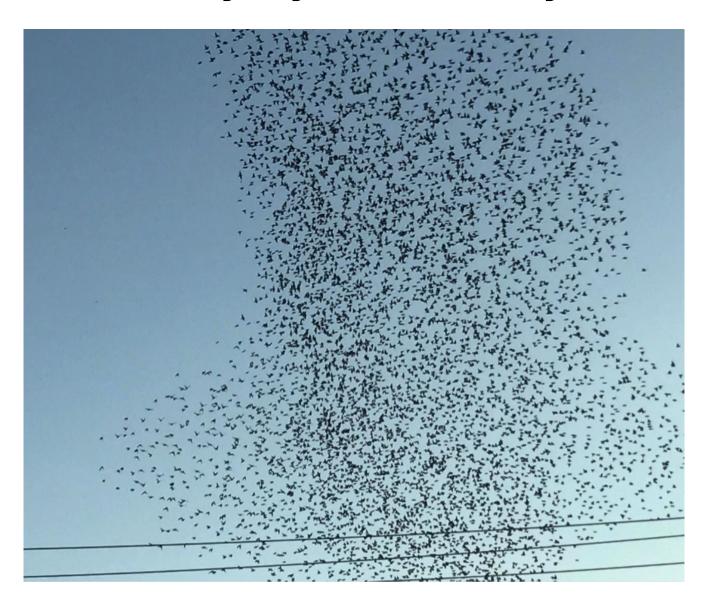
New Poetry by Amalie Flynn



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.