

ANNE BAUER

All of this burning

Farmers char fields
making space and food for blind sprouts cracking through earth.
New can't reach the light without the old receding.
Burning slash erases old bones.
If it be false, let it burn.
If it's bald and pewling and worn
let its cinders bless the earth around me,
feed limned pith in the wild iris and rose.
Unthinned ponderosas ignite, each a match
head passing salvation to the next
Pine cones demand heat to explode seeds
of what comes next, and nourish them on the cadavers
of what was.
Burst me open, then.
Let flame sort me out.

Those who love me
will love me still.
Those who don't
never will.