

Plotting a Revolution and Other Poems

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Plotting a revolution

It is highly likely / Scientists do not make any grand pronouncements / Ice floes are breaking up / The New World will have to be unfound / Who says? / Deceit is well-understood / A clarion call is fearmongering / Meanwhile: snap a photo for posterity / Filters for clarity / It is not the time of the year to cross Anyone / How much, this Freedom? / We have got to have cure / Name a tune to amplify into other forms: passion, advocacy, CV / Little TVs for the crusading / This business called Outrage / A clearing sale / Signing petitions and making donations / Here's a number / Stand right there / What gruesome coincidence / These settled habits of the perpetually abandoned / "I feel you" / Pray tell what dares passes for light, steps out into plain sight? / What else slips through the quarantines? / Shoutout! / Declawed / *Alleine, aber nicht einsam / Xiè xiè*

The Perfect Ground

1. The mutt barks.
2. Is there anyone there past the orchard, behind the rock roses?
3. What hangs upside down? What sings?
4. On the one hundred and twenty-fifth day of what is said to be the longest pandemic quarantine in the the world, you think—
5. (Kashmir) (the Rohingya people) (*Oh Promised Lands!*)
6. Someone pounds a hashtag on the Walls of Nothing for the world to see.
7. This:
8. Tell me, how should we rage—against silence, against speech, against dying, against living—Against Again?

The Flare

Coronavirus, 12M+ confirmed cases worldwide, no known cure

The flare appeared, up at fifteen past six that rising dusk. It turned, ever slow motioning through reasonable distance into a reveal: a descending airplane and not what it could easily have been: a mistaken message from the seas.

The moon meanwhile from not too far ahead was a waning pale fingernail, ebbing. Opposite, you supposed, the unseen seldom reimagined remains wedged in culverts.

Elsewhere the sun should remain up in that place the exact same hour where you are, only upside down. Sun soundless through way past evening. Otherwise it would be transfixed, *Greatly*, immortally mute and dying on a Polaroid.

Because whatever it was you once held true was no longer, even the deserted streets had come to mean something: an Achilles heel, a ploy, a call, the incurable Judas-walking on a worldwide scale.

And such reckless spectacle of hope only from the night before!

So here you are—still waiting out for the right lights to appear, finally, darting like Morse Code flailing through the eddying storm, legible only through darkness.