**Genesis**

Like any mother I lived for my children. Bone of my bones, gave them my body as house, gave them my house as home. I was fruitful, I multiplied. Nothing was ever my own and I called this sacrifice, devotion. What I called them became their names. Some grew and some did not. Some were angry and some were not. Some murdered, some tended the flocks, some built boats to escape the flood. Some built towers into the sky. Some became pillars of salt. I fed them by the sweat of my brow. Some needed more than I could give them, though I saved only thorns and thistles for myself. God was a voice in the sky with no tree to burn. God was a shower of sulfur, a snake winding through the dirt. If I had a moment to spare, I might have bent to hear what he was saying.

**Dear America**

I called and no one answered.

I left voice messages,

sent texts and emails

lost in the ether.

Tell me things aren’t

as bad as they seem.

Tell me that’s not  
a bullwhip in your back pocket,

smallpox on your hands,

fossil fuels foaming

between your teeth.

Tell me when *la migra*

pounds on the door,

when blue lights flash

beneath an overpass  
and drones swarm the sky

like birds of prey  
they leave no bodies behind.

Tell me only the map

is darkening,

only the sun passing

behind a cloud.