

on dan de son s

"April is the cruelest month" I recite Eliot in my mind while kicking the dandelions' heads off. One after the other I send them swirling into the high grass. White dandelion blood splatters onto my shoe where it leaves a little stain. The air is full of little parachutes sailing on the whirlwind I created.

"My relationship to dandelions really is just beautiful" I tell my friend and I mean it.

I grew up with an abundance of dandelions. We would bind necklaces and crowns out of them and wear them all spring. We'd feed them to the neighbor's rabbits. Eat dandelion honey. Use the bright yellow flowers to paint on the asphalt. Make tea out of the leaves (it's quite bitter and makes you pee a lot).

But for as long as I can remember I've loved kicking the dandelions' heads off. Dandelions are the perfect flowers for this. Their stems break satisfyingly easily, and their heavy heads create momentum for the turns. "The kicking doesn't kill them" I would often be told, "you have to get out the entire root, the kicking only helps them spread and grow". But killing the dandelions was never the point of kicking them, I just wanted to admire the beautiful mess it made.



Becoming

Extinct.



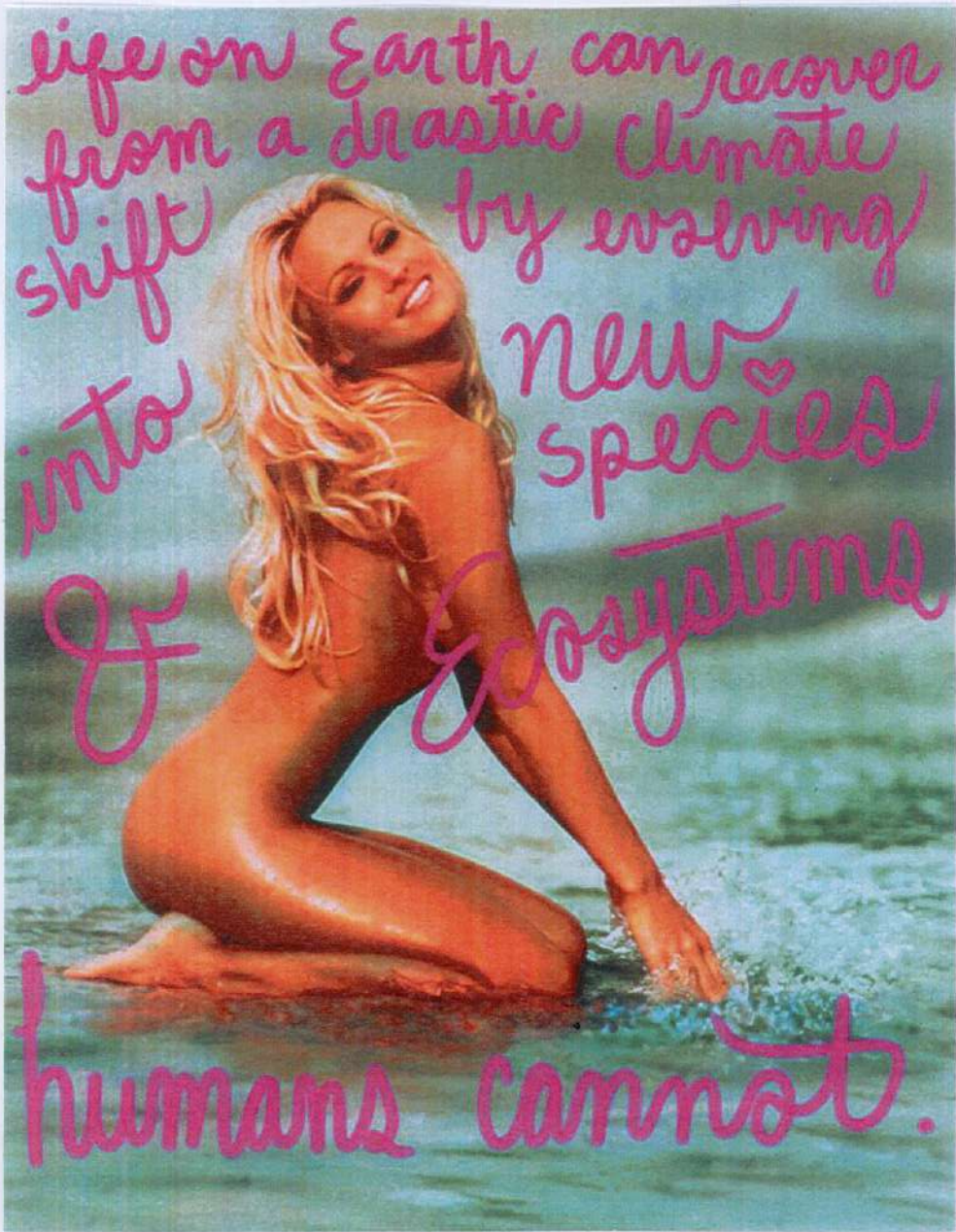
On



Over de Ondergang

Bloodless fingertips, for the end is near.  
'Don't touch them', he said.  
She did anyway.  
He flinched as she giggled.  
Even the turbines had given up by now.  
'The birds will be happy', she said.  
He could hear the smile in her voice.  
'Maybe another hour or so', he murmured,  
flicking a small shell of her leg.  
Her hair danced to the calming tune  
of the inevitable.  
'Where do you think we will go?'  
'Where do you want to go?'  
'Nowhere', she said.  
He held her hand in his.  
'But your fingertips?'  
'But the end is near.'





Just fragments, really, on the end of things.

Sheshanaga bobs about in the cosmic ocean of milk and thinks it might be nice to stretch before a nap, I begin, attempting to conjure underwhelming images of the end of the world to make it fathomable.

Maybe it must be like when you kill yourself in over and over in layered dreams because it's scary and you need to wake up.

And what of that dreadful trope from supernatural romance anime in which you find each other through time and space in parallel universes and in multiple rebirths? I think I like finite love.

And what of rat snakes who eat themselves up by the tail?

And of the very last cheetah on the Indian subcontinent, shot to death by Maharaja of Koriya (the abolition of privy purses upset him, I suppose)? There must have been an exhilaration in its last race. I wonder if it was lonely for a long time.

The dodo, that famously extinct (and flightless) bird whose claim to fame is engineering a race in which everyone wins in an unhinged little story, was eaten up because it was unafraid of humans.

It lived on the beach and I suppose it looked out over the horizon and squawked ineffectually as they figured out the most efficient way to wring its neck.

