



Rabbit Catastrophe  
Review #15

Annie Diamond

The Texture of Longing

All the times I thought I was  
in love it was the weather;

all the times I thought it was  
the end it was the end.

I am a contriver of romance  
a quorum of desires; I am no

architect I promise no structural  
soundness. This heart keeping

itself to itself is fallow. I have  
known some particular raptures

but no one was in love with me  
last time I checked; desire never

singular and I am forever  
hurled through it unlanding.

Kristina Erny

Nobody's Mother

it's nice here because you are a nobody

you like the silence and first softness of morning you call it your dark  
mercenary friend (you pay by the day)

watch yourself draw circles in the woodchips while the kids are playing they  
are chasing each other with sticks

today they go nowhere interesting but you warn them repeatedly  
*you only have two eyes!*

there is your fruit you who feel fruitless you who love paper flowers  
made with tiny human hands plates printed with potato stamps

you who are savage when you throw them away stacks of artwork their tiny  
human hands you throw them away you savage

sitting on this bench you tell yourself *the end isn't written yet*  
covet kroger's purple orchids god made planted in ceramic pots, so precious they  
could make you cry roll through with the cart its gimpy squeaking wheel  
your plastic carton of feta boxes of macaroni and cheese cans of  
beans tortillas milk tubs of yogurt frozen peas

you want to be reborn as a laser-beam galactic and expansive  
to feel as if you take up space are space instead of just some body  
picking up the space throwing old undies in the hamper tossing metal cars in the  
bin

you know then with certainty you are a dot that won't connect your  
brain fragile and oh so very human all the facts shake around in you like  
unrolled mints all the dates erased names you used to know  
you were young you know you were young once you know you were

you blame the media the scrolling the much disrupted REM

you blame yourself

you blame the way the night keeps coming up over the horizon

you blame him sometimes too

you desire breath a holy scroll unfolded and rolled up again and

from the bench

you pray

crosswords? sudoku? time looking at trees or even just  
pictures of trees?

you call out to God who you've named *The Pocket of Most Things* or *Tree I Come*  
to *Hoping for Answers* or *That Distant Thread* or

that's it your want your want hums mutely in the back of your mind  
rolled like socks stuffed down blankly into overfilled drawers  
you sit in the midst of the detritus of the daily  
hear the familiar ding of a timer you do not remember setting

holy Holy won't you have mercy save us from the diction of  
distraction disassemble disassemble disassemble us

see, now you are a woman in a mirror a woman shining back at herself  
a penny picked up and pocketed nestled and  
squeezed tightly in a daughter's sweaty palm God the daughter  
God the mother-maker God who is a single perfect orchid  
the shape of an interstellar heart  
God who you hope you hope