor, we share our corner with the deer
and raccoons. All alert
for approaching heavy metal in the air.
Human beings are hiding with the deer in cardboard
corners, people are burrowing by the rail tracks.
All driven by the breath of the dragon
our breath, so antiseptic.