Flesh Cultivation

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My mom tells me she doesn’t want to hear it,
I’m only spreading the truth but it’s not hers.
Our space in the world is separated,
one shade crimson, one shade blissful blue.
Because that sky will always be that sky,
stuck, like clockwork, always ticking back to the top.
And these people will always be these people,
have always been these people.
Saved.
Separate.
Special.
A species above the rest,
held up by a delusion that’s been alive
   no longer than we have been dead.
Living out our lives lost, apart from each other
apart from the Mother that matters,
but not the Father that shatters when His truth is questioned.
Mom says things will always be as they are,
but Darwin whispers: change is inevitable.
Things have never stayed as they were,
a sticky coma brought on by greed cannot change that.
By laws of physics and time I cannot stay in this moment,
and mother, neither can you.
You don’t care to hear me.
You don’t care to care.
If I had the option to join you back on that side;
where the cats and dogs sit pretty in our homes
   watching us eat those we deem appropriate,
where we hold close our phones, afraid that if we let go
   we will be lost to the abyss that is our loneliness.
Where basking in that perpetual blue is no longer
   haunted by squealing crimson.
I can’t say if I would but I understand why you want to.
The veil covered by pretty farm animals is gone for me,
flesh cultivation is the devastation I see.