

Overwhelm and Want

No one will notice me here,
and I want attention. I want antennae
or a satellite dish to replace the senses.
I want someone to explain
how seven billion people still use the word
equilibrium. Just look at us falling
from the ground. In this world
sequoia trees are the size of splinters.
Underneath the xylem, a metaphor,
and then the roof over some roots
who have grown to be the size of an acre
aching in the side of the quaking earth.
I want someone to record my meltdown.
I let my iceberg drift too close to the equator,
because I want to be alone and strange.
I need to move as slow as continents
with a heart beating as fast as a spark;
and brief is its discourse with the world,
making it dizzy, eventually telling it to stop.