

i cannot hold the ocean in my hands, though i have tried

swallowed in the flood

every overdose death is a policy failure

memorials on the pavement.

our love is expansive

not lost in the language of “compassion fatigue” and “burn out”

it is not our care for each other that we are swimming in fatigue over

but your state neglect in which we are drowning

i cannot hold the ocean in my hands, though i have tried

i choose love

the song of gurney wheels like canaries. all my friends are dead.

and you are still singing

replicating cycles of violence.

i want to put my body in the ocean

so i can remind myself that i can be both lost and held at the same time

coming together and coming undone

to undo all that has been done to us

like waves like water

rituals of grief

a political act of remembrance, of memory

benni

