

# 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.