
2020

Agriculture

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Recommended Citation

Holmgren, Hana (2020) "Agriculture," *The Laureate*: Vol. 19 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol19/iss1/8>

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HANA HOLMGREN

the seeds
she leaves them all over our apartment.
packets choke every spare drawer, and
sometimes i find them in my socks,
sprouting up out of the drain in the
bathroom sink, piled in the corners of the
cupboard like mice-stolen grain.

the flowers
she has never been able to keep them
alive. they shrivel in the drought, and at
night, as she breathes in the darkness
beside me, i wonder if someday, six feet
below the tender earth, they might finally
take root between her lungs.

the rain
i find her standing out on the balcony
that faces the river, head tilted back to
the clouds, arms spread wide, soaked
through, a creature of the earth and the
cracked open sky, and i realize in one
sudden flood that i cannot keep her.

the fire
there is a fire in the apartment just a
few days after she moves out and just a
few days before i do. they haven't rented
it out since, as if the stains were too
ugly, as if they could never get rid of
the smell, as if nothing would ever grow
there again.