



selections from  
**Weedslovers:**  
*Ten Years in the Shadow  
 of September*  
 a chapbook  
 by Kamala Platt  
 coming this Spring!

## Seasonal Still Life

*"I cannot hear you speak but your letters take me to  
 the far reaches of the world."\* -Troy Davis*

Today, there were piles of feathers  
 and a detached wing  
 outside the Meadowlark aviary  
 where we found the peachicks,  
 their small bodies torn asunder.

Marauders—probably raccoons,  
 maybe babies themselves,  
 followed drought-driven hunger  
 that took them away  
 from the remnant of a stream  
 where "fishlings" no longer  
 squirmed in the mud.

It was the last day of summer.  
 105 degrees had reduced to 95 at midday  
 and 75 at night  
 in Los Ebanos, Roma, Rio Grande  
 where more walls  
 will be built on flood plains  
 homes will be evacuated ,  
 and young animals will die--  
 even if autumn rains ever come, again.  
 Yet, tonight, fires still smolder  
 & Atlokoya, goddess of drought, reigns,  
 though the peachicks' remains look more  
 like the dismembered Coyolxauhqui.

And tonight, the last day of summer,  
 at 11:08, their time, the lights  
 went out again in Georgia.  
 Tonight, despite the chanting  
 that connected the continents  
 in the light of prayer and good will,  
 Troy Davis was executed.

On this last day of summer,  
 he refused his last supper,  
 in order to spend time with his friends.

- September 2011

*\*Troy Davis' words come from his final letter to supporters  
 that I read in Information Clearing House, Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2011*

## Mary's gift

(From Meadowlark to Martin Street, San Anto)

Upon returning home to sit on my San Anto porch,  
 I'd rummaged that never-quite-unpacked wicker basket,  
 pulling out bulbs of last year's garden garlic,  
 still so sculptural that my neighbors exclaimed  
 at the Kansas loam, home-grown perfect-ness.

I handed my cross-the-street neighbor  
 my last jar of your wild blackberry jam  
 "for pancakes, en fin de semana"  
 I noted, tilting jar toward sun  
 to purple the grayness of the day  
 with deep-color-drenched light:  
 last summer's sand hills, morning dew  
 preserved with spirit run wild in that jar--  
 (In a frenzy of post- treatment highs  
 when you told me the doctor had called you  
 "cancer free," you drove out sand roads  
 every day at dawn to find ripe berries,  
 and at night you'd can the sweet dark fruit  
 in bell jars  
 as if your life depended on it.)

The morning after my return to San Anto,  
 my next-door neighbor got tears in her eyes  
 as we were chatting across the chain link

when our cross-the-street neighbor  
 came to say their electricity was offed, again  
 though she'd used grocery money  
 to pay the (f)utility company the day before.

It had been the cps (f)utility guy  
 chatting loudly on his cell phone  
 that had brought my next-door neighbor  
 and I, onto our porches to see the commotion,  
 and seeing nothing,  
 we commenced our own across-the-chain link chisme  
 by which time he'd crossed the street,  
 where he ignored our neighbor's pleas:

"my grandchild is with me--  
 please don't cut the lights."



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