



Sirens

Laura Ntoumanis

I'm not standing still today.
I keep following paths that twist
then end
looking for bees chasing nectar.

I am immune
to sirens in the distance.
Cacophony. Quiet.
They won't tempt me to shipwreck
on a rocky beach.

The roses in my garden wear their malaise
like a gown they cannot shed.
The jackdaws pull at the blackened petals
affronted.
Not even good enough for a nest.

Nevertheless
new buds will burst forth
green spades
vibrant burgundy tip
Will it bloom
dead or
alive.

Dead.

Another mass shooting.
Where?
Anywhere. Everywhere.
Somewhere.

We saw it coming
Didn't we?
We didn't see it all coming at once.

Who knew this was as far as we would get?

Endless. Repeating. Loop.

Resistance to tyranny.
Tyranny to resistance.

I'm not going to fight you.
or you

or them.

We all belong here. Wherever we are.

Silence!
How many shots?

Too many for all of us to live.

Laura Ntoumanis

Co-founder, co-conspirator, co-creator. Currently trying to help decolonize the field of book studies. Dabbles as a poet, dribbles as an artist. Madly in love with an immortal Greek. Luddite.