

little planet

**little planet ripening in its sun,
bluer every year, liquid to its core —
little planet your skin is slow-shedding.
little planet of administrators**

**and porpoises, tanks, planes, fly-eating leaves,
sitar and lampreys, syringes and hills.
little planet whose gods live anywhere
but its own stone-body; little planet**

**your pores spill gifts we don't deserve but take.
little planet of lawyers and swampgrass,
language and black seas, fingernails, moths, stamps,
condoms and wolves, puzzle-piece continents.**

**little planet, can you hear this over
satellite scratches and tectonic shifts?
you were tiny once too, so you must know
how life grows monstrous from the smallest seeds.**

**little planet we don't want to make you
hideous but our hands itch to break things.
planet of soldiers and teacups, rat tails,
baobabs, forest fires, and mothers.**

**little planet, i am sorry. planet,
can you hear this? we are all so sorry.**

by Brendan Walsh

