

Dylan Willoughby

In Bohemian Grove

The heart burned is the heart of ash.
I look at the fire-gnawed trunk
Of a giant redwood and feel its
Hollow. Cambium seared,
No feeling there. Slouched on this
Cedar bench, I can't muster a tear.
All those years I've wasted day and night
Haggling over the human definition of
"Loss," I should laugh.

Canopied light
Falls like fine dust, almost powder.
It's as close to anointing or
Redemption as I'll get in this life.
What do these woods care that I've
Turned my back on everything?

A banana slug — "footed stomach" —
Scoots by the vermillion-capped mushrooms
Munching death into a living floor.
I breathe in the fallen
And the summer fog.

