

Plural

are the ants and the petals
the smooth red turned orange
turned the beginnings
of wilt plural
are the legs of the ants I drown
spraying their tiny bodies I don't
want this but do and plural
are the presses of my index finger
the trigger the ants stopped dead
in their busy tracks frozen
on the windowsill as they keep coming
up from the baseboards plural
on the stems of the tulips on the rims
of the mason jars I emptied plural
are the bunches I bought the delight
a bit of ground I had forgotten
there was to lay on plural
were the bottle caps I poured
from the jar into the trash plural
were the years
I worked to save them and not
the ants or the plants I abandon
outside plural are the drops
that do not fall that I do not weep
for the ants but have wept
for myself plural
were the boy's fists against the back
of my skull the lessons
he tried to teach me plural
were the spiders
he saved the dishware
he repurposed to carry them
free plural were the ants
I murdered thoughtless
before he taught me
otherwise plural
are the ways we move
through the world
this hand doing this the other
doing that plural are the ants
the next morning stiff
where I left them not at all
coming up