

ANTHROPOCENE

It was the year of fog
the jagged cogwheels of the
world sputtered and
spat out
curses
and sputum
time became a yawning
wound, infecting
and reinfecting
thoroughfares began to
echo

My room, like many rooms
became a tomb for all
my shedded selves,
like snakeskins crunching under
my feet,
little parts of me that
the fog ate away

I think of geologic timescales.

All this we hold dear, the
obscene, the anthropocene—palm
oil plantations, our advances in
neurosurgery, proxy wars,
childbirth and surrogacy—
all condensed into inch thick sheets
of sediment and shale

Outside my window,
The year of fog, the ghost
year,
dissipates slowly, corrosive
It smells of rot
smells of loneliness,
if loneliness could ever
have a smell, but
the earth did not shiver,

did not spin off its own axis

Maybe in some future age,
when the seas recede and cleave open
the salted, bone-white gullets of
our cities

Maybe some alien pincer
would come to know of
this age of plastic and plasticine
would bellow and guffaw
at the year of fog