

# New Poetry from D.A. Gray: “Our 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.

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# Poetry from Eric Chandler: “Hetch Hetchy”



THERE'S A DROUGHT / *image by*  
*Amalie Flynn*

## **Hetch Hetchy**

There are two signs on  
The towel rack.

One says, "cozy" and explains that  
The towel rack  
Heats your towels.

It's next to the switch  
That fires up  
The electricity to the towel rack.  
That fires up  
The coal fired power plant.

The power plant  
Sends up the gas.  
Is the drought because the power plant  
Sends up the gas?  
Either way, there's a drought.

I looked down through that gas at the  
Hetch Hetchy reservoir.  
White bathtub rings surround the low  
Hetch Hetchy reservoir  
Because of the drought.

The second sign on  
The towel rack  
Says they won't launder what's on  
The towel rack.  
Only what they find on the floor.

All the water in the city comes from  
The Hetch Hetchy.  
They're conserving water from  
The Hetch Hetchy.  
They hope you won't mind.

Enjoy your hot towels.

*"Hetch Hetchy" previously appeared in Eric Chandler's book*

## **New Poetry from Lisa Stice: “Water Cycle”**

No matter where we are, the oceans  
meet us in some form.  
I am small  
and my daughter (who is only eight) –  
is even smaller  
and still, our dog is smaller  
yet, then there are those microscopic zoe-  
and phytoplankton  
and the not so micro  
fish that eat them and so on

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## **New Poetry from Ben Weakley: “Beatitudes I,” Beatitudes II,” “Beatitudes III,” “Beatitudes IV”**



THE BROKEN SKIN / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **Beatitudes I.**

The Lord blessed us with knowledge. Twin curses, good and evil.

Why else plant the luscious tree there, where we were bound to find the fruit? The purple and shivering flesh never lacks in spirit. The ache and growl of our naked bellies are the price

for the moment's delight. So, we gorge and the juice drips sticky down our chins. Let angels have the eternal heaviness of paradise; ours is the moment. The act, willful and with intent.

Advised of the penalties. Done poorly. Knowing this kingdom cannot last. Looking beyond the gardens for a more convincing view of heaven.

## **Beatitudes II.**

Are we not also blessed, we who praise  
the clear night and its silence?

Betrayed by the absence of stars, we mourn  
a billion-years' light no longer burning.

We whimper at the withered grass burning,  
the breathing forest burning, the one  
great and living ocean boiling and burning.

You who created time, who is before all things, who will  
remain after the ruin,  
will you be waiting for us in the cool garden?

Will we lie down with you in the dew-damp grass?  
Will we be comforted?

## **Beatitudes III.**

Are the meek blessed tonight in their bundled and stinking  
shelters  
beneath frozen bridges? Are they blessed with patience in  
their waiting  
for the Lord of compassion? For the Lord that *suffers with*?

They suffer together. Their children will inherit the  
suffering  
of generations,  
the split lip of submission, the broken skin of the earth.

## **Beatitudes IV.**

*Blessed*. From a word that meant *blood*.  
Latin for *praise*. Blood and praise to the hungry; they are  
weak.

Blood and praise for the thirsty. For those who bathe  
in fetid water.

What are words  
to those who hunger in a gluttonous world?  
To those who thirst beside the brackish rivers,  
choking on garbage? We say, wait for righteousness  
to come from above. But they have starved  
in their flesh so that our spirits could be filled.

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**Poetry by Amalie Flynn +  
Images by Pamela Flynn:  
“#150,” “#151,” “#152,”  
“#153”**



Flow #150

**SPIDER / 150**

Thick in Louisiana swamps

Atchafalaya Basin

Hot cypress shooting out  
Stretching in that bayou  
Where pipelines  
Pumping black gold oil  
Cross across the swamp  
Like spider veins.



Flow #151

## **TRACKS / 151**

How I find tiny cuts  
The skin of my inner  
Thighs outer lip my  
Labia  
Cuts from his finger  
Nails small bloody  
Crescents

Like beetle tracks.



Flow #152

## **SPOIL / 152**

Or deep in a swamp

How oil companies

Create canals

Push earth into piles

Push mud into banks

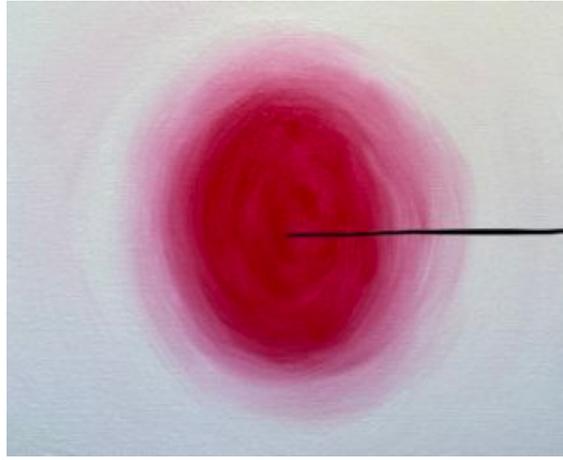
These spoil banks or

Dams

That block blocking

Water so it cannot

Flow.



Flow #153

**CLAM / 153**

The sky is full of trees

Now after

After he hits me over

The head

With a pipe metal pipe

Hard on

The crown of my skull

Bone and

Suture cracking like a

Clam shell.

*[Pattern of Consumption](#) is a year long project featuring 365 poems by Amalie Flynn and 365 images by Pamela Flynn. The poetry and images focus on the assault on women and water.*