

These Rivers Run

Tanner Léon

I am the veins of this world
'Y' and 'V' painted across your map

my joints are foamy hiccups
where the fluid falls in grace

hopping the skips and dips
of the landscape

I am a true border—
gravity the only king

yanking the reins
decreeing me forward

to slip through the moonlight sonata
of the moon's fingers—

wispy spindles trying to tickle me
away from fate's wading pool.

I am a child's fond memory:
I am filled of nature's feast

lures tangle my teeth
and hook my gums

the oil spills pulverize my pulmonary—
I thought I was lifeblood.

I thought I deserved worship
where are the shrines?

There used to be shrines
you don't hear my pain

so I get high
tide, until my lungs rip-

tide, and the blood drips dry.
I carry the waste—

paint the face of earth:
a wasteland.