

OF THE THINGS I AM STILL TO BE

By Olivia Klimek

Becoming the ground, under the stars
with good, dear friends.
Next to my pyre,
waning flames warm my forehead—
a good way to fake a fever, I think.
Memories, omnipotent as the moon
of me bedridden, you & your icy knuckles.

The trees are dying this time of fall,
the days faster too—
& the live (*ha!*) oak overhead
is weeping acidic leaves onto my rising chest.
Yellow and brittle pieces of itself,
so far now from March,
from that deep, dewy green.

Brush my fingers through the dirt.
Bugs: hard shelled & slimy,
buzzing & hungry,
can take this body—
I never wanted it anyway.

Flat backed & wasted,
I'll lie here until dawn,
when fog washes over me
like a weak, unwarranted baptism.
God or my mother—
I never know the difference,
coaxing me to start again.

A Carolina Wren gazes curiously
down from the trees like a vulture—
pathetic & pretty, she thinks.
The decay of you & I,
our fertilizer & embers.
Of the many things I am still to be:
which would you take—
the Zinnias or the wildfire?