

Golden Shovel / Write anything about nothing

after Poem Addressed to You, Simon Shieh

by Ella Hansen

I'm in the middle of what
rooms in the middle of our hearts we do
not look at and what you
can find between pink blooms on the deck that call
circling bumblebees and their stripes. It's mercy
the vine on the back fence searches for when
I insult the prickly leaves and it
entirely. Who is
only twenty? The housefly on the pink begged
for something to eat, for
gravity to become cake when
it rains. I am not surprised when it
rains, only when hail is
banging my bedroom window and the
shingled roof. I am the punchline
the comedian rescues, my former life of
chaos found amidst whispers that I am a
pink blossom or the vine's joke.